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HOW TO DECIDE THAT A MAN IS INSANE, AND HOW TO TREAT HIM IF HE IS.

EVER since the immortal author of "Don Quixote" presented a type of mental aberration, in which natural shrewdness and sound sense blended with the craziest ideas drawn from fiction, the borderland between reason and insanity has been a subject of study.

Cervantes wrote after witnessing many cases of insanity, and the delineation of the gentleman of La Mancha shows the result of examination.

Insanity is very deceptive. It seems to sharpen natural shrewdness and cunning, so that at times it will puzzle the most expert practitioner. The wife of a member of Parliament sent once most urgently for a famous London physician. He responded, but soon after being announced was met in the drawing-room by the gentleman himself, who expressed his gratification on his timely call. He had been about to summon him, for he was extremely

anxious about his wife. He was convinced that she was becoming mentally unsound, and wished the physician's opinion in regard to her, and the best treatment to be adopted. He was calm, clear and able, as he had shown himself on the floor of the House of Commons. He left the room to send his wife to the drawing-room. She entered in a few minutes, flying rather than walking, her attire disordered, her eyes bloodshot, her whole person showing extraordinary excitement, and a neglect of all that care for personal appearance that seems inherent in a lady. In somewhat disconnected phrases she began to tell her trouble. Her husband, gifted, talented, was evidently from overwork becoming insane. She began to describe his acts showing an unbalanced mind. The physician was astounded. Each asserted the other to be insane. To all appearance the calm, dignified husband was in full



"THE HUSBAND, IN A PAROXYSM OF MANIA, STANDING IN THE WRECKED DRAWING-ROOM, STILL HOLDING A PISTOL WHICH HE HAD DISCHARGED AT AN IMAGINARY FOE IN THE MANTEL MIRROR."

possession of his faculties, while in the wife reason had lost the balance of decision.

He urged her to calmness, assuring her that there was no immediate danger, and insisting on the necessity of care for herself if any trouble was at hand, prescribed an anodyne for her, to be taken immediately.

Proceeding to other calls, he returned in an hour to find the lady calm and free from excitement, the husband in a paroxysm of mania, standing in the wrecked drawing-room still holding a pistol which he had discharged at an imaginary foe in the mantel mirror. There was no longer any doubt. Though he had spoken in the House within twenty-four hours, showing a complete mastery of an intricate question, and its multiform statistics, insanity had been coming on, and the faithful wife, watching him daily, taxed her nervous system so severely that her condition seemed to indicate insanity rather than his.

Within the past year the country has had many cases brought to public notice where the debatable land between reason and unreason has been the subject of earnest debate and discussion. The long, strange trial of Guiteau was, in the main, an examination into his mental condition at the time he committed his murderous act. Eminent physicians, accustomed for years to the management of the insane, even after personal examination of the man and a study of his previous life, differed utterly in their decision. And though the jury finally held that the proof of his insanity had not been full and clear, and that he was sane when he shot President Garfield, the question is still in debate, and the microscopic examination of his brain is appealed to as proof that he was not a responsible person.

Whether a person is or is not insane, then, is a question of great difficulty, if doctors differ, and the only sure test is a microscopic examination of the brain, which, of course, is impossible in a living subject.

Yet in real life every day men and women are adjudged insane, and deprived of their liberty and the management of their property, after a hurried and superficial examination, with no guarantee for the interests of the person alleged to be a lunatic, no opportunity for him to call in testimony, and, in fact, no appeal.

Where insanity shows itself, or eccentricity that simulates insanity, a family is thrown into great confusion. Then statements will often be excited and exaggerated. A physician is called in; the suspected person resents the intrusion; if naturally choleric he will show violence. A second physician is summoned; on their certificate a judge at Chambers, hearing only one side, can declare a person a lunatic, and appoint a committee of his person and property.

This may be done where all are acting perfectly in good faith. But where the object is to get control of the property of a severe but eccentric relative, and cunning is employed to deceive and mislead the medical men called in, the case is environed with difficulty.

In one case in New Jersey a lawyer of ability was taken from his house and conveyed to an asylum. There had been family troubles, he was eccentric, and at times carried his severity to an extent that bordered on violence. He took his confinement calmly, and while steps were taking to bring his case before the courts in such a manner as to insure a full and clear examination, he continued in the asylum his study of a case that he was to argue in one of the highest courts of New York State, and his arguments attested not only the soundness and vigor of his mind, but the fidelity and accuracy of his memory.

The most remarkable of the cases recently brought

before the courts was that of McNamara. He had been beaten by two roughs, political hangers-on, probably, and had made a complaint against them. To prevent his appearance in the case, or his institution of any civil action, they contrived by some stratagem to entrap him into a carriage and drive him off to an insane asylum, where he was confined for more than a year, although perfectly sane; yet by some means the certificates and order were obtained.

In a series of cases brought before the New York courts there was not one in which actual insanity could be established, and in every case the supposed lunatic was restored to liberty, free to recover any of his property that had not been squandered by his committees.

The loss in that way is often very great. In a case some years ago a great cotton operator was committed to Bloomingdale Asylum, and though his detention lasted only a few weeks—his counsel, one of the ablest members of the New York bar, showing conclusively that, though subject to delusions on two points (a supposed knowledge of French and music), he was in all business matters a man of wonderful ability, not only fully competent to manage his business, but capable of managing transactions that few men could conduct successfully—the committee, from lack of that very business ability, had lost several hundred thousand dollars.

The supposed lunatic, somewhat tartly, asked the Court to send the committee to an asylum, as he had shown beyond all peradventure that he was utterly unfit to manage his own affairs or other people's.

Mere delusions, loss of memory, queer fancies, are not enough to constitute insanity. Unless the delusions or fancies are the outgrowth of a long career of depravity, and a life showing no moral restraint or control; unless they show a tendency to injure the life or property of the person himself or of others, there ought to be great hesitation in depriving the individual of his liberty and the control of his property or business. So long as he can conduct himself without danger to himself and others, observing the usual decencies of life, and can follow his ordinary avocations, he should not be deprived of liberty and subjected to enforced idleness.

Society can call for a suspension of personal liberty when, from unbalanced reason, that liberty is abused to the injury of others, or the danger of such abuse is so proximate as to require immediate action.

A reform in the ordinary proceedings *de lunatico inquirendo* seems imperatively demanded. Where the case requires immediate action, and violence can be shown, or circumstances that make it so probable as to render delay dangerous, an immediate commitment may be allowed. In the unhappy cases where insanity is hereditary, and friends have lived for years in constant watchfulness, dreading and watching the symptoms which, they feel almost certain, will sooner or later manifest themselves, preliminary proofs can be made without leaving everything to the last moment, when the outburst of insanity, sudden, though expected, fills a household with alarm. But the commitment of a person as a lunatic ought to be only preliminary and temporary, as a precautionary step to a full, thorough examination of each case, and in every instance the accused ought to be represented by counsel, selected by him or appointed by the court, with power to call a certain number of experts, and the right of submitting the case to a jury.

This preliminary commitment, resembling that of a magistrate in regard to one accused of crime, will give ample scope for calm investigation, and will defeat nefarious plans where a person not actually insane is accused.

Where in such a case a person has been treated covertly with drugs, and their effect at the time is mistaken for real insanity, the temporary detention will allow detection of its influence and the recovery of the patient, before he is actually deprived of liberty by a final decision of the Court.

In other words, such an examination as is now obtainable only by *Habeas Corpus* proceedings, in rare cases and with great difficulty, ought to be had in every case before the granting of the writ.

Of the three rights which the Declaration of our Independence declared to be inalienable, and which it is the primary duty of all good government to insure—Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—two are directly assailed and insidiously attacked by the present loose system of consigning persons to insane asylums, on an ex-parte motion before a judge at Chambers without publicity, on the mere certificate of two physicians who perhaps never made insanity a special study, or had a real case in their practice.

During the Summer, as the daily journals detailed case after case, public attention was aroused, and the necessity for some legislative action was generally admitted. Unfortunately, the public feeling is apt to be evanescent, and when the legislatures meet, unless some concerted action is taken, the subject will probably be overlooked or put aside for the manoeuvres of party or monopoly, and the real interests of a large class of our people be ignored, till some terrible catastrophe forces it on legislative bodies in a peremptory form that will prevent all further delay.

The necessity of wide and full legislation in regard to insanity concerns the people of this country in an especial degree from the rapid increase of real cases. In no part of the world is there so much mental activity, and in none do people live under such a constant strain of excitement. New England shows a very great amount of insanity; and the whole system of life among us predisposes and accelerates mental disorders. Nervous diseases prevail to an unprecedented degree—neuralgia, hysteria, chorea, epilepsy and catalepsy; and all, by weakening the brain, tend more or less directly to bring about the condition most apt to result in insanity.

If the disease ended its course when the sufferer breathed his last, the question of insanity would not rise to the importance of a national one; but, unfortunately, insanity descends, as all scientific writers admit. It is almost certain to reappear, if not in the patient's children, at least in some succeeding generation. The proportion of cases of insanity into which hereditary taint enters is variously stated by the authorities, some placing it as high as sixty-nine per cent., others as low as twenty-six. "Authors," says Dr. Maudsley, "are not agreed as to the proportion of cases of insanity in which positive hereditary taint is detectable; some, like Moreau, putting it as high as nine-tenths, others as low as one-tenth. The most careful researches fix the proportion as not lower than one-fourth, if not so high as one-half; and there can be no doubt that the tendency is to increase the proportion, as investigation becomes more certain and exact."

If the insanity is hereditary in more than one-fourth of the actual cases, and the children of persons afflicted with nervous diseases are predisposed to mental unsoundness, there is enough scope for all our benevolence in the care of the actually insane, without, by negligence, rashness or injustice, classing with these unfortunate people persons still able to care for themselves and their families.

"More than 60,000 otherwise happy homes in the United States are to-day made wretched and sad by

the fact that one of its beloved members is deprived of reason, perhaps kept within the family precincts, to the fear and discomfort of all the other members, at an expense ill-afforded, or, what is still more likely, a suffering, neglected inmate of some wretched, God-forsaken poor-house, abandoned by hope, and waiting that relief which death, sooner or later, brings to all. Our noble palatial State lunatic asylums give shelter and care to 7,000 of this unfortunate class; but there are 60,000 others of the same class, a majority of whom are inmates of poorhouses and jails, and the numbers are increasing far more rapidly than provision for their relief. These facts" (continues Dr. Charles A. Lee) "certainly deserve not only the attention of medical men, but of governments and legislators, for no civilization can be called advanced, or worthy a religious people, that leaves its poor insane in a more wretched condition than its domestic animals."

Spirituous liquors, morphine, ether, chloral, licentiousness, all swell the army of the insane. Domestic infelicity, loss of property, the terrors of the wreck at sea, or collision on land, all play their part in unsettling our boasted human reason; and even religion, the balm and comforter of trouble, man's greatest stay on earth, when the mind is given to it too absorbingly, makes man no longer a reasoning and reasonable creature.

There is in many not suspected of insanity morbid impulse that often resembles unsoundness. There are many who cannot look down from a high rock, window or tower, without feeling a morbid impulse to throw themselves down; in a healthy person this impulse is controlled; in the weak it may control. Others, at the sight of a rapidly advancing railroad train, feel an impulse to cast themselves before it, and the momentary insanity arising from morbid impulse is undoubtedly the explanation of many cases of suicide.

There is, then, much real insanity; there are, unfortunately, cases where persons of sound mind are, through ignorance, haste or malice, committed as insane and deprived of liberty. Yet there is still another class of cases, where a commitment for insanity is submitted to willingly by a perfectly sane person to escape either punishment at the hands of justice or the loss of social reputation for some delinquency. Such cases occur, as legal practitioners know. Public prosecution has been prevented or suspended by the prompt action of friends in having the guilty person judicially declared to be *non compos mentis*; the wrong is redressed, the injured person compensated, and when the matter is forgotten, the individual is discharged as cured. A family will sometimes see no other way to avoid disgrace than by confining an erring member in an asylum to disarm the harsh censure of a world not given to view too indulgently any faults but its own.

Much as we may sympathize with families thus cruelly placed, we cannot feel inclined to wink at such a course, and with this matter of insanity formed into a special branch of judicial investigation and treatment, it will be rendered nearly impossible, except where extraordinary powers of simulation are possessed or acquired, as is often the case with malingerers in the army, who, in their schemes to obtain a discharge, outwit the keenest surgeons.

The question of insanity is thus one of growing importance, and though in earlier times it occupied a small and insignificant place in the course of legislation and judicature, it now requires full and careful treatment, and new modes of trying a question that often proves difficult to the most varied expedient and soundest judgment.

With the recognized fact that we have, and must continue to have, a large body of insane among us, arises the



INSANE MEN, AT ST. ANNE'S HOSPITAL, PARIS.

problem of the best method of keeping, controlling, and, if possible, restoring them to reason. Antiquity made no provision for the insane. The disease was generally ascribed to Divine action, and in many countries the idiotic and mad were objects of special reverence, and care bestowed on them was regarded as a privilege, drawing down on the bestower the choicest blessings of heaven.

Christianity introduced the first asylum for the special treatment of the insane, and an hospital for their reception is recorded as having existed in Jerusalem at the close of the fifth century. Benjamin of Tudela, a traveler 700 years later, recorded in his "Oriental Wanderings" that he found at Bagdad a "House of Grace," where the insane were received in Summer; but the treatment was not what the older fancy or our modern philanthropy would commend. The poor creatures were kept in chains till they recovered—an event which we can scarcely suppose frequent—or till death released them from their sufferings and from man's inhumanity. This early asylum had, however, one commendable regulation. It was visited every month by the magistrates, and all who had recovered were discharged. As insanity never has been so prevalent in those Eastern countries, many of these cases may have been merely delirium, caused by disease, and only temporary in its character.

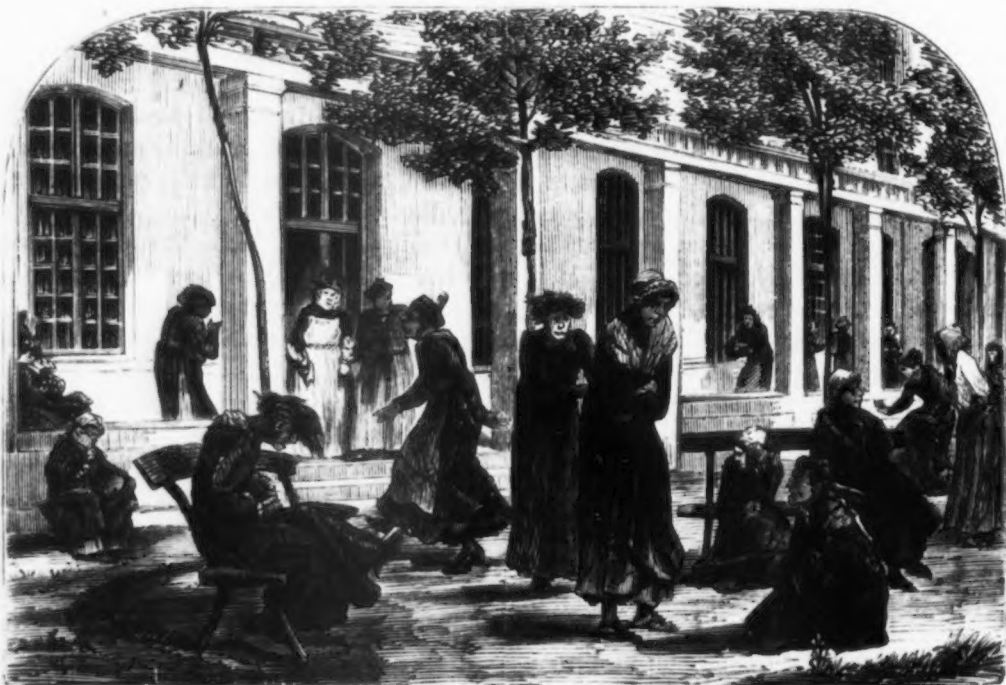
Asylums were established under the Byzantine empire and spread to Western Europe, but mental disease was not understood. Much evident insanity was treated as diabolical possession, and the physicians followed the school

of Celsus, whose sanitary measures were extremely harsh; but as he was the earliest to treat insanity as a special disease, his influence on the schools has prevailed to the present century.

On the suppression of the monasteries in England, St. Mary of Bethlehem was assigned for the reception of the insane, and the name, corrupted to Bedlam, became in English the name for such an institution.

Down to the close of the last century the treatment of the insane was very harsh and cruel. The first steps at reform were made in France, by Dr. Pinel, who, in 1792, liberated fifty-three of the patients confined in the Bicêtre, the insane asylum of Paris, from the chains with which, as in Bagdad, it was deemed necessary to restrain the poor creatures from violence.

The active mind of Benjamin Franklin projected an asylum to be conducted on more humane principles, and the Society of Friends at York, England, disapproving the management of an asylum there, founded the "Retreat," which inaugurated a new and more kindly method of treating cases of mental alienation. In this institution no chains, leglocks or handcuffs were employed. To the surprise of all who favored the old and harsh system, the most beneficial results followed. One wretched patient who had been chained naked for twenty years was admitted. When refractory, nothing more than arm-straps were employed, but by kindness and persuasion he was soon induced to wear clothes, and resume orderly habits. The success of this treatment led to a general modification of the old modes, and great improvement ensued in the principles guiding the management of institutions for the reception and treatment of mental disorders.



INSANE WOMEN AT ST. ANNE'S.

The oldest asylum in the United States seems to be that founded at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1773; the Friends' Asylum, Philadelphia, established in 1817; those at Somerville, Massachusetts, Bloomingdale, New York and Hartford, Connecticut, coming next in the order of time. That at Washington is national; many are State or county institutions; some are corporate, and a few are in private hands. Some of these institutions, like the New Jersey Asylum at Morristown, are palaces, the cost running up into millions, and the expense of maintaining patients being very high. In all this our national extravagance seems at fault.

It may well be questioned whether this plan is best adapted for the reception and treatment of the insane poor from the various towns and counties of the State, who thus pass from a life of toil and privation to one of luxury and ease, which in case of recovery must unfit them to return to their old surroundings. Indeed, there is a question whether it is better to gather a large number of insane together into one building, as is the prevailing system under our asylum plan, or to follow the system which has so long successfully been pursued at Gheel, in Belgium.

"We may build asylums of colossal proportions; we may extend the grounds in which they stand to the most parklike limits, it will always be an inclosure, a prison on a noble scale, but a prison still. Walled or fenced it must necessarily be; and the moment the restriction of a visible boundary is imposed, the feeling of complete liberty is infringed."

The consciousness that they are confined, watched, controlled by keepers, creates an intense longing for liberty. It is the one thing every inmate craves. The consciousness of its loss preys on the mind, and in itself militates against the cure which, rather than confinement, ought to

to be the object of the treatment of the insane. At Gheel a different method is adopted, and as it has been pursued successfully for a thousand years, is worth studying. There the lunatics are not confined in cells or chambers or wards, or even gardens. They are at large, loose, unconfined; they live among the people; they go in and out as they choose; they are, as a rule, left to their own devices, and the system is successful. No harm results, and cures are effected to a greater extent than under the asylum plan.

Even the raving, violent and dangerous have no restraint but padded chains on the hands and feet that permit the use of their limbs, but prevent escape.

Gheel is a little Flemish village twenty miles from Antwerp, with one long street lined by unpretending houses, chiefly of one story, and never of more than two. It is a calm, quiet town, with industrious people.

Nothing about it suggests an insane asylum; you see no stately building, barred and walled, yet the whole village is an asylum, and if you enter the chief inn, the "Armes de Turnhout," you may be startled to find that most of the people sitting around, chat-



INSANE POOR AT THEIR MEAL IN A STATE INSTITUTION.

ting or reading the papers, are lunatics. Gheel became a resort for the demented far back in the Middle Ages, when the afflicted of all kinds came to seek relief at the tomb of an Irish virgin, Saint Dymphna, who met her death here.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art at the Central Park, there hangs on the wall a triptych, which the catalogue leaves as a riddle. It is, however, a series of pictures from the life of St. Dymphna, patroness of Gheel, and Thomas Campbell, if memory is not treacherous, invested her legend with the charms of his verse.

She fled from Ireland to escape the unholy love of her

own father, one of the kings of the island, and long eluded his search, but the money she spent, coins not easily passed, betrayed her course; she was overtaken and slain by the relentless father at Gheel, in Belgium. She and the aged priest who accompanied her were honored as holy martyrs. Their relics were enshrined, and her story handed down in prose and verse, in legendary lore and works of art.

The tomb of St. Dymphna became a great shrine in the days of pilgrimages, and cells were built around the church, where an old woman cooked meals for the guests. Gradually it became a recognized resort for all whose reason was impaired, and most of the people began to attend the patients. There was no confinement; the insane were pilgrims, under the protection of the Church, and thus shielded from harsh or severe treatment.

The whole village of Gheel thus became accustomed to the management of lunatics. Every house, almost, had its insane guest, and the entire population became and have remained experts in the most rational way of treating the irrational. This state of things grew up insensibly, and without premeditation. It is, too, peculiar to Gheel, the City of the Simple, for all surrounding villages and hamlets manifest a strong aversion to the insane.

The healthy influence of family-life is the prevailing element in the system adopted at Gheel; and while it constitutes the peculiarity of that system, it is the great secret of its success.

The arrival of a boarder in a family is generally celebrated as a little family festivity. The simple-minded Campinois, whose wife is the presiding genius of the household, provides, on the occasion, a "reception meal"; the children wear their Sunday clothes; if in Winter, another log is added to the fire, the brass skillets and pans receive an extra rub, a clean cloth covers the board, and the cottage interior seems to smile on the newcomer. The intercourse, begun under these auspices, is maintained in the same spirit, and soon the guest reciprocates the confidence with which he is treated. He makes a friend of his host, pours the recital of his troubles into his ear, and receives consolation and advice. Sharing in the prosperity and adversity of the family, partaking of their daily life, he attends with them the religious service of the church, he kneels with them at the angelus bell, he joins in their family devotions, he becomes, in fact, one of themselves, and he feels himself surrounded by the most endearing ties—he who before was misunderstood, perhaps ill-treated, the scorn and disgrace of those to whom he was allied by blood, meets in these hospitable strangers a whole family regarding him with but one sentiment, that of benevolence and affection. He who was nobody has become the object of every one's regard and attention; he rises in his own estimation, and soon, by his efforts to show his gratitude, feels that he is in a position to earn the kindness he at first received gratuitously. Gradually he gains the level of those by whom he is surrounded, and often this simple and spontaneous resuscitation of moral vigor alone suffices to effect his cure.

The daily familiar intercourse pervading all the habits and practices of life, imperceptibly regulating its duties, and unobtrusively determining the position occupied in the household by the boarder, withdraws his thoughts from himself, and while providing him with an occupation, gives him an interest in the joys and sorrows of those among whom he is received and treated as one of themselves.

In all things equal with them, except that his well-being is more considered, more studied, better cared for, allowed full liberty to come and go as he pleases, to work

or be idle, to rise or retire, he has no contradiction to resist, no opposition to combat, and one great cause of irritation is thus entirely removed. If he be mischievously inclined, or afflicted with that digital restlessness which we often observe even in persons allowed to be perfectly sane, he is suffered to destroy what he pleases. The objects that come in his way are comparatively valueless, and it is asserted that in most of those cases where it is otherwise, the grief or annoyance of the owners of such articles as has been demolished had more effect on the patient than the restrictions or punishments imposed under other systems; many such patients have, in consequence of the vexation they felt at having injured those who were uniformly kind to them, successfully labored to overcome the habit, and in a case of recent occurrence, it appears that a "*jeune demoiselle*," who had been placed for two years in a lunatic asylum where she had been severely reprimanded, and even punished, for the indulgence of her wantonly mischievous habits, and who on first arriving at Gheel seemed disposed to destroy everything that came in her way, became an altered being under the plan pursued here.

It is true, she is not completely cured; but being unable to master the inclination, she would, after a time, of her own accord, whenever she foresaw the approach of a crisis, select some utterly worthless object, such as a rag or a piece of paper, on which to exercise her destructive propensities.

One young man now there—an Englishman, and for a time the only one of the nation at Gheel—had so unconquerable a predilection for the amusement of breaking windows, together with other expensive and unattractive habits, that after a four years' residence at a private asylum in England, where he grew daily worse, the physician under whose care he had been placed declined to keep him any longer. He was then sent to Gheel, where, the first day he arrived, he broke twenty-eight panes of glass, with every demonstration of vindictive glee. No notice whatever was taken of this feat, at which he seemed very much mortified. The next day he made a second attempt, but this time confined himself to about half the number. The same course was pursued, from which moment, strange as it may seem, he entirely abandoned the pastime, and during the three or four years he has been at Gheel he has never since indulged himself in the same way.

This, indeed, is a fair example of the spirit in which the eccentricities of the insane are met, and it is very curious to observe how thoroughly the "*nourriciers*," while apparently pursuing their ordinary avocations, just as if the lunatic inmate did not exist, understand how to manage them. An incident illustrative of this is worth recording:

A poor fellow, pensioned in a middle-class house, was every now and then subject to a nervous crisis, during which he threatened to throw himself out of the window; the *nourricier*, perceiving that the restraint he had thought it necessary to impose only made matters worse, determined on an opposite course; he observed that the man talked and blustered about his intention in a mode seldom pursued by those seriously bent on such a step, so one day, when he was more violent than usual, he replied with great calmness, and without taking his eyes off his last—for he was a cobbler by trade:

"I'll tell you what it is, Yvon, you've talked of this so often that I am quite tired of the subject, and I am persuaded you are right, and that the best thing you can do is to try the window, since you are not satisfied with going out at the door."

"But I shall be killed!" replied the lunatic, completely taken aback by the coolness of his host.

"Oh, that is *your* lookout; see here, I'll help you so far as opening the window goes, but the rest you must do for yourself. And he rose and deliberately opened the lattice, which was only one story from the ground, and below it was a dunghill, reaching fully half the distance. 'Now,' he continued, 'I am going down to dinner, so I'll say 'good-by,' for I suppose you don't want me.'

If the cobbler felt any alarm for the result of his experiment, he was soon reassured, for the lunatic, looking steadily at him to see if he could possibly be in earnest, walked to the casement and closed it, observing:

"To dinner, you said? Well, I don't mind if I dine, too; I can do this afterward."

With these words he followed his *nourricier*, and no further allusion was ever made to egress by the window.

I was told of a touching instance of attachment and sensibility where a young lunatic, finding that the noise of his violin worried the mistress of the house, who was sick, destroyed his instrument that he might not be tempted to gainsay his determination.

It is interesting and suggestive to see these poor afflicted creatures doing their best to help, by their labor, the family among whom their lot is cast. The care of the children generally falls to their share, and the gentleness with which they tend them is remarkable; they wash, dress and feed them, walk out with them and play with them. It is by no means unusual to see an old fellow, who might be the grandfather, carrying an infant in his arms, while three or four older children follow his steps, or gambol by his side; and this is the happiest as well as the most favorable moment of the lunatic's monotonous existence; the society of these little ones and their innocent joys find an echo in his unsophisticated mind, and he can follow without an effort the meaning of their simple prattle, meeting a congeniality in their ideas, limited, like his own, to the objects they see around them.

Their confiding helplessness seems to touch a responsive chord in his heart, and to draw him closer to them, while it brings out the better feelings of his nature. When they are well, he naturally becomes their playmate and companion, and when they are ill, and he feels his inability to bring skill, judgment or experience to their aid, he sits despondingly by, watching, weeping, and often praying, forgetting for the time his own troubles, whims and ailments, and ready, if not eager, to render any service to the sorrowing household, whose grief, maybe, he only half understands.

The dormant affection he feels for the family at whose fireside he has been received, only requires some such occasion to elicit its depth and its sincerity; and when a patient has been pronounced cured, and it is desirable for him to return to his own relations, heartbreaking on both sides is the hour of separation. Rarely does an instance occur at Gheel of any patient wishing to change his domicile, or to leave the family on which he had been originally quartered. In almost every case they seem to become the *enfant gâté de la maison*, and to endear themselves to their protectors as much as they are attached to them. The relationship is a very touching one, and the traditional antecedents of Gheel render the mutual tie peculiarly interesting.

There is scarcely a trade that is not pursued in Gheel by persons recognized as insane. I saw the handiwork of cabinet-makers, joiners, shoe-makers, tailors, sabot-makers and many others. At a forge, several men working at the trade of the blacksmith, were manufacturing wheel-tires, horseshoes, culinary vessels, etc.

Many perform with fidelity and accuracy the duties of commissionnaires, not only carrying messages and parcels, but making purchases and bringing back change correctly to their employers. It is not without a melancholy interest that one observes traces of the small childish vanity with which they receive these marks of trust, and look for commendation when they think they are entitled to it.

In the fields, a large proportion of the laborers, male and female, are lunatics or epileptics, and it is the opinion of the medical staff that agriculture is by far the best occupation they can follow. It is a curious fact, and one worth recording, that although trusted with scythes, sickles, shears, billhooks, spades, hoes and other dangerous tools, they have never been known to misuse them.

Such is the system pursued at Gheel, and the whole body of insane are under the care of skillful physicians who make mental disease their almost sole study. It contrasts sharply with our methods in the liberty allowed the insane, and in employing them in their own avocations, thus preventing much of the brooding and mutinous spirit aroused by our system. The influence of the Gheel idea, not to make any individual distinctions, may be seen in the gentler and highly successful system in the New York State Homeopathic Asylum at Middletown, and in some institutions for women under the control of religious communities, like the Sisters of Charity, as at Mount Hope, in Maryland, and Harrison, N. Y.

Our asylums are too generally regarded as houses of detention, but as Dr. Parigot well remarks, "Not the custody, but the cure of the sane should be the sole object. Common efforts would bring at last an immense benefit—namely, that insane patients must be cured, and not to be considered *prima facie* as beings to be put in custody for their lifetime."

At Gheel, where they come and go as they please, where they feel themselves as much at liberty as the other inhabitants of the place, and recognize no inequality in their condition, we find they act as they see others act, and it never occurs to them to complain of their position. What should they seek to escape from? The whole place is theirs; if they leave the house, no one asks them whither they are going, or how long they will be absent; and if, through inadvertence, they wander along the road which takes them out of the village, it is never with a view to withdraw themselves, and they are only too thankful to be brought back. Each of the six "*gardes de section*" is responsible for those located within his district, and if he perceives in any unusually vicious lunatic an intention to give his hosts the slip, all he would do would be to fasten round his ankles the humane contrivance, which, while it could not hurt a newborn child, would prevent the wearer from running away, and at the same time admit of his being left at large.

The number of physicians in attendance is inadequate, and the care of the insane is left too absolutely to keepers, generally without medical training, who become hardened, and look only to the confinement of the inmates without a thought of their cure. These men come in time to look upon any complaint of their conduct as an insult, and as the means of revenge are in their own hands, and with none but insane, and therefore incompetent, witnesses, they often wreak their vengeance in the most brutal form.

In one of the cases that attracted the attention of the public last Summer, a sane reporter confined as a lunatic found means to communicate with friends. When this was discovered he was punished by the keeper, with confinement in a cage among raving maniacs.

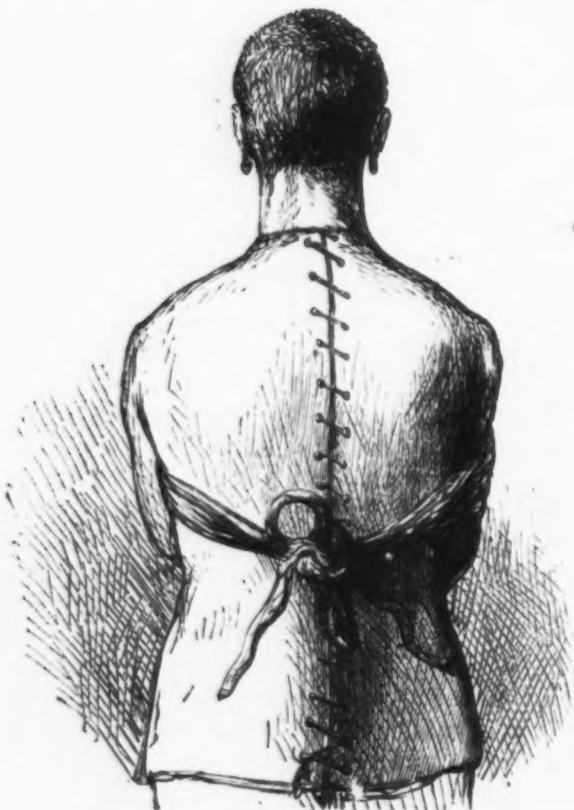
No keeper in prison or asylum should be "judge, jury, hangman, rope and all." "If, in the interest of



THE STRAITJACKET IN FRONT.

society," to quote again the words of Dr. Parigot, "the insane may be temporarily deprived of their liberty, it is but a preventive measure, just and acceptable in certain conditions, out of which a positive right must be acknowledged—namely, that the law which forcibly isolates or secludes a patient from his friends and family assumes *pro facto* the responsibility of a real and scientific medical treatment. A public convenience or a public right can never include the violation of an individual one, or the non-accomplishment of a duty."

The greater medical supervision is all the more necessary, in order to turn to account the lucid intervals, and prolong them as far as science can effect it. Now, too



THE STRAITJACKET BEHIND.

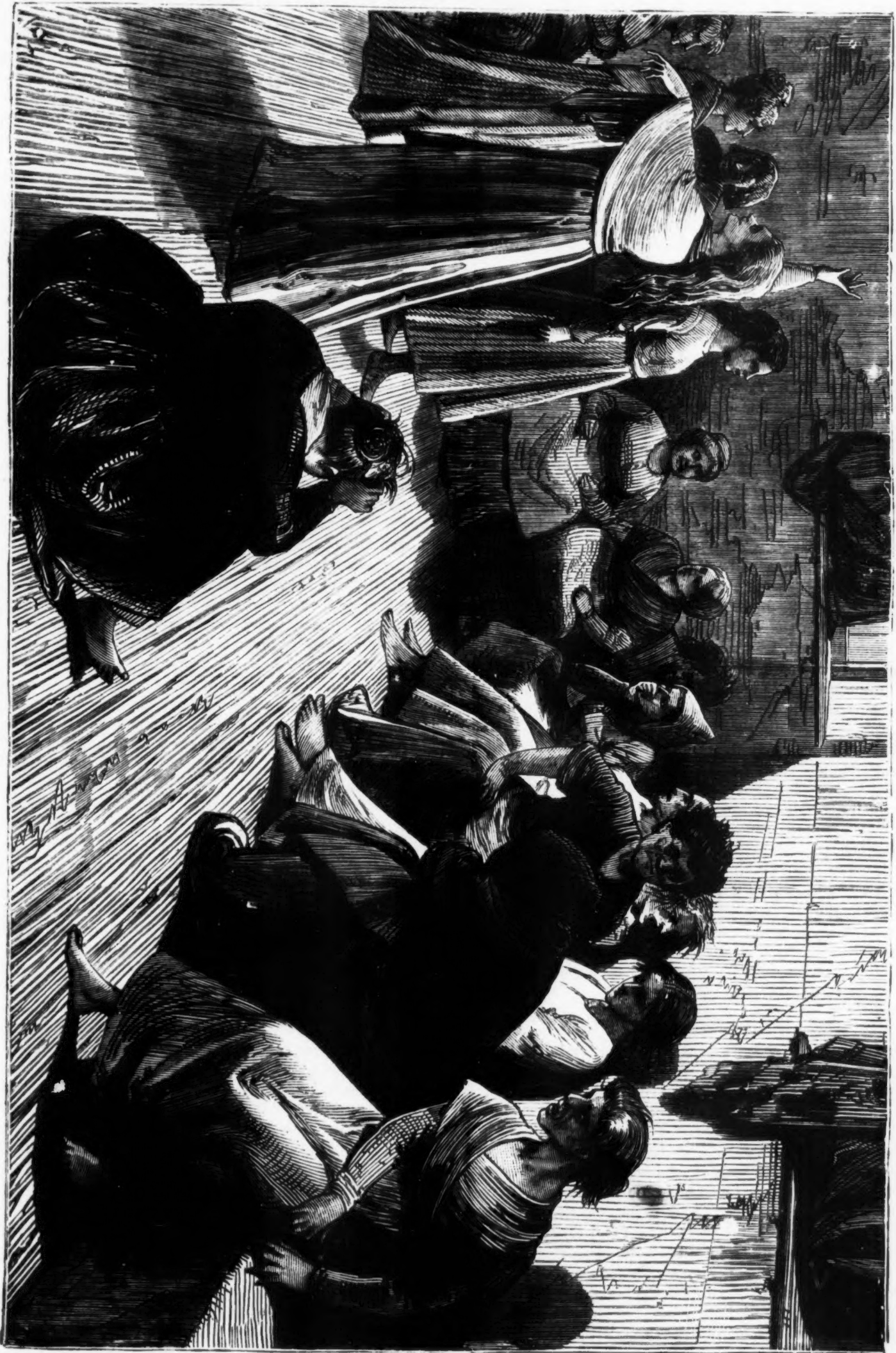


BELT AND SHACKLES USED IN SOME ASYLUMS.

frequently when the lucid interval arrives, the patient is subjected to the same treatment as when reason no longer ruled. Yet in many cases almost complete freedom can



DARK ROOM FOR INSANE PATIENTS.



SCENE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

then be safely allowed, for the unfortunate people generally feel the return of the malady, and will ask in time to be restrained. This was the case with Dr. Hosack, and with many whom every reader has heard of in his circle of acquaintance.

Physicians, lawyers, the benevolent, generally admit the necessity of a wider, healthier legislation in regard to this unfortunate class, and that everything should be subordinated to their ultimate care and restoration. No object of higher importance, indeed, is now before the American people, and the State which first codifies, by the highest standards of Natural Law and Medical Science, its whole legislation on the subject of insanity, will accomplish a reform never to be forgotten in its history.

OF LITERARY HUSBANDS.

THAT LADIES SHOULD BEWARE OF GETTING SUCH, AND WHY.

THERE could be few more critical tasks than to write a treatise on the choice of wives or husbands, but we need not be overscrupulous about warning ladies in search of husbands to beware of men of literary habits, and we should be doing a kindness if we advise literary men contemplating matrimony to select for their wives judicious and patient nurses rather than charming and brilliant women. There is a comfortable doctrine held by wives that all husbands are more or less selfish, and we admit that there is much to be said in support of this theory. Hunting husbands, shooting husbands, Parliamentary husbands and business husbands generally seek their own amusement as the principal end of their lives, while the pleasures of their wives are regarded as desirable but secondary objects; but none of the above-mentioned are so purely selfish as are certain literary husbands. Strictly pleasure-seeking husbands often study their own amusements only, while they worship their wives. Literary husbands also study their own amusement only, while they worship themselves. Moreover, in intercourse with their fellow-creatures, ordinary mortals usually imbibe some fresh ideas or learn a little entertaining gossip, and are consequently more or less agreeable companions to their wives. But the literary man spends the day at home in his own den, where his brain feeds chiefly upon itself, with a few books, by way of condiment, by writers holding his own identical opinions; so that he is unlikely to be very fresh or amusing, when he seeks the society of his wife.

Like a savage animal that cannot be approached without danger, the literary husband, as we have said, spends his time in his study. He may be concocting jokes for a comic paper or writing a treatise on Christian gentleness; but, for all that, when sitting at his writing-table, he will be as ill-tempered and as snappish as a bull terrier on his chain. The judicious wife will be wary in approaching him on such occasions. If the kitchen chimney is on fire, or if the pipes are bursting, "dear George" must not be disturbed on that account, or the heat of his wrath and the explosion of his temper are likely to exceed the worst that can happen from those domestic calamities. He may be writing the most calm and unimpassioned judgment on the disputes between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines; but it would be unwise in his wife to calculate on his giving an equally temperate decision on a squabble between the cook and the butler during the hours that he spends in his chair of literary jurisdiction. It is true that there are some literary husbands who will make attempts to be courteous when invaded in their sanctums. They will assure their wives that they "are not in the least in the

way," while their nervous restlessness too plainly betrays their words; they may even assume a ghastly smile when a thorough reorganization of their rooms is suggested, and there may be a very pretty struggle between the parental and the literary instincts when their youngest children are brought into their dens, but it only requires half an eye to see that they are in reality as much put out as a servant disturbed at a meal, which we take to be the extreme example of human acridity. Perhaps the most remarkable expression ever assumed by a literary husband is that which he wears when his wife requests him to come into the drawing-room to help to entertain some friends, especially when she assures him that they are aware he is at home. His face, again, is a study if she enters his room when he is in the middle of a long and carefully prepared sentence with the pleasing announcement that the housekeeper complains of "a smell" in one of the back passages.

Much literary work is apt to engender irritability. When the mind is deeply absorbed in some interesting subject, and an idea has been grasped after considerable mental exertion, abrupt interruption is very trying. A sudden disturbance of such a kind will produce actual headache in some people. It is also exceedingly irritating to feel that the clue which had only just been found, after so much trouble, has been lost, perhaps never to be regained. It is needless to add that much literary occupation, relieved by but little fresh air and exercise, is a most likely cause of dyspepsia.

Now, the combination of an original mind and a dyspeptic body may be highly favorable to amusing writing of a pungent and sarcastic nature, but it is far from being equally favorable to domestic happiness. Another thing that detracts from the sociability of a literary husband is his habit of relapsing into brown studies of long duration. Sometimes the ideas that refuse to be invoked in the study begin to flow in the drawing-room or dining-room, and a literary husband, when his ideas are "on the flow," is an object sacred from disturbance. When in that celestial condition he is, doubtless, worthy of great reverence, but he can scarcely be called an amusing member of society.

There are many living creatures that are a nuisance in a house. A naughty boy is one; a mangy dog is another, and a third is an early student of the violin; but of all domestic nuisances a man who is writing a book is, to our mind, the worst. If he is writing it as a matter of business, he is an unmitigated bore. He thinks of nothing else. What is it to him that the country is involved in war, that the Ministry have been beaten, or that his drains are out of order, unless these facts have at least an indirect bearing on his work? He spends most of his time closeted in his study, and if he goes out he has a notebook at hand to receive his ideas. If he reads at all he confines himself to books bearing on the subject that he is treating in his great work. He is absent and preoccupied in the presence of his wife, and he enlivens her nights by talking in his sleep on the subject of his book. If he is writing it for pleasure rather than for business, he is an even greater nuisance, for then he not only makes it his own amusement, but expects those about him to make it theirs also. His book, its present and its future contents, must form the leading topic of conversation in the family if he is to be kept in good humor. As every half-dozen pages of cramped, blotted and much-corrected manuscript is finished, it is submitted to the various members of the family for perusal. Their verdict must, of course, always be favorable. How good! How clever! How amusing! It is easy enough to praise, and during a long life a wife

may declare that each new specimen of her husband's scribbling is the best; but literary husbands have sometimes an unfortunate habit of asking their wives to make suggestions. In such cases, the wife is put into this awkward position, that if she makes suggestions she is pretty certain to be severely snubbed, while, if she makes none, she will be accused of taking no interest in the work.

Worst of all, some literary husbands expect their wives to write out fair copies of their stilted and illegible scrawls, or they even go so far as to sit in armchairs smoking cigars while their wives write at their dictation.

One of the most trying periods to wives of literary husbands is that during which the bundles of manuscript are traveling about from publisher to publisher. The husband can scarcely sleep at night, so anxious is he about the contents of the morning's postbag. Of course, many days, or even weeks, elapse before the first publisher gives his verdict. At last a polite note, describing his regret at being unable to undertake the publication, renders the unhappy writer a savage in his family for a fortnight. Or perhaps a brown paper parcel arrives, containing the precious manuscript safe and sound, and also a slip of paper inscribed with the magic words, "Declined with thanks," after the receipt of which the disappointed aspirant will be quite unapproachable for some hours, and will be unendurable for many weeks.

When the well-traveled manuscript has been at last accepted, the writer falls into a state of ecstasy for a time, but he assumes a bumptiousness that is not altogether agreeable to near relations. When the proofs arrive, the horrors seem to begin all over again. The husband shuts himself up for hours at a time, as of old, and everything has to give way to the great undertaking. The entertainment of the evenings is to have the book read aloud from "real print," this proceeding being rendered more attractive by the author's constantly stopping the reader by, "Wait a moment; if you will give me the proof, I think I will alter a word there."

There are also frequent pauses to ask the audience whether there are not "too many 'whiches' in that sentence," or whether there ought to be a comma or a semicolon after the word "reliable," and the reader is often requested to begin again from the top of the page. The apparently interminable interval between the return of the corrected proofs and the publication of the book has no tendency to make the author light-hearted. He alternately wonders when it will appear, and whether he was wise in writing it at all. He has almost reduced himself to forgetfulness of the whole matter when the book actually appears. His wife's cares and troubles then become very similar to those of a nurse who has the charge of "an invalid gentleman." He is put into a fever by the absence of any reviews of his in the first week after publication; and when no criticisms of it appear in the principal journals for a fortnight, or perhaps a month, he becomes infuriated with his publisher, who cannot, he says, be taking the slightest trouble about his book. He will also be much irritated if he does not receive prompt and very favorable criticisms from the friends to whom he has presented copies. He will not be able to understand why they have not thrown all other engagements and occupations on one side, and spent their time in greedily reading his book until it was finished. He will be secretly angry, again, if any of his friends who profess to have read it with pleasure are found by no means to know it by heart when put through a viva voce examination. It may be readily imagined that under these conditions the author is scarcely the most amiable and light-hearted of men in his own family circle.

We are inclined to think that for a couple of months after the appearance of the first review of a book its author ought to be placed in solitary confinement. The time that follows is a trying one both to himself and his relatives. Even the most favorable of his critics rarely please him, for he considers that they praise the less important parts of his work, while they altogether omit to notice its clearest features.

If his panegyrists fail to satisfy him, what shall be said of his adverse reviewers? Do not those nearest and dearest to him remember the reception that he gave to a certain lukewarm criticism? And can they not vouch for the fact that one sneering review brought on an attack of his gout? But what shall be said of a particular article that appeared in one of the weekly journals? Did not his wife contrive that the paper should be mislaid before he had read it, and did she not persuade him to start for a short tour to the west of France two days after its publication, with the hope of preventing him from seeing the obnoxious print at all? Did it not also happen that a well-meaning friend cut out the article and sent it after him, and had not his beloved wife a nice time of it when the said article reached him at St. Malow, here she had to bear the full and undivided consequences of his fury?

We have carefully confined ourselves in this article to its special subject—namely, literary husbands. In conclusion, we may throw out a hint that there are also such persons as literary wives, but they are a subject on which we should tremble to enter.

THE EARLY WATCHES.

EDWARD VI. appears to have been the first Englishman to wear a watch, and this consisted of "onne larum, or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummettes of lead"—that is to say, it was driven by weights. This is supposed to have been received by the king as a present from Nuremburg, and was playfully called a Nuremburg animated egg. An Italian sonnet, written by Gasper Visconti, in 1490, makes mention of watches, and Shakespeare refers to one in "Twelfth Night," when he makes *Malvolio* say, "I frown a while and perchance wind up my watch."

Queen Elizabeth had a watch in shape exactly like a duck, with chased feathers, the lower part of which opened, and the face or dial was of silver, ornamented with a gilt design. The outer case was of brass, and that in its turn was covered with black leather ornamented with silver studs. Mary Queen of Scots gave a curious token of affection to her faithful maid-of-honor, Mary Seaton, in the shape of a watch in the form of a skull, the dial occupying the place of the palate, and the works that of the brains. The hours were marked in Roman letters. A bell in the hollow of the skull received the works, and a hammer struck the hours. Striking watches were uncommon, and in the time of Louis XI. a stolen watch was, by its striking, discovered in possession of the thief.

Guy Fawkes and his associates had a watch when they intended to blow up the House of Parliament, "to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the fusee." All these early watches had but one hand, and required winding up twice a day, until, in 1550, springs were substituted for weights.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE'S a maid has sat o' the green merse side,
 Thae ten lang years and mair;
 And every first nicht o' the new mune
 She kames her yellow hair.

And aye while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
 Fu' sweet she sings and hie,
 Till the fairest bird in the greenwood
 Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha o'er listens to that sweet sang,
 Or gangs the fair dame to,
 Neir hears the sang o' the lark again,
 Nor waukens an earthlie o'e.

It fell in about the sweet Summer month
 I' the first come o' the mune,
 That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,
 A-kaming her silk locks down.

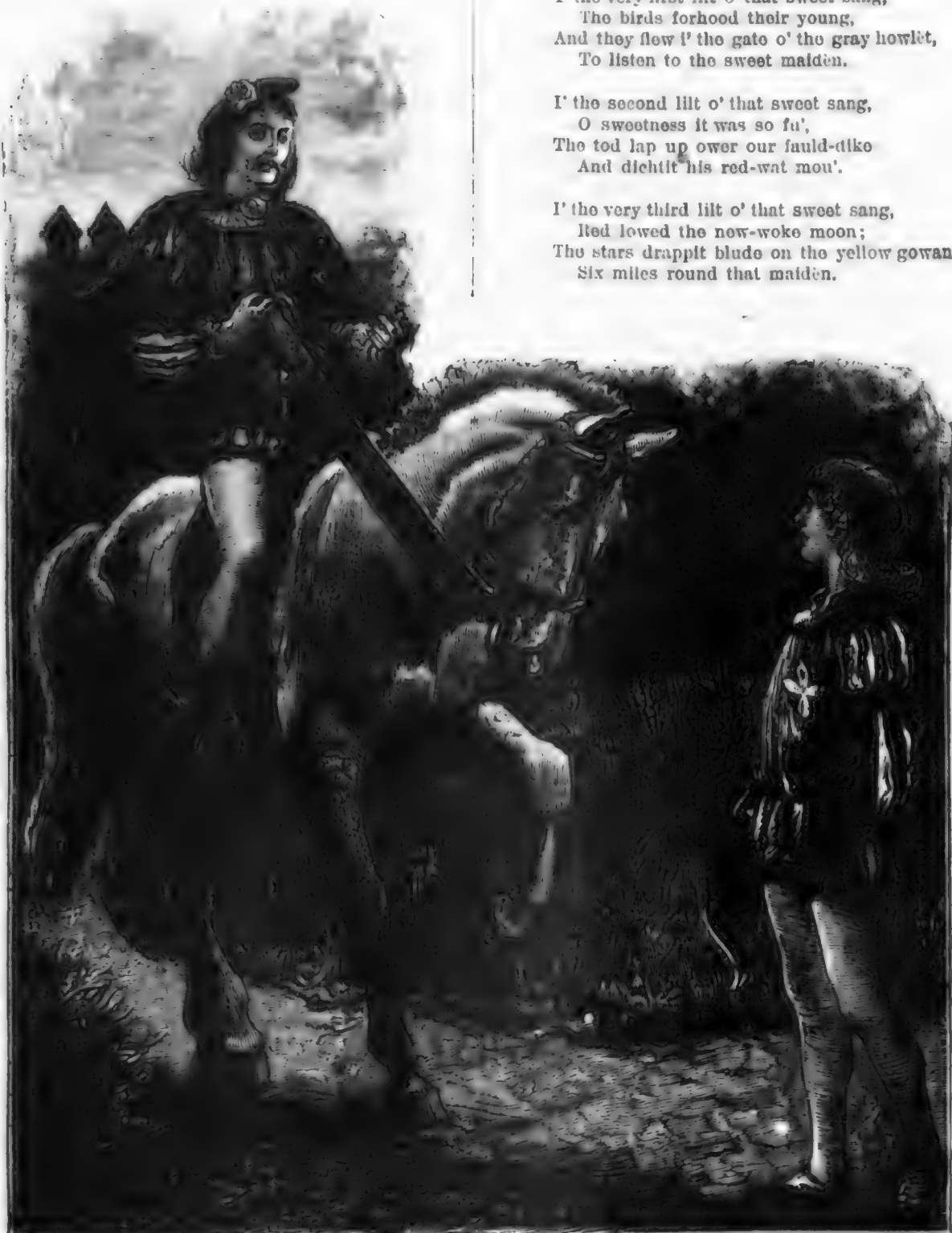
Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
 Her hand like new-won milk;
 Her bosom was like the snawy curd
 In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks o'er her white shoulders,
 A fleece baith wide and lang;
 And ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
 She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
 The birds forhood their young,
 And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlet,
 To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
 O sweetness it was so fu',
 The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike
 And dlichtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
 Ited lowed the new-woke moon;
 The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan tap
 Six miles round that maiden.



"COME, HAND MY STEED, YE LITTLE FOOT PAGE
 SHOD WI' THE RED GOWD ROUN'."

"I hae dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young Cowehill,
 "Thae twenty years and three,
 But the sweetest sang I ever heard
 Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips
 That maks sic melodie?
 It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
 And weel may it wyle me!

"I dreamed a dreary dream, master,
 Whilk I am rad ye rode;
 I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips
 That drapped o' red heart's blude.



"AND I'LL KAME THAE LINKS O' YELLOW BURNING GOWD
 ABOON THY BONNY BLUE E'E."

"Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-pago,
 Shod wi' the red gowd roun',
 Till I kiss the lips whilk sing so sae sweet;"
 And lightlie lap he down.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
 Kiss nae the singer's chin;
 Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-pago,
 "If skaithless hame ye wad win.

"O wha will sit in yer toom saddle,
 O wha will bruik your glove,
 And wha will fauld your erted bride
 In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
 Knot wi' a siller ban';
 He seemed a' in luve wi' his gowd raiment,
 As through the greenwood he ran.

"The Summer dew fa's soft, fair maid,
 Aneath the siller moon;
 But eerle is thy seat i' the rock,
 Washed wi' the white sea-faem.

"Come wash me wi' thy lillie-white hand,
 Below and 'boon the knee;
 And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning gowd
 Aboon thy bonnie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,
 How lillie-white thy skin;
 And weel I wat, thae kissing o'en
 Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,
 Wi' thy gared doublet fine,
 And thraw me aff thy green mantle,
 Leafed wi' the siller twine.

"And a' in courtesie, fair knight,
A maiden's mind to win;
The gowd lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lillie skin."

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,
Hemmed wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doublet cuist he aff,
Wi' red gowd flowered down.

"Now ye maun kame my yellow hair
Doun wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
And tak' me maiden hame."

"But first come tak' me 'neath the chin;
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks o' watery hair
I' the new moonbeam to droop."

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek,
And lang he wooed her willing lips,
Like heather-binnle sweet.

"O, if ye'll come to bonnie Cowahill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,
And bind wi' gowd your brow."

"And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,
Ye'se hae the rosie wine;
And, a' for the water-lillie white,
Ye'se hae the arms o' mine!"

"But what will she say, your bonnie young bride,
Busked wi' the siller sne,
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips
Are left wi' vows on mine?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae sma';
"Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed,
It's time I were awa'."

"O gi'e me a token o' luve, sweet may,
A leil love-token true;"
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,
And knotted it round his brow.

"O tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,
But wi' love's rose-knot kinde;
Myheid is fu' o' burning pain,
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue;
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
And he laid his head 'mang the water-lillies;
"Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed a link o' her wat yellow hair
Abune his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She waved ower his brow the white lillie,
With witch-knots mae than nine;
"Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,
This nicht ye sall be mine."

O, twice he turned his sinking head,
And twice he lifted his o'e;
O, twice he socht to lift the links
Were knotted owre his bree.

"Arise, sweet knight, your young bride waits,
And doubts her ale will soure;
And wistlie looks at the lillie-white sheets,
Dounspread in ladie-bouir."

"And she has pinned the broidered silk
About her white hause bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stand its lane."

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,
And faintlie lift his o'e;
And he strave to lowse the witching bands
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
And she threw them wi' her lillie hand
Amang the white sea-faom.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,
And throw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nao other ring,
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him in her lillie arms,
And left her pearlie kame;
Her fleecy locks trailed o'er the sand,
As she took the white sea-faom.

First rase the star out ower the hill,
And neist the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,
Blythe as a young bride may,
When the new mune lights her lamp o' luve,
And blinks the bride away.

"Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' many a winsome flouir;
Put the princeldest rose in that gay garden
Maun blossom in my bouir."

"And I will keep the drapping dew
From my red rose's tap,
And the balmy blobs o' lika leaf
I'll keep them drap by drap,
And I will wash my white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap."

And aye she sewed her sliken snood,
And sang a bridal sang,
But aft the tears drapt frae her o'e,
Afore the gray morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddy 'mang the dore,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The plowby whistled at his darg,
The milkmaid answered hie;
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'
Sat wi' a wat-shod o'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves,
She heard the bridegroom's tongue;
And she heard the bridal-coming lilt
In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane,
Nae waiting May was there;
She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,
The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wypt the tear-blobs frae her o'e,
And lookit lang and sair.

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green;
"Lowse out the love-curles frae your hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled woodlark frae 'mang the cluds
O' heaven cam' singing doun;
Tak' out the bride-knots frae your hair,
And let the locks hang doun."

"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come doun and byde wi' me,
Ye sall peckle o' the bread and drink o' the wine,
And gowd your cage shall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
And syne below her feet,
And laid her doun 'tween the lillie-white sheets,
And soundly did she sleep.

It was in the mid hour o' the night
Her siller bell did ring,
And soun't as if nae earthly hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snaw,
Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,
O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps droip."

"O, seek another bridegroom, Marib,
On thae bosom faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lillie,
Its leaves my bridal sheet."

A DARING FEAT.

ONE of the most wonderful robberies ever perpetrated—wonderful, at least, when one considers the means at the disposal of the robber—was the achievement of a Frenchman, who, for a long time after it, was recognized in his profession as "the King of the Bandits."

His claim to this title was based upon a single exploit—the robbing of a diligence, which feat he not only planned, but carried into successful execution, without any assistance whatsoever. To do this, he made all his arrangements with the most careful completeness, and, we may be sure, fixed a night for the attack when the coach carried a freight worth robbing. He studied closely the country through which the journey was to be made, and selected a point on the road where there was a very steep hill, with hedges and underwood at either side. He then procured a number of stout sticks about the length and thickness of the barrel of a gun. These he stuck into the hedges, letting the ends of them appear, as if they were the muzzles of guns directed by persons in ambuscade behind the hedge.

As the diligence now came toiling slowly up the hill the driver saw a man standing on the pathway, and gesticulating violently. On approaching nearer the man could be heard distinctly haranguing them. "Ready! Obey orders! No firing if there be no resistance!" And then the robber, walking slowly forward, stopped the horses, told the guard to get down and to lie with his face and hands on the ground, and that no violence would be offered to him. He then went to the door of the vehicle, and assuring the ladies, who were screaming for help, that they need be under no alarm, begged each passenger, as he stepped out, to hand him his purse, and then to lie down on his face and hands near the guard. While all this drama was being enacted the robber-chief kept shouting to his assistants not to fire unless there was resistance; not to fire until they should get his signal. Thus, one by one, he handed all the passengers out, each giving up his purse as if it was a ticket, and then going and lying upon the wet grass side-by-side with the guard. When the diligence was empty our highwayman retired with all the movable property he desired to possess himself of, and escaped through the wood.

The most amusing part of the story was that amongst the travelers were several officers fully armed, who surrendered their swords at discretion, and joined the other dupes on the grass. It is well to add that the robber was ultimately apprehended, and the greater part of the stolen property was found upon him.

Another very extraordinary robbery was one which has only recently been detected; if it has less adventure in it than the other, it has certainly more system and ingenuity. The enterpriser in this case was also highly thought of amongst his brethren, and was well known to professional thieves as "Jack in the Box." His chief residence was in the capital, but he had offices for his business in many other towns. His system was this: He had a box so constructed that he could lie down in it with ease, and

rely upon always having plenty of fresh air; it could also contain provisions, tools, false keys, a lantern, etc., etc., and the real mode of opening it was from the inside. Jack, having caused himself to be buried alive in this coffin, would get it booked, say from Chester to Euston Square by a goods train, and carefully labeled, "This side up; to be kept till called for." The box always was put in a train that arrived at the station at night, and was accordingly stored till called for the following day. It was in this interval that the robberies were committed.

When the whole station was shut up, the porters dismissed, and the place in darkness, Jack emerged from his box, lit his lantern and set to work. He got out his tools and his keys and took his time, for he had plenty of time to take. We all know what an insecure thing the lock of a trunk is, and how nearly all keys are made on the same pattern. They did not afford much trouble to the robber; he opened box after box, unpacking them with great care and tidiness—for long practice had made him perfect—and selecting as keepsakes the articles that were most valuable, most portable and most easily disposed of. With these gleanings he filled the box in which he had himself come up to town, and then lay in concealment till the morning. The stores would then be opened, porters would come in to remove goods, and Jack would choose his own time to effect his escape. Later in the day he would call for a parcel that had arrived from Chester by the last goods train of the preceding night, and that was directed to be called for; he would take it away with him in a cab, having first paid all the railway charges upon it.

But the day came when this little "coup" was made for the last time, and it was a policeman, and not his box, that Jack found waiting for him on application. The governor of a county jail showed me a collection of the photographs of all the prisoners who had ever been in his charge—"that is," said he, "of all except one." That honorable exception was our friend Jack; he positively declined to be photographed. He said, with some shrewdness, that it would ruin his future prospects.

HER Highness Kudsia Begum, an Indian Princess who recently died at Bhopal, dispensed in her lifetime a princely charity, and in her death was widely lamented. She was buried in her own garden, with ceremony which included the distribution to the poor of 100 mares of wheat and 1,000 rupees of money. Every fakir in the town—of whom there are about 300—had received from her in late years an annual donation of from five to thirty rupees. All her charities were accompanied by the words: "What the Almighty has caused to be given, that do I give." She was always fond of feeding sparrows that came to her palace, and never a poor dog failed of getting food from her store. Not long before she died some sparrows made a nest in the doorway of her bath. Rather than disturb them she is said to have stopped using this bath.

MINIATURE TREES.

THE Chinese have a mania for dwarfing not only their women's feet, but also for growing miniature pines and

into the pot, in bits about the size of beans, only just enough to nourish the plant. The miniature trees are scantily supplied with light and warmth, and pegged and wired down in order to produce fantastic shapes; the gar-



"SHE SAT HIGH ON THE TAP TOWER STANE,
AND LOOKIT LANG AND SAIR."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 524.

caks in flower pots. For many years they have kept secret their method of procedure, which has at length been found out. Take a young plant or seedling, when only two or three inches high, cut off its top root as soon as it has sufficient small roots to live upon, then replant in a shallow earthen pot or pan. Alluvial clay is then put

dener prunes and sears the roots with hot irons, and the poor little starvling gives up all attempts at growing; each fresh set of leaves becomes smaller and smaller, the buds and rootlets are equally dwarfed, and in a period ranging from ten to fifteen years the miniature tree has arrived at perfection.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE; OR, AUNT JUDITH'S DENUNCIATION.—"FORGETFUL OF RHEUMATISM, AND SHAKING HER STICK AT HIM, SHE SHRIEKED: 'OUT OF MY PRESENCE! GO—GO BEFORE MY POOR GIRL RETURNS! GO, AND I WILL BREAK THE DREADFUL FACT TO HER. GOOD HEAVENS, SHE'S HERE!'"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE; OR, AUNT JUDITH'S DENUNCIATION.

BY FRANCES JOSEPHINE MOORE.

AUNT JUDITH! How shall I hope to describe her majesty! Tall, angular and strange of visage, yet with handsome features. A few years back, and Aunt Judith was as upright as the very straightest of pokers; now, however, she was slightly bent with rheumatism, and had to lean upon a substantial gold-headed stick when she walked. Report said that, in the days of her youth, Miss Judith Crampton had been both a belle and a coquette!

Accordingly, she was now straitlaced to a degree. No one could pounce upon the mildest flirtation with more hawk-like celerity than she—no one could preach a severe moral lesson with more awe-inspiring aspect than she. There were folks still living who spoke in whispers of a "love disappointment" which had once assailed this paragon amongst ancient virgins. Perhaps this was true, perhaps not. Anyway, she was perfectly safe from such assaults now.

Miss Judith had a heart underneath her stern exterior, although few found the way to it. The one who loved her best, and whom she loved best in the world, was her

niece—pretty, merry, warm-hearted Katie Lorton, her dead sister's only daughter.

Katie was engaged to be married, and was coming on a short visit to her aunt, the last before her marriage with Mr. James Manly; "Manly Jimmy," as some of his bachelor friends called him.

Katie had written to say that she would be down in a week, adding:

"Jim is also paying some farewell visits, and if he can manage to make them fit in comfortably, will come down to see you and me for a day or two toward the end of my visit, and then take me back to New York. Won't that be nice, auntie?"

"Charming!" muttered the old lady, grimly; and, indeed, she had cause for grimaces just now, for there lay close beside her on the table another letter from a lady she knew well formerly, and who lived in a quiet seaside town not very far from New York.

* * * * *

Miss Florinda Ferrett was, perhaps, the very cleverest

person at managing her neighbors' affairs that you ever came across. There was no mystery too deep for her.

"Bless you, I guess they can't deceive me. I know it's true," etc., etc.

The more difficult the prey, the keener the chase for Miss Florinda Ferrett. That she was no favorite in the small town you may be very sure.

This worthy creature had written to Aunt Judith, and here is her letter:

"MY VALUED FRIEND—You know how distasteful it is to my too-sensitive organization to find out anything against other people. Were it not for our long friendship" (they had been rivals in their youth) "I would keep silence for ever. As it is, however, I feel it my bounden duty to speak.

"I have, most unwillingly, discovered that Mr. James Manly, your sweet Katie's betrothed" (she hated Katie) "is a villain of the worst type—yes, my dear, of the worst type! One of my windows overlooks the garden of a pretty villa here—Rose Villa. My friend, prepare yourself. In that villa dwell James Manly's wife and children. Mrs. Manly has been down here about a month ago; he came a week ago. She appears to be a little older than he is (young men so often make fools of themselves in that way), a very fine-looking woman (sure to get coarse, and with very quiet manners (those very quiet people are generally sly). The children—a boy and a girl, about seven and five—are really very pretty.

"Mr. James Manly arrived one evening whilst I was sitting at my window—it happened to be the very one I mentioned to you—reading 'Paley's Evidences.' Such a meeting! 'Oh, Jim, I am so glad to see you!' she cried. 'Well, how are you all? Jolly as usual?' Then such kissing! It really made my blood curdle. I drew down the blind, but I could not avoid seeing through a little chink that they went back into the house arm-in-arm, laughing and talking.

"They are together all the time; he evidently adores the children, and, I suppose, *her*, too. They all walk together, drive together, and—I blush to name it, even—*bathe* together! Of course, the present age (dead to modesty) allows of such atrocities; but I must say it makes me creep to think of them.

"I have now told you all, and leave you to make what use you please of this letter (without bringing in my unblemished name, of course). Yours, with true friendship and in sorrow,

"FLORINDA FERRETT."

"And this young man seeks *my* niece!—seeks to ally himself to one of the best families in New York! I'll tell her—I'll tell the poor deluded child directly she arrives. Yet, no, I won't; she shall have a few more happy days. But when that fellow comes I'll confront him with all his villainy. Surely pride will cure my Katie—the pride of the Cramptons. Ah! how the dear girl takes after me, to be sure."

* * * * *

Katie came, bright, pretty and so happy. She was never tired of talking about her Jim.

"Auntie, he is such a dear fellow—so frank and true."

"Ab, my dear," sighed Aunt Judith, wishful, in some sort, to prepare Katie, "youth is easily satisfied."

"Now, auntie, dear, that is cruel. I tell you my Jim is as utterly incapable of any sort of deceit as—as a little baby."

"Babies, child, are the most deceitful creatures breathing. They always squall and pretend pain when they want their own way."

"You know very well, Aunt Judith, that you are only pretending. Anyway, Jim is Jim, even if a baby is a baby—and a deceitful, squalling one."

How Aunt Judith managed to contain herself during the next few days was a marvel, bursting, as she was, with indignation and pity combined.

The astute old lady groaned in spirit when she thought of how soon poor Katie's cup of happiness would be dashed from her young lips.

* * * * *

At last the day arrived upon which James Manly was

expected. Katie was in high spirits, with such a tender, happy light in her bright eyes! It was really heart-rending.

Aunt Judith began to wish herself at the North Pole, Kamtschatka, or any other equally remote district. But duty stared her sternly in the face, and when did Miss Judith Crampton ever shrink from that? She must nerve herself to her dreadful task.

Katie had to order some things for her aunt from the village, so she put on her hat.

"If Jim comes before I get back, you must amuse him, auntie. I don't think you have forgotten how to entertain a gentleman, you dear old thing!" cried the saucy girl, hugging the "dear old thing" rapturously.

Off she went, and again did the unhappy lady groan in spirit.

"Poor child! When she comes back—Oh, that wretch!"

She sat in her trim parlor, grim, majestic, and full of wrath, but determined to face the worst, come what would.

Presently she heard the deafening shriek of the incoming train; in five minutes he would be there, for the station was close to her cottage. Five minutes! Good gracious! how should she begin? She wished Katie were back. Then she devoutly hoped Katie would *not* come back—just now, at all events.

Perhaps, after all, Providence, would be merciful to her, and he would not come at all! Ah, that was very likely. He knew, probably, that he was already found out, and therefore—

And lo! there he stood in the doorway! Such a fine-looking fellow, with laughing gray eyes and the figure of an athlete!

In he came.

"I suppose I need scarcely ring—need I? How do you do, Miss Crampton? I am glad to see you looking so well. I—I hope—I am welcome?" a little uncertainly, seeing no smile of greeting on the stern face before him.

"Sir—young man—" began Aunt Judith, rising, and then sitting down again, trembling.

Why on earth was this fellow so handsome and truthful-looking, making it so difficult for her to denounce him?

"Miss Crampton! Why, surely you have forgotten me. I am James Manly."

"Forgotten you! Young man, I wish I had never seen you!"

Jim stared at her. Then a thought flashed across him.

"Good heavens! she is mad! How shocking! I wish Katie had told me. Age and rheumatism. I wonder where her keeper is?"

She fathomed his suspicion.

"I see what you think, Mr. Manly, but I am not mad, although I wonder I retain my senses in presence of so much audacity. Are you not ashamed, sir?"

"Ashamed, Miss Crampton?" repeated Jim, utterly confounded.

"Yes, sir, ashamed of coming here in order to delude my poor niece up to the last moment."

The poor old lady almost broke down here. At last Jim said:

"Of what do you accuse me, may I ask?"

Now for the dreadful leap.

"I accuse you, young man, of seeking my niece, Miss Katie Lorton, in marriage, whilst—whilst—you have a wife and children already!"

The leap was taken.

"Wife and children!"

"Do not feign ignorance!" and Aunt Judith shook with

wrath. "Look here—do you see this letter, written from the very place you now come from? I conceal the name of the writer, from motives of honor—a thing you know nothing about, sir." Then tearing off the signature, she handed him the letter. "Read it, sir—read it for yourself. Never mind the style of the letter—it is the *subject* with which we have to do."

Jim read the letter, and a light dawned upon him. Returning it, he muttered, with a gloomy look:

"So I am discovered?"

"Discovered! Yes, to be the deepest-dyed wretch, the most heartless——"

"Well, where's the harm?" interrupted Jim, with a swagger of bravado. "Why shouldn't I walk and drive with a pretty Mrs. Manly? And as for bathing—by Jove, though," he said, meditatively, "that *was* a becoming costume she wore!"

"Shameless profligate!"

"Katie's figure is pretty, too," said Jim, with the air of a connoisseur.

Then Aunt Judith started up. Forgetful of rheumatism and shaking her stick at him, she shrieked:

"Out of my presence! Go—go before my poor girl returns! Go, and I will break the dreadful fact to her. Good heavens, she's here!"

"Why, auntie! Why, Jim! Whatever is the matter?" cried Katie, standing amazed in the doorway.

And well might she ask, for there stood Aunt Judith, furiously shaking her stick at Jim, who had rolled on to the sofa in a perfect convulsion of laughter.

"Oh, Katie!" he gasped, "come here—come and support me—or—I shall die—your athletic Jim will die!"

"You goose," said Katie, "get up and tell me what you've done to Aunt Judith."

"What he's *done*!"

Then came the whole story in a torrent. And then, what did Aunt Judith see? Instead of a poor stricken girl, flying to her arms for shelter and sympathy, she saw Katie run over to Jim, throw her arms round his neck, and off they *both* went into such fits of laughter that her aunt stood dumbfounded. At last Katie got her breath.

"Oh, auntie!" she cried. "Why have you been accusing Jim of being married to—oh, wait—or I shall choke—to his *stepmother*!"

Another explosion from Jim. A bombshell falling into the midst of Miss Judith Crampton's cottage and shattering its inmates would be but a faint description of the fearful revulsion which took place in that good lady's mind. She knew that Jim had a stepmother, but had never seen her—never thought of her as a *young* woman—in fact, she had not thought much about her.

"Stepmother!" she faltered, sinking into her chair.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jim, with mock humility. "Please, mayn't I have a pretty stepmother and a nice little brother and sister—Tommy and Tottie?"

"Stepmother!" repeated Miss Judith—then, with sudden alacrity: "Why, what a mischief-making, scandal-loving, prying fool——"

"Is *Miss Florinda Ferrett*," interrupted Jim. "Yes, Miss Crampton, I have guessed your informant. She is well known in her immediate neighborhood."

Miss Judith Crampton was a true lady, in spite of her little eccentricities; she rose, and holding out her hand, said:

"James Manly, I ask your pardon—and Katie's, too. You were right, child. Your Jim and deceit don't fit together at all."

"That *was* a very becoming bathing-costume, though," said Jim, mischief brewing in his eye.

"Go along with you, sir!" said Aunt Judith, making a playful dive at him with her stick.

* * * * *

Jim and Katie have been married some years now, and have three blooming children. Their home is very bright and happy, and one of its most welcome visitors is Aunt Judith. Often does Jim, when he and Katie are alone, rehearse the scene of Aunt Judith's denunciation. "Shall I ever forget it? *Bathed* together! shameless profligate!"

Then, brandishing an imaginary stick, or anything that comes handy, off he goes into one of his convulsions of laughter, and his little wife cannot help joining, although they both love Aunt Judith dearly, and have never told a soul about the absurd mistake made by the mischief-making old maid. Aunt Judith adores her children, and is not anything like as stern as she used to be. But if you wish to rouse within her the most righteous wrath, just mention Miss Florinda Ferrett.

COLONIAL DAYS AND TOBACCO.

BY FREDERIC DANIEL.

"CIVILIZATION is impossible without tobacco" would be a ticket unanimously voted by all lovers of the weed if threatened with a prevention-of-cruelty-to-window-curtains movement at the polls. The flesh of beasts, seasoned with parched corn and onions, suffices for life. Tobacco alone is the spice of life, rendering it enjoyable. Such is the verdict of smokers, who constitute the better half of the half of mankind by a large majority. No teetotaler can deny that tobacco has become an essential element, a ruling factor, in all known countries. No king, no edict, no revolution could suppress it; it is here on earth, and we must make the most of it. Wise legislators, indeed, will do all they can lest it receive harm in the Republic, and dealers say the best thing that could be done, to begin with, would be to abolish altogether the internal revenue tax on it. The thieves at Washington might kick, but a five cent imported Havana cigar would again be possible in the United States.

Being an artificial want, and such wants having always been on the improving side of man's career, tobacco will stand no defense at this late day. Quality and quantity, combined with cheapness, form the chief desiderata on the part of its subjects. Unlike whisky, it wears the robes of ethereal innocence, and no man need go into a barroom to get a cigar. There are plenty of cigar-shops scattered around town where old-fashioned good cigars are about as scarce as hens' teeth. An article of prime necessity, through natural and sexual selection, among men of whatsoever condition, tobacco's supremacy is not even threatened by the most hysterical reformers. It is allowed to be the most soothing of anodines. The rich man in his palace is wreathed with its fumes, and the poor man's hard-earned solace is a white clay pipe that only takes a penny out of the family till. Of course there must be a charm in an instrument that can so amply recompense the toil and prevention of the laborer, the discomfort of the sailor on a stormy ocean, of the soldier in the trenches. As a comfort to the poor and a luxury to the rich, tobacco unites all classes in a common pleasure.

It need scarcely be said that the weed stands pretty high up on the list of staple crops of the United States. In its early home, or the State in which it originated—namely, Virginia, it has ever been the staple crop *par excellence*, the chief source of business and wealth. In tracing up its origin and growth, many of the archives and parchments of Virginia's colonial record have been



THE LAST REMNANT OF JAMESTOWN, THE FIRST CITY OF VIRGINIA.

ransacked by the writer, and the quaint ways and doings of the olden time have furnished an interesting budget. We have the most solid right to hold firmly the claim that tobacco is of American origin and perfection, as against the counter-claim that the Orient first produced it, an allegation as groundless as that to the effect that Columbus never discovered America. The crazy theories relating to the ante-Columbus uses of tobacco are only equaled by Kant's transcendentalism in his article on "Pure Reason." But though Virginia was the first home of the precious plant in the United States, a few definite facts testify to its use in another part of America prior to the colonization of the "Mother of Presidents." In November, 1492, its use was observed in Cuba by the sailors of

Columbus. These clever gentlemen observed that tobacco was enjoyed in the form of a cigar having a corn-shuck wrapper. Time has not changed such a fancy in that quarter, for, though few pipes and absolutely no "all Havana-fillers and Connecticut wrappers" are indulged in on the island of Cuba, the corn-shuck wrapper for

cigars and cigarettes still prevails there.

Again, in 1503, the Spaniards found the natives of Paraguay chewing the weed, one of their war methods being to spurt the juice into their adversaries' eyes. Many Indian words were given to the plant by the early European philologists who landed on these shores. One Spanish gentleman found that tobacco was not the Indian name of the plant itself, but of the appliance used in smoking it.



THE GRAVE OF POWHATAN.

Thus the Spaniards got up a list of the Indian names, such as cogiaba, cohiba, tobacco, piccelt, petum, and the English hatched out another list of quite a different

nostrils, the other end being applied to the burning leaves of the herb." This may be as clear as crystal, but it is not the way people smoke nowadays, at any rate.

TOBACCO AS INTERFERING FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN SMITH.



pattern or sound. However, we know which one has been consecrated by time. Historian Oviedo says the Indian appliance in smoking was "about a span long, and when used the forked ends are inserted in the

In 1512 the Spanish navigators took it into their heads to travel north from Cuba, and so unexpectedly ran up against Florida, which they so named from the variety of flowers it displayed. There must have been no little

delight in those days for the coasting sailors in running up against big continents and islands by guesswork—that is, not knowing five minutes ahead of time what would come next into their nets. A respectable interval ensued until 1584, when the English dropped upon the continent further northward; the ground they seized was called Virginia, as a memorial, according to the historians, that the said soil was duly annexed in the reign of a “Virgin Queen,” gay and happy Elizabeth.

To Sir Walter Raleigh royal letters patent were granted in 1584, “to search for and find such barbarous lands, not possessed by any Christian people, as to him may seem good, and the same to occupy and enjoy for ever.” In pursuance of this grant, Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out an expedition to take possession of his newly-acquired and unbounded territory, and a small settlement was actually established August 25th, 1584, on Roanoke Island, in the present State of North Carolina. This was the first settlement made by the English in Virginia, and the first settlement by the same nation located anywhere on the North American Continent. This settlement was abandoned in 1590. No other attempt was made for settling the new found land in the reign of Elizabeth, who died in 1603, and was succeeded by James I., his name having been conferred on the first town founded in America.

It is generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh came to Virginia in person, but such is not the fact. He never put his foot or smoked a pipe on American soil in the whole course of his life. The two vessels fitted out by him for the colonization of the new land were commanded by his friend, Sir Richard Grenville; some of Raleigh's kin crossed the ocean, and hence that family name was secured and transmitted by inheritance among the descendants of the early colonists. To this day the name of Walter Raleigh is borne in Virginia by families tracing up their blood-relationship to the nominal founder of the first settlement; children were not named after him for the reason that he was a great genius or warrior, for he was merely an ordinary “Sir,” though a particular friend of Queen Elizabeth.

It is related that he once spread his fine velvet cloak over a mud-puddle, in order that she might not soil her queenly feet, and very likely the relation is true. French courtiers likewise used to fight for the honor of putting shirts on their kings.

The boundaries of the new English land were drawn up in additional letters patent, issued by James I., in 1606; they were extensive. The southern portion took the name of Virginia, and the northern portion was afterward called New England. The wide limits of Virginia were very much contracted subsequently, by the grant of “Maryland” to Cecilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, in Ireland, made by Charles I., in 1632; by the grant of “North Carolina” to the Earl of Clarendon and others, proprietors of that province, made by Charles II., in 1665; by the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, by Charles II., in 1681. The remainder was Virginia proper, such as she was at the date of July 4th, 1776, when she became a State; it was only after this latter date that an immense portion of her western area was ceded to the United States for general settlement purposes and the welfare of the Union. Out of this free cession were carved what is now known as Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, south of the forty-first parallel.

It was in the year subsequent to the drawing up of the boundaries, or in 1607, that the first colony was planted on Virginia's soil, its founder being the adventurous Captain John Smith, who encountered during the job hard times, and suffered much at the hands of the Indians, of

which more anon. The settlement was made on a peninsula found on the north side of the James River, about fifty miles from its mouth, and was called Jamestown, in honor of King James, under whose auspices the adventurers had sailed for the New World. This peninsula was bounded on the north by a small but deep and navigable river, which united on the east with the same stream; on the south by the main river itself, and on the west by the same, being connected with the mainland by a short neck, so low as to be entirely covered by very high tides, when the peninsula became an island. It contained about two thousand acres of arable land, low at the eastern end and rising gradually westward, together with several thousand acres of marsh, covered with water at high tide. Of this tract the settlers selected the west end, as the highest part, for the site of their town, calling it “Jamestowne.” Here they proceeded to build their houses, knocking up small sheds or shanties in great haste, and thatching them with the long grass taken from the marshes—rude buildings, but affording shelter from sun and rain. For some years after this first building the history of the town is scarcely separable from that of the colony at large, of which it soon became the capital.

In 1611 Captain Smith, who was its executive, general and historian, wrote that “Jamestowne hath two rows of houses of framed timber, and some of them two stories, and a garret higher; three large storehouses, joined together in length, and hee (the governor) hath newly, strongly impaled the towne.” The town continued to increase and improve in its slow way until 1641, when it took a sudden progressive start under Sir William Berkeley, who, in that year, came over as governor, and who, by way of signalizing his administration, caused thirty-two brick houses to be put up at public expense, and occupied one of them as his own dwelling. He caused, also, a brick church to be erected, and the burying-ground attached to it to be inclosed with a substantial brick wall. It is a fragment of the steeple of this church—or of one subsequently built on its site—that is still visible, and the same burying-ground is also traceable, in which are deposited the remains of the first white mothers and fathers of Virginia, among others, of Lady Berkeley, who remained behind when Governor Berkeley returned to England, in 1677, and who afterward inherited his Virginia estate, with which she enriched her third husband, a man of great influence in the colony. Her grave cannot now be identified, not being marked by any monument or tomb.

In October, 1660, an Act of Assembly was passed for the building of a State House in Jamestown “for the Right Hon. the Governor and Council, to keep court, and for future grand assemblies to meet in.” It was built of bricks made in the town or near it. The State House was adjacent to Sir William Berkeley's residence, and the thirty-two brick houses erected at public expense. All these structures, including the church, were burned by Richard Lawrence, one of Bacon's men, during the “Bacon Rebellion,” in 1676. Only one house was left, and that was standing up to the outbreak of hostilities in 1861. The great body of the town, which was never very large, was situated west of the old steeple, still visible, and is now entirely submerged in the river. This is clearly proved by the old deeds for lots recorded in the office of James City County Court, which call for bounds that are now under water, and still more palpably by vast numbers of broken bricks and other relics of buildings that are to-day visible on the western beach at low tide. But the famous old site, though never grand in any material respect, is sacred in the eyes of Virginia, and endowed with

an historical interest for a few manufacturers of colonial works in the rest of the Union. Boston cannot be expected to take any lively interest in "Jamestowne," nor Richmond in "Plymouth Rock"—to each his own.

At each new step in settling their new land, the colonists found themselves in contact with the swarms of Indians who possessed the soil. The white had to push back the red men, and the work was slow, often bloody. The savages were expert hunters and fighters on their own ground, and over ready to hem in stragglers or cut off roving bands of the settlers. The skirmishing was incessant for a long period. The Indians were organized in several tribes. There were the Piscataways, Meherrins, etc., but over all, the Pamunkies, under King Powhatan, were the most numerous and dangerous for the settlers. The hereditary dominions of King Powhatan lay on James River, which originally bore his name, and last was called after King James.

Very strong, courageous and skillful, the great red chief had his seat or capital not far below Richmond. He was King over his own immediate tribe, and, at the same time ruling over all the other adjoining tribes, Emperor of Virginia, just as William is King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. Powhatan quickly determined not to be cheated out of his own by the pale-faces, and so desperately opposed them, setting cunning traps to catch them when unable to attack them in front.

Captain John Smith was of a venturesome disposition naturally, and undertook the guidance and defense of the settlers who had followed his fortunes across the sea. It seems that on one occasion he and Emperor Powhatan came into very close quarters, for he was made prisoner, together with three hundred Englishmen of his suite. Lucky meeting—fortunate occurrence! If they had not met, the mystery which necessarily enters into the rise of every grand people would be totally lacking in the rise of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Rome had Romulus, Greece had the Olympian gods, and all other recorded nations had something of the same sort at their starting-point—something that "no feller could find out" by hook or by crook, and it could not be that the first settlement of the future United States could be laid without an appropriate mysterious occurrence attending it. Reference is, of course, made to the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas. This is a very important affair, and it is useless to question its accuracy and veracity, though both have been of late years doubted. Call the affair a legend, a myth, a cobweb, yet is it indestructible, indeed inassailable, so warmly cherished is it in the very heart of the hearts of all true Virginians; and so true is it, that a thing of this kind once floated on the world can never be sunk or forgotten to the last syllable of time. The folks of the neighborhood will recollect it, and the people of the entire Union must bear it in mind, for the record of history will perpetually repeat it. Romulus and his wolf are not more indelibly treasured in Latin than the Princess Pocahontas and her gracious act will be treasured in English, all critics, skeptics, revilers and wits notwithstanding. And it is well. Virginia, among all nations, can lay claim to the tenderest, most pathetic epic.

The facts are these: In the presence of Emperor Powhatan, beautifully arrayed in paint, feathers and arrows, etc., attended by his gaudy court, John Smith is squatted on the grass. The imperial executioners have their stones and clubs ready at hand to beat out his brains, according to court etiquette, when, lo! the Emperor's daughter, our Princess Pocahontas, begs for the prisoner's life. All in vain. Then, giddy ten-year-old as she is, throwing her arms, red though they be, around the miserable white

man's neck, she heroically shouts, "Kill us both, then!" Powhatan, being of course deeply moved, spares both and loves both with his entire heart. Here was a tableau worthy of the brush of Raphael; unfortunately, it has only been outlined in print, which accounts for the wretched engravings handed down by artists who tried to transpose print into picture. Smith was thus not only spared in life, but enabled to make with the father of the amiable princess an advantageous treaty of peace, which thereafter greatly benefited the colony and settlers at large. Pocahontas naturally became at once a heroine among the pale-faces; in 1616, when twenty-one years old, she was married to an estimable London merchant named John Rolfe, and herself bore the name of Lady Matoaka, after due conversion into the Church of England. According to an original portrait representing her in the stiff feminine dress of the period, she seems to have been happy with her husband in their London home. Captain Smith tells the facts of his rescue in the history of Virginia, which he put forth in 1624—and they concerned him in the first instance more than they did any one else. Not only is the account true, but it is most plausible—true to nature and so just what might have been expected. Where does the full band of puny detractors crawl in? But seek not to know—they are one and all unworthy of notice, to commence with one Neil or Nell.

The first adventurers who came to Virginia as colonists were in general servants to the "Virginia Company of London," at the head of which was the Earl of Southampton. They were brought over at the expense of the company, supported by its means, bound by contract to obey all its orders, and subjected to the rigorous forms of martial-law. Five years was the agreed period during which this servitude was to continue; upon its expiration they were "set free," when they were entitled to one hundred acres of land, which was the allotted dividend (or dividend, as then spelt) of the prospective planter. If the first grant was improved by building a house on it, clearing a small portion of its area and planting a few fruit trees within three years, one hundred acres additional were given, otherwise the original grant lapsed. Such grants were confined to those known as old planters. Subsequently any person removing to Virginia at his own expense to settle was granted by the company fifty acres, and the same number for his wife and each of his children, and for every individual brought over at his own cost. All of these rights were called "Head Rights," and were assignable. This was the most common method of acquiring land in Virginia for very many years after its settlement. It was, as it were, a forerunner of our present homestead law. The old records bear witness that a good many criminals were shipped over by order of the English authorities; lists are given of prisoners turned out of Newgate expressly for emigration, and many others were sent over to the new land in order to rid the kingdom of their presence. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that Virginia was regarded or treated in the light of a Botany Bay. The bulk of the emigrants were honest yeomanry and members of the gentry and nobility. The company was instrumental in settling not a few women in the new colony. At one time two ships freighted exclusively with young maidens of the most respectable parentage were sent over as wives for the farmer planters of Virginia and Maryland. The most delicate and strict arrangements were made for their proper treatment on landing. They were lodged in the most respectable families at the expense of the company until suitable husbands could be found for them, and only gentlemen were allowed to be their visitors. Lands were settled on them, and the outlay of their voyage and outfit



BACON'S REBELLION.

was borne by the company, to be reimbursed by their future husbands. The reimbursement was in the form of tobacco, which was then the currency or representative of cash; and of course in the adjustment of the delicate problem it often happened that for a first-class wife in-

down to the lower grades, or lugs. The tobacco was disposed of at auction for the benefit of the company, but it does not appear that the women themselves were put on the block. An assertion by some writers to this effect is universally stamped in Virginia as a malicious slander.

The settlers in the colony were incessantly harassed and attacked by the Indians. Like the Pilgrims to Massachusetts, who went to church with their rifles to protect their wives and sweethearts on the way from the fierce savages, no settler in Virginia could feel himself secure without his gun. As an instance of Indian ferocity so late as 1700, the following queer epistle may be cited:

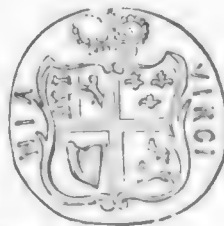
"STAFFORD Co., June 18, 1700.

"May it please yo'r Exce'lly on Munday early came late in ye night a Poast to give an acct. of a murder don in these parts. On Sunday, ye 16th, about 3 of ye clock in ye afternoon, came about 20 or 30 Indians to Thomas Barton, about 20 miles above my house. The man & his wife & brother being abroad, & left his 3 children, & an orphant boy at home & had gott a man & his wife & his 3 children from a plantation of mine, about 2 miles from him to stay to look after his house untell they came home. The



POCAHONTAS.

demnity to the company took the shape of the best grade of tobacco, or say gold; a wife of middling attractions was indemnified in a brand of middling tobacco, and so on



THE VIRGINIA PENNY.

Indians fell on them & killed Barton's 3 children, ye man & his wife & his 3 children. The orphant boy run away, he being out at play blessed be God, gott to a nabor's house & is safe. They killed them with arrows & wooden tommahawkes; they skinned all their heades, cutt of ye man and woman private parts, cutt 2 of ye children under jawys, plundered all ye huse, and carried everything away, killed a mare of ye man's that was tied at ye dore. They left ugly wooden tomkks 5. On ye news, I went imedietely with a small p'sell of men, burryed ye poore people. This murder was ye horrablest that ever was in Stafford, but I thankee God wee



PICKING AND SORTING THE LEAVES FOR FILERS.



THE SPINNING PROCESS FOR WORKING INTO PLUG.

have not had the leaste harme on this side of Ocoquan since I have kept ye people bravely on their plantations, but God knows what I shall doe now, for this has almost frighted our people out of their lives & interests, & besides, ye Emp. & his Indians being still out, w.h did so surely done ye murder as God's in heaven, & am of opinion that great part of them is gone to Maryland & ye rest back. W.thout imediate care, I shall have but few plantations in Stafford. Nott to ad. but my humbl serviss to yor Excellcy, conclude, as in duety, I am yor Excellys most hum.bl serv.t
G. MASON."

This gentleman was the ancestor of the famous George Mason, the author of the "Bill of Rights" of Virginia.

The colony had made considerable progress at the date of the above letter; but in its infancy many of the emigrants proved to be of a very unacceptable kind. As early as 1631 Captain John Smith reports as follows: "Some gallants in this goodly colony there are that would rather starve than work; yet, if it had not been for some few that were gentlemen, both by birth, industry and discretion, we could not possibly have subsisted. Now having glutted the world with their too much over-abounding tobacco, they may make better use of their gross trials as to increase the prosperity."

About the same time John Rolfe, the London merchant, and husband of Pocahontas, wrote, in a letter: "The country is as worthy of good report as can be declared; a country spacious and wide, capable of many hundred thousands of inhabitants. Reproaches and scandals against Virginia are stated by those who condemned the new colony from discontent, and would like to be back home."

During the usurpation of Cromwell the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Cromwell threatened to reduce it, when, distrustful of its feebleness, it sent a messenger to Charles II., then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to come over and be King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarking, when recalled to the throne of his fathers. As soon as he was restored, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire. Hence the origin of the phrase "Old Dominion," as frequently applied at this day to Virginia.

Land patents, state papers, colonial official communications, public and private correspondence of prominent individuals, miscellaneous manuscripts showing the customs and manners of the people at different periods of the colonial history, are religiously preserved in the archives at Richmond. Some of them have been printed and ably edited of late years under legislative authority; but many are yet bundled in heaps, scattered or lying in the lofts of county courthouses. They are exceedingly curious to the antiquarian, and are yet capable of being used by the historian. There have been half a dozen historians of the colony, but none had the material which is now at command for making a first-class picture of early American times; and besides, each was singularly deficient in ability. Their sketches are so deficient in all save wordiness, that it is a little punishment on any ordinarily intelligent person to have to read them. The manuscripts and prints now collected would afford a good basis for a colonial history, which should be undertaken by some one fitted for the task.

To the modern reader, the inherited eccentricities, the quaintness of style and language of the colonial era are rather puzzling; but in turn they display considerable polish, if compared with those of the stone age of the ancient Saxon tongue, before it had been smoothed down by the Norman element and by elegant writers. A striking

peculiarity of the epistolary intercourse during the colonial days is found in the way gentlemen vied with each other in the exchange of polite condescensions, actually practicing, in letters of the most trifling import, all the deferential pantomime of court etiquette. "I have the honor to be your most obedient, humble servant," was by no means equivalent to saying, "I'll whitewash you," or "black your shoes." In many of the old documents are also to be discovered traces of the broad distinction in social life, which, even to a very late period, continued to exercise an important influence upon the inhabitants both of the colony and State; an influence which impressed its effects more upon Virginians than upon the people of any of the older commonwealths. The gentleman was distinguished from the peasant, the tradesman or factor from the mechanic, the servant from the slave. The force of example was chiefly potential in forming those manners of decorum, subordination and respect for authority which was formerly so characteristic of the Virginia people.

It was through the spirit of adventure, and under the pressure of the struggle for commercial and maritime supremacy, excited by the enterprises of Queen Elizabeth's favorites, that the young men of old England, cavaliers and commoners, were stirred to penetrate the wilderness beyond the Atlantic, and see for themselves the wonders of the Western World. Some, indeed, inspired with a romantic idea of dangers, left their homes in pursuit of fame; but the greater part, cheered with the hope of gain, looked alone to improving their fortune. The "Virginia Company, of London," so fully succeeded in engaging the public attention, that emigration to the colony at one time amounted to a furore. People went crazy over it, as was afterward done over the "South Sea Bubble" and John Law's "Paper Banks."

The infant community felt the reviving spirit of this influence, and grew apace. The habits, manners, customs of the people from whom it was sprung formed the basis of its ordinary social life; the settlers, proud of the mother country, were wholly dependent upon it in respect of government, literature, religion, etc. At the end of a century and a half the feeble colony of 1607 had become a thriving and prosperous State. A continent was yielding to her conquests. The standard of Virginia had been borne to the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, the seat of future empire. Sister-communities had come into existence, some through the same throes and trials with herself, while others had been carved out of the new territory. Consequently, when at last the great struggle for political independence came, Virginia, by virtue of her pre-eminent moral and physical position, was found standing foremost in founding the great American republic.

The old documents and papers attesting all these facts are treasured up all the more in Virginia, now that the critical and merciless researches of modern skepticism have been let loose on all that has been hitherto considered sacred throughout the earth. What a shocking attempt to the true conservative mind is that of trying to prove that Captain John Smith's account of his romantic adventure with the Princess Pocahontas was simply the figment of his brain (after a night of too much brandy and too little soda in a London club), and that no such event as that described by him ever occurred? If for a moment it could be granted that there had been no rescue by Powhatan's daughter, then not only would the epic age of the colony suffer the loss of an incident unrivaled for pathos in the records of any other people, Greece and Rome not excepted, but it might be greatly feared that the truth of any other statement advanced in his narrative,

or "General History," might with unblushing propriety be questioned.

Now, amidst this confused *mêlée* of attack and defense, there is a very curious point that may well be put forth in regard to the high perfection and value of the marble effigy of Washington in the Capitol at Richmond, as a correct representation of the great original. The subject has a practical interest, and the attention of the Treasury Department and the Internal Revenue Picture Department may well be called to its consideration. It is an undeniable fact that the American people and the world at large have been long taught to accept Gilbert Stuart's picture as the national portrait of Washington. This is proven by its reproduction in every possible relation, appearing, as it does, upon postal stamps and financial promises to pay, adorning the walls of the palace and the hovel alike, decorating the prints of the insurance companies and the halls of public departments, and by being exhibited as the portrait canonized above all others in the hearts and judgment of the American people. This should not be thus, and for cause. It may be argued that Stuart's picture was, as far as a mediocre painter's picture can be, entitled to all this subsequent credit from having been some kind of a likeness at the time it was taken; but that, that having been an unsuitable time, it does not convey a proper conception of the great hero as he appeared in the strength and pride of his manhood when he had just piloted the young nation through its struggle for independence; and, moreover, the sculptor took a life-cast of his model. Stuart's picture was done at the wrong time, because precisely then Washington's physiognomy was seriously distorted by a cumbrous set of artificial teeth inserted by an inexperienced hand, when dentistry was below its present par; hence the picture (and of course its reproductions) gives the peculiar expression of the human face when its framework has suffered from the effects of time and decay, and when the ineffectual attempts to restore its contour, as in this case, has but added deformity to its senile and wasting outlines. Such a condition cannot be detected in the strong lineaments of the face and head upon the statue at Richmond, the masterpiece of the sculptor Houdon. Although the statue has been, like the Pocahontas legend, attacked as a creation of the artist's fancy, it is too well authenticated to be overthrown. Houdon was the best sculptor of his day, the sculptor of Mirabeau, Franklin, Voltaire, the idol of the French Academy, and crossed the Atlantic especially to take the measure of the great original. Washington stood before him and humored all his exactions. He was expected to make a statue acceptable to contemporaries and worthy of transmission to posterity. He found himself surrounded by those who had looked upon the beloved chief in battle and council, and who thus would be exceeding jealous of the least attempt to do violence to truth in perpetuating the features of that serene and majestic countenance, and the artist himself would have been the last to risk his well-earned reputation upon an occasion so important to his future fame.

Proceeding on their wild course and in their reckless assertions, the modern skeptics even go so far as to doubt whether General George Rogers Clarke, in his military operations for the conquest of the great Northwest, was exclusively helped out by Virginian sharpshooters and riflemen of the day. However, Clarke himself records that he pushed on his course with what men he "could gather in West Augusta," or the territory now known as West Virginia. In addition, it is quite against the skeptics that the final ownership of the Northwest wrested from the British was allowed, at the close of the Revolu-

tionary War, to vest exclusively in the State of Virginia through the daring enterprise of her heroic sons, the title being bestowed on account of honorable conquest.

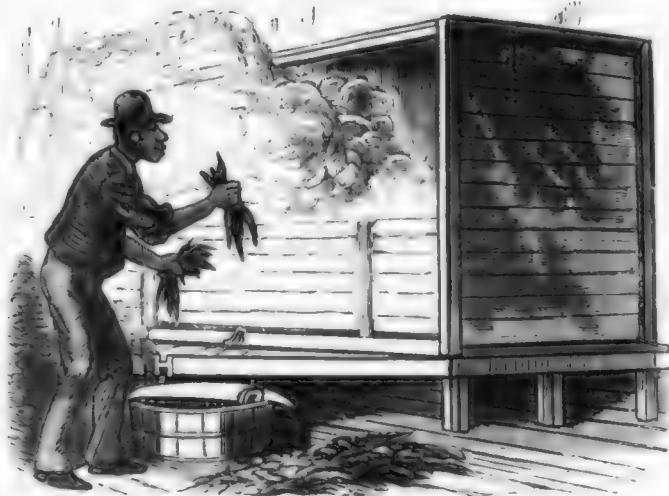
A curious piece of witch-history appears in the musty old documents, but cannot be traced to any satisfactory solution—to wit, the well-known case of Grace Sherwood. This lady was supposed to be a witch in Princess Ann County, and was examined by a jury of her countrywomen, thrown into the water at a point called "Witch-duck" (a central pond, doubtless, which the colonists kept for ducking witches), and thereafter removed in irons to prison for trial. There is no account of her ultimate fate. The notices show clearly that she was no witch; indeed, there never was at any time a witch in Virginia, unless possibly in prehistoric times.

The accounts in regard to the original Indian tribes brought in conflict with the earliest settlers are full. It is perhaps but little known at large that lineal descendants of the Queen of the tribes of the Pamunkies have continued to reside in Virginia after the disappearance of all other tribes; the soil is as sacred in their eyes as in those of the pale-faces. They now own and occupy about eight hundred acres of land in King William County. Including men, women and children, they number about eighty persons, none of whom are of pure Indian blood, as their progenitors for several generations intermarried with whites, mulattoes and blacks. Notwithstanding this fact, the distinct physiognomy of the Indian strongly asserts itself, and an observer will not fail to recognize at once the peaceful fishermen and peasants of "Pamunky Town" to be the direct descendants of Opechancanough and his tawny warriors of 1607. The tribe have still a chief, and are untaxed either by State or Federal Governments. The land on which they live is now, and ever has been, held in trust for their benefit by commissioners appointed by the County Court. During the late war their rights as neutrals were respected by both belligerents, and they received compensation from the Government of the United States at the cessation of hostilities for damages done by the Federal troops. Although it is not required of them, it is the custom of their chiefs to make a complimentary visit to each newly inaugurated Governor at Richmond, and express their fealty to the State by a present of fish or game. Thus they have lived in perfect security for two hundred years among the descendants of their ancient enemies, a remnant of the original owners of the country ousted by the whites. During all this time their little settlement has remained as free as Andorra, in the Pyrenees, or San Marino, by the Adriatic Sea. They represent the only organized community of aboriginal Americans now left on the Atlantic slope, and with their disappearance will have passed away the last of that mysterious race east of the Mississippi.

The colonial machinery of government was rather intricate, after the model of the old country. There were twenty-six governors and lieutenant-governors from Lord Delaware, who was the first, until Dunmore, who was the last, or the one ousted by the revolution. Sir William Berkeley was the most distinguished among the earlier rulers, and Spotswood among the later. The governor was surrounded by a large executive council, which formed a species of cabinet. Each individual member of the local cabinet, who dispensed its patronage, was himself commissioned "colonel" by the royal authority. From this fact was traceable the traditional habit in Virginia of decorating prominent men with empty military titles up to the beginning of the late war, which, of course, left over a large number of genuine military titles—captains, majors, colonels and generals—still in use. Indeed, they are so



STEMMING THE TOBACCO-LEAVES.



THE STEAMING PROCESS.

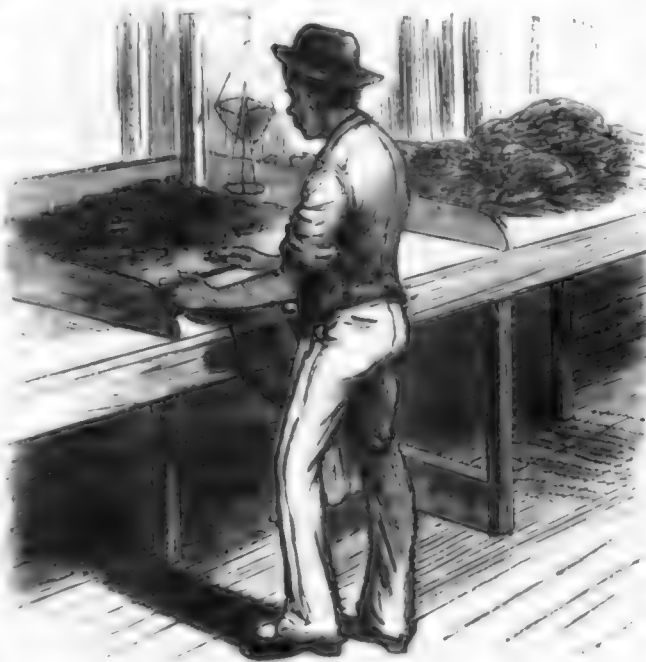
much in use that they have been adopted throughout all the cities of the Union, and "run into the ground." Few men nowadays in America are not popularly decorated with a generalship, colonelship, or at least a professorship. In a word, these titles have become meaningless, such has been their deterioration. The names of the colonial governors were Delaware, Dale, Argyle, Yeardley, Harvey, Berkeley, Bennett, Berkeley, Jeffreys, Chichester, Effingham, Andros, Morrison, Kemp, Nott, Nicholson, Jennings, Spotswood, Drysdale, Fauquier, Gooch, Dinwiddie, Nelson, Botetourt, Lee and Dunmore. Many of these names were given to counties.

The *bric-à-brac* of the colonial days is illustrated by several precious relics collected in the Virginia Historical Museum. The mace of the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, the same before which Patrick Henry outrageously declaimed for "liberty or death," stands first on the list. Then comes a specimen brick—that is, a brick bearing this inscription: "This brick was taken from the ruins of the house in which Pocahontas lived, as the wife of John Rolfe, at Varina, in the County of Henrico. Brought to Richmond, April 15th, 1856, by Richard Randolph"—one of her descendants. It is a very good brick, its genuineness is undisputed, and a sufficient number like it would rear an excellent house. Some Indian bread, petrified, does not strike the beholder as very appetizing.

The colonial paper currency on its shelf looks for all the world like the five-pound notes of the Bank of England of to-day, such is the similarity of style, print and paper. A French bronze tablet bears the inscription: "This tablet was placed as a mark of the domain of King Louis XV., on the river Oyo (Ohio), as a memorial of the taking possession of the territory from the savages in the King's name in 1749." A nugget of iron is surrounded with more than usual interest as being a memorial from Falling Creek on the James River, seven miles below Richmond, the site of the first iron furnace in America, which was operated by Archibald Cary, known as "Old

Iron" in his day, from his persevering disposition. A picture representing the baptism of Pocahontas, sundry seals of the colony with the motto "*En dat Virginia quintum*," a china mug used by General Washington and a cannon-ball the size of an orange from Lafayette's battle-ground at Yorktown, complete the store of souvenirs. Bricks as specimens of colonial building are of course plentiful throughout the State. During the first years bricks glazed at one end were brought from England, but even then most of the houses were wooden, without nails, being put together by wooden pins. The majority of brick houses at Jamestown, Williamsburg, etc., were built from bricks made in the country, as it would have been excessively costly to bring them over in the small vessels, which rarely exceeded one hundred and twenty tons burden. The cost of the first plain piano brought into the colony from England is marked down in the records at \$850, so dear was transportation only a few years after the date of the instrument's invention by an Italian in Padua, or in 1711.

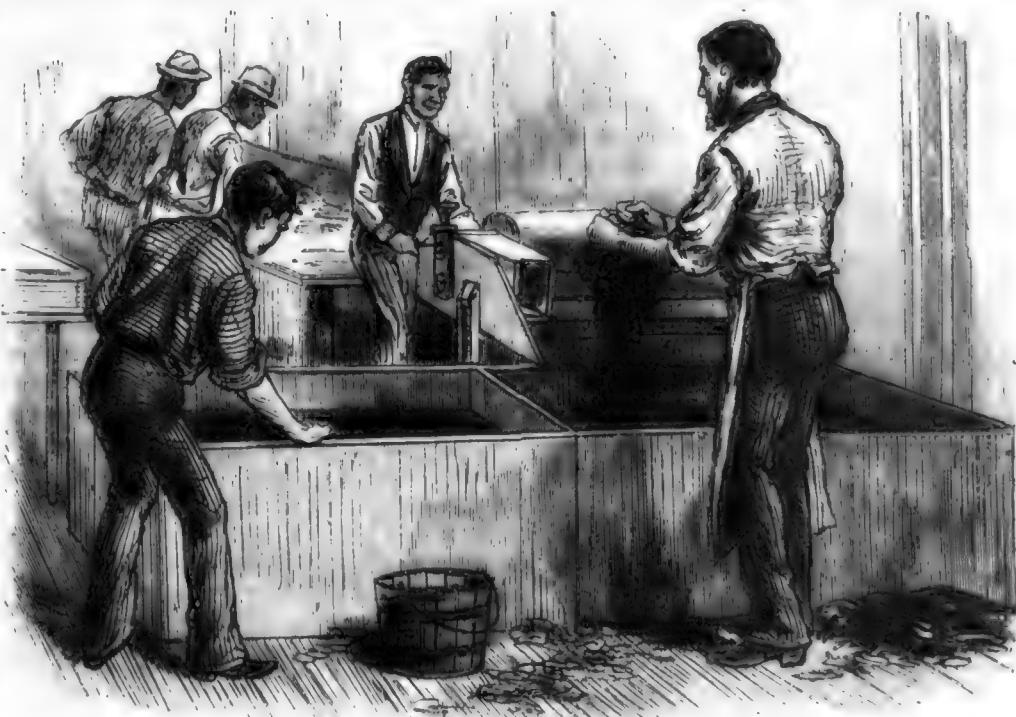
Tobacco was exclusively the currency in colonial days, and the part it played may be characterized as universal, its ramifications being too numerous to mention. Even as late as the age of Jefferson, we find by the records lately exhumed from piles of dryasdust that that gentleman, according to a letter of acknowledgment from one Fitzgerald, purchased with tobacco a copy of his friends', the eighteenth century philosophers "*Encyclopedie*"—a work which beyond question led him up to writing the Declaration of Independence. In yet older times tobacco was the all-in-all. In the stained mass of documents one frequently falls upon regulations and letters in regard to the paying of tithes to the parsons in tobacco, and to the size of hogsheads for shipping the plant drawn up in the royal council at London; tables of fees charged by sheriffs in tobacco; directions as to making engagements for goods "either for cash or tobacco"; complaints from merchants to the "Home Government" that



ROLLING IN PLUG.

the colonial inspectors "passed very bad tobacco for some people, and often burned good tobacco, and made the people pick it over and over again," etc. The low price of the weed in the colony is often complained of, also, being rated at 3½d. per pound. In 1780 a hogshead of prime tobacco fetched in Richmond £75, low quality £30. One hundred years after the founding of the colony the traffic in tobacco yielded twenty millions of dollars, which was considered a handsome revenue. Virginia now pays six millions in tobacco taxes to the national treasury.

Tobacco, of course, is indissolubly connected with King Powhatan and his Indians. It is doubtless for this reason that the principal tobacco-store in Richmond to-day displays in its showcase two of the chief's teeth, decorated with ribbons and duly inscribed, "Jaw tooth and front tooth from mouth of King Powhatan." Their size is one and one-quarter inches long, one inch wide; one inch long, one-half inch wide, respectively. The owner of this stock of dentistry having been questioned as to their authenticity, quickly replied: "The identical spot where they were found can be seen any day on the Wicocomico, or Nine-mile Road, not far from the battle-field of Seven Pines, and I know the man who picked 'em up. I admit they look rather large, but it is said the King rarely used his club when his teeth were on edge, and I suppose they got so big from long practice on his enemies." Powhatan, for the rest, has always been a decided favorite in Virginia—largely, no doubt, out of gratitude for the heroic act of his daughter. Hundreds of boys continue to be dubbed at birth with the chieftain's name, and who has not seen

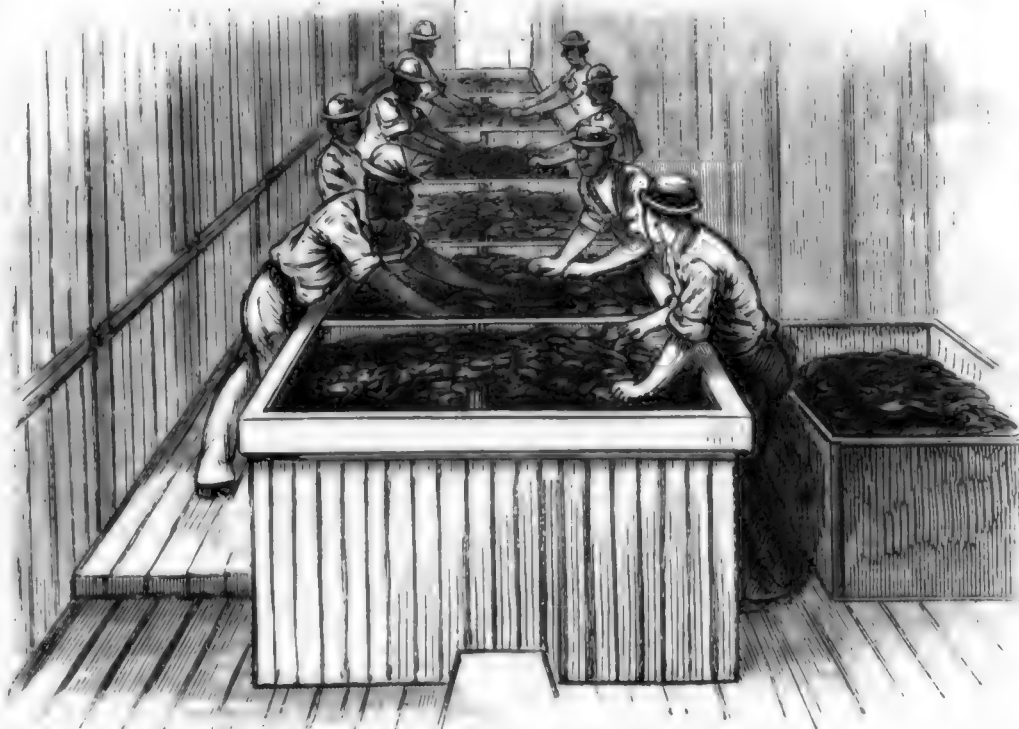


DRYING THE LEAVES AFTER COMING FROM THE TANK.

or heard of the "Powhatan Pipe," with bowl shaped after the Indian pattern and reed stem? Tennyson smokes a Virginia Powhatan pipe and tobacco. Indeed, these pipes have gone all over the world, though the genuine article is only manufactured out of a special clay found at "Pamphlin's Depot," near Appomattox Court House.

The tobacco-plant is as fine as one may wish to see in the vegetable kingdom. It grows to the maximum height of six feet, and from the centre of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers. For ages and ages this magnificent luxury grew in the solitary wilds of America, prized only by its savage inhabitants. It was introduced into England in 1596, after the break up of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonial enterprise, and upon the return there of some of the members of the squadron that sailed under Sir Richard Grenville, in 1584. Raleigh himself, in his English home,

smoked a pipe; but the weed first became fashionable in England in the form of snuff. The first snuff-takers were laughed at, and more or less persecuted. James I. wrote a book, entitled "Misocapnos," against snuff-takers. Some years later, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches; yet to-day snuff has gone out of fashion everywhere except at Rome, and there it remains in use, chiefly among the priests, who are not restrained from snuffing at will. Queen Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the Papal excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadles to confiscate the snuff-boxes to their own use.



THE SECOND DRYING.

Amurath IV. forbade the use of snuff under pain of having the nose cut off.

Monarchs and ministers, however, soon discovered a mine of revenue in the weed, and found it very profitable to give snuff-boxes, with their portraits inlaid in diamonds on the lid, to poets and others, thus honoring the use of the plant. Copying after Napoleon I., many countries in Europe made tobacco a strict monopoly in the hands of the Government, and this is so to-day. Tobacco from its very start took well; it was adopted with wonderful quickness. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still a greater number of adversaries.

The colonial authorities at an early day were at pains to impress upon the colonists the utility of tobacco as a crop, and the year 1616 witnessed its first planting by white men in Virginia. The Indians used to let it all run to seed, only succoring the leaves so as to keep the sprouts from growing upon and starving them; when it was ripe they pulled the leaves, cured them in the sun, and laid them away for use. At first the white planters found it very hard to supply or please the market, corners not even having been dreamed of. That important personage, Mr. John Rolfe, took the lead in planting. Captain John Smith thought the Virginia "soyle" eminently adapted for tobacco. It would seem that the planters very soon began to raise too much tobacco, and therefore neglected a proper provision for crops on which their sustenance depended. The cotton planters in the South made the same mistake until within the very last few years. The large quantity produced by the early planters was at the cost of quality, so much so that the "London Company" wrote to its agents, in 1621: "We desire you to give notice to the colony that after this year they expect no further supply of any necessaries to be exchanged with them for their darling tobacco. We heartily wish that you would make some provision for the burning of all base and rotten stuff, and not suffer any but very good to be cured—at least sent home—whereby these would certainly be more advanced in price upon less in the quantity. However, we hope that no bad or ill-conditioned tobacco shall be by compelling authority putt upon our Factor. This overweening esteem of their darling tobacco, to the overthrow of all other staple comodities, should not be maintained in the colony."

The produce of an acre on the best land appears to have been about 1,660 pounds, and on poor land about 500 pounds. The tobacco put up by the colonists for export was in bundles of leaf, as at present; that from the West Indies was in balls, in the preparation of which molasses was used. The weight of the hogshead was, in 1652, 350 pounds, then 500 pounds, then 800 pounds, and then as much as 1,100 pounds, which latter figure was not often exceeded prior to the revolution. It is larger now, but varies, and there is general complaint that no universal standard size of the hogshead has yet come in vogue throughout the world. A common system of weights, measures and moneys must prevail, however, everywhere at no distant day; common sense and use demand the change.

Although tobacco had assumed such a dominant importance in the colony, James I. attacked it through his "Counterblaste," in which he described smoking as "loathsome to the eye, hurtful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." James's practice differed from his opinion, as he was at the same time violently extorting a revenue from the sale of the weed; and even after his time the royal regulations in

regard to its raising and profits were most burdensome and harassing.

As soon as tobacco had grown into its importance as an export, it became the currency of the colony. All values, whether of service or of property, were expressed in pounds of tobacco. Under such circumstances, inspectors were absolutely necessary to preserve the standard, and the laws made respecting these officers were very numerous and stringent. As time passed, and the producing power of the colony was increased through the introduction of negro slaves by the English and Dutch, the volume of the crop grew beyond the limits of consumption, when prices declined, of course. Both "seconds" and "primings" were put under the ban and burnt; indeed, to enhance price by curtailing supply, a portion of the good tobacco went in the same direction. One writer, in 1681, recorded that "the market is overstocked, and every crop overstocks it more; our thriving is our undoing, and our bringing of blacks hath extremely contributed thereto by making more tobacco." Many of the settlers had been landed gentry, with a taste for large estates and a country life. In the time of the "London Company" (which was dissolved in 1624), there was no difficulty about acquiring large estates, since every share of £12 10s. entitled the holder to fifty acres. After the dissolution the Government seems to have been careless in its grants of lands, and many acquired estates far larger than they could properly manage. The number of rivers, and the ease with which the settlers could transport themselves and their goods from one place to another, favored this mode of life.

The cultivation of tobacco and the use of slave-labor also helped to bring this about. Slaves can seldom learn to cultivate more than one kind of crop; and, as tobacco exhausts the soil, it was necessary to be always taking fresh land into cultivation, while leaving that which had been already tilled time to recover its strength. Thus each planter needed far more land than he would have done under a thriftier system. Various attempts were made to establish towns, but they failed, chiefly because every one wanted to have the town within easy reach of his own plantation.

In 1775 the export of tobacco was 101,828,617 pounds, which exhibits quite an increase in the crop from the earliest planting era. (The export was only 223,901,913 from Virginia in 1875.) The colonists had spread from tidewater up to the mountains, the plant had followed in their wake, and trade was established on a basis of reasonable regularity. Tobacco warehouses were erected at all convenient parts, ruled over by "inspectors," often complained of for their spiteful or arbitrary rulings. In Revolutionary War times the crop and the prices fluctuated. The marriage portion of a young lady in those days had grown to be generally as much as 50,000 pounds of tobacco, showing that the colonists had worked their way up and accumulated fortunes. No article, of course, was so highly prized by all, or received so much attention, as tobacco. It was the people's chief source of income, their surplus, moreover, to be sold abroad. As wealth increased the planter observed a style of living seldom found in new countries; indeed, in things generally, he was at once the artificer of a new empire and an actor of prominence in the old.

In view of the colonial progress in the cultivation of tobacco, the people of Europe and Asia, not willing to depend for their supply entirely on the New World, undertook the raising of the weed for themselves. It is, at the present day, a regular crop in nearly every country. The consumption in the Union is, taking official figures,

forty-eight cigars, two and nine-tenth pounds of chewing-leaf, and one and one-sixteenth pounds of smoking-leaf per head of population. The weed is chewed only to a very limited extent in other countries, but all the world are smokers. Germany, in her *per capita* consumption, ranks with the United States. As nearly as can be estimated, from the combined official international statistics, the total annual consumption of the world is 2,000,000 of tons!

Less than a century ago Virginia produced the bulk of the tobacco grown in the United States; now she is left behind as to quantity by Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Ohio. While Western tobacco made good headway abroad prior to the war, it was during the struggle, when Virginia was entirely cut off from supplying her usual customers, that it gained a foothold so firm that it is scarcely probable a dislodgment of her successful rivals will ever be effected. The West makes good tobacco in large quantities, but it has never yet raised any as good as the best Virginia brands, and good authorities maintain that the soil and climate of Virginia will ever produce the best quality.

The types of tobacco now produced in Virginia are three. First, a bright-yellow tobacco, which is used for plug-fillers to some extent, and for smoking-tobacco and cigarettes. It is grown in the counties bordering on the North Carolina line, and throughout all the northern and western counties of that State. The finest quality is generally held to be produced in Buncombe County, though by some the palm is awarded to Granville County. Dr. Voelcker, chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society in England, accords it a superior rank over all other pipe and cigarette tobaccos, both from the small percentage of nicotine and of nitrates which convey a biting or burned taste. The cigarette trade of this particular brand is rapidly spreading at home and abroad, and it is thought by many that it will ultimately supplant the cigarette tobaccos of Macedonia, Asia Minor and the Crimea—the regions that furnish the fine Turkish and Russian brands for smokers.

Secondly, there is the "Caroline sun-cured," which is admittedly the best plug-filler in the world. Its cultivation is confined to the counties of Caroline, Louisa, a part of Fluvanna and a part of King William Counties, in Virginia. The public taste has, however, of late years undergone a change, the chewers, especially in the North and West, preferring a filler of "White Burley," grown in Kentucky and Southern Ohio, and which is practically nothing but a vehicle for sugar and flavorings. The taste is an acquired one, as for chicory in coffee.

Lastly, there is the heaviest and most profitable type of all, the "Shipping Tobacco." This grade of leaf, in its cultivation, is confined mainly to "Southside Virginia," and passes under the sub-heads of "English" and "Continental," being all exported. The competition of the dark tobaccos of the West and of India, to say nothing of the endless "substitutes" grown throughout the world, has largely curtailed its consumption; besides, the type itself has suffered greatly through the inability of the colored laborers to grow and handle it properly, since their inexperience and lack of foresight have not been equal to the requirements of the situation. As the State is favored at many points in her area with the same soil as that prevailing in the Connecticut Valley, and in Lancaster County, Pa., it is claimed that it could surpass both in the direction of "seed-leaf," or cigar-tobacco. Thus far no cigar-tobacco, or cigars of any smokable value, have been produced in the State. The growth of the cigar-type would be a very great additional source of revenue to her

people, who were so heavily and specially impoverished by the war.

Of all crops, tobacco is the most capable of universal cultivation, because it is the most hardy and the most tolerant of changes in temperature, altitude and general climate. From the equator to the fiftieth degree of latitude it can be raised without difficulty, though it flourishes best within thirty-five degrees of latitude on either side of the equator. The finest qualities are raised in the Philippine Islands and in Syria. The consumption of foreign tobacco in the United States is very limited, owing, of course, to the use of the domestic article, and Cuba furnishes almost our total foreign supply. Smokers of every nation on the globe are eager to obtain the cigars of Havana, but as they are not sufficient in quantity to "go around," and are hence very costly, this eagerness is most frequently balked. Spurious Havana cigars are found in abundance everywhere, from China to Peru. Great care is paid to the cultivation of tobacco in Cuba, owing to the general demand for it and the high fancy prices it fetches. A Cuban plantation consists of about thirty-three acres, and yields about 9,000 pounds of tobacco. In general it is classified as follows: First, 450 pounds from the leaves immediately at the top of the plant, and the best in quality, as they get more equally the sun's rays by day and the dew by night; second, 2,250 pounds from the inferior or small leaves about the top of the plant; thirdly, 6,300 pounds of leaves nearest the root. The plant beds are sown toward the end of September; the land is prepared and the plants are set out about the 1st of November. The plant grows to the height of six feet, is of a dark-green color, rather smooth in appearance, changing at maturity to a yellowish-green. As soon as it is cut (early in January) it is hung on poles in the house to dry; after drying for some time it is moistened and put in large heaps to ferment, and, after due fermentation, it is again dried, sorted and packed. When the tobacco is cured it is put into bundles called *gavillas*, four of which, tied together with strips of palm-leaf, make a *manejo*, from fifty to eighty of these composing a bale of an average weight of 200 pounds. Only a small portion of the island is cultivated in tobacco, and the value of the crop does not exceed \$20,000,000. Taking the average, there is only one fine crop in every five years, two being bad crops and two tolerably good. Yet of all the cigars sold in the world, about one-fourth are called and sold as "Havanas," on account of the great prestige of the name.

Richmond sends her tobacco to all parts of the world, after paying the Government the heavy tax levied on it, amounting in that one city alone to more than \$2,000,000 a year. Virginia tobacco is borne across the Atlantic to the land of the Christian and the Moslem, to the dusky tribes who bow in horror-stricken awe before their fetich gods. Tobacco comes forth from the Richmond factories in various forms, cigars and cigarettes for the more dainty; smoking tobacco for those who cling to the pipe, and plug for those who chew. The last form is, however, the most important branch of the tobacco trade in Richmond.

Plantations far and near send the tobacco in hogsheds to this great mart of the weed, which, unknown till a few centuries since, is now a necessity in all parts of the world.

When the hogsheds arrive they are opened, the bundles taken out, shaken and sorted by experienced women into five or six grades, as the leaf may be suitable for filler or wrapper.

Then begins the work of preparation for the market, a series of operations requiring judgment and care. The

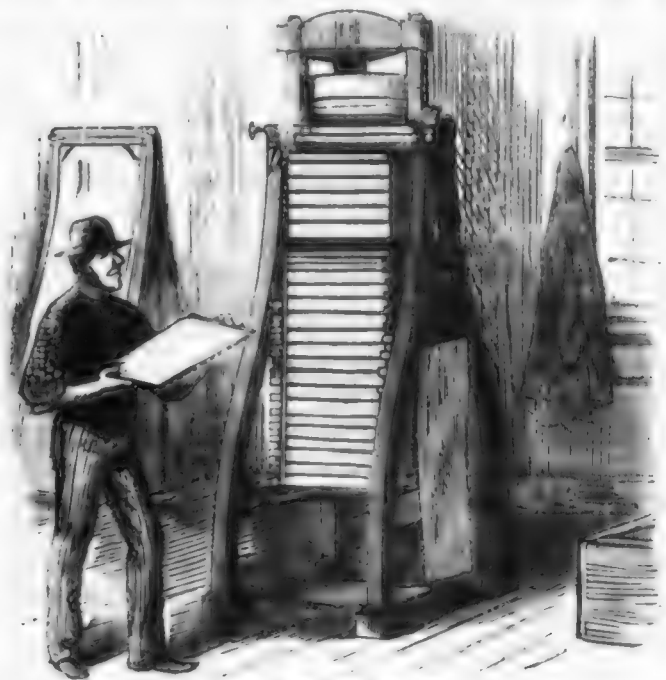


"ORDERING" OR FLAVORING THE TOBACCO.

fillers are placed in vessels and steamed till they become soft and pliant; when this has been carried on to the proper point, they are taken out to be sweetened in a large tank containing a solution of sugar and licorice or molasses, in which the leaves are steeped. These tanks are of sufficient capacity to hold a thousand pounds at a time. It requires sometimes ten hours to steep and saturate the leaves with the liquid, to suit the various brands. When sufficiently sweetened the bundles are taken out and run through wringers like those used in our households in order to press out the superfluous moisture, and as this liquid flows back to the vat, the bundles are hung up on trestles to dry. This operation requires about twelve hours; but the removal of the moisture tends to make it too dry and brittle, so that it has to be again steamed to render it soft and pliant.

The next operation is the stemming, the careful removing of the middle of the leaf, after which the divided leaves are laid down on straight poles by the skilled hands, who perform this part of the work. The stemmers are paid according to the work performed; the most expert being able to stem 250 pounds a day, at the rate of a dollar a hundred, while others do not earn much more than half that amount.

The sweetened stems taken out are not a loss. They are shipped to Germany, where they are used in the manufacture of snuff. In some concerns the stems are removed before the leaf undergoes the sweetening process, and in



THE SHAPING-PRESS.

that case the stems are sold for fertilizers, bringing the manufacturer about four dollars a ton.

The divided leaves are next placed in bins with wire net bottoms, and exposed to heat from exhaust steam sent through pipes by a powerful blower; during this process the leaves have to be stirred constantly.

If not flavored during the sweetening operation, the tobacco undergoes this process, and is then piled up and covered with blankets. When required for further handling, it is *ordered* or made pliant by sprinkling the quantity needed.

If the tobacco is to be spun, the half leaves are laid along in a line lapping over each other three or four inches, and they are twisted on a wheel like a spinning-wheel into rope a third of an inch in diameter. This is then coiled into tubs or cut into lengths and packed in ten-pound trunks, locked, labeled, and stamped ready for sale.

If plug tobacco is required, the tobacco-leaves are stemmed, but are not subjected to the sweetening process; a batch of the leaves is packed in a shallow, movable



PRESSING THE PLUG IN THE BOXES.

iron bin, and this is run under a hydraulic press, by which the leaves are crushed into a solid mat, which is then taken to a revolving cylinder carrying knives, which cut it into cakes varying in size, according to the brand or variety. A wrapper of yellow Virginia tobacco is then skillfully folded around each cake, and they are placed in a drying-room with latticed floor, heated from below with steam-pipes. When sufficiently dry the plugs are shaped in a crimper, an iron frame filled with cells; after which each cake goes through two other mills, to give it the final shape.

The plugs are then placed in boxes, each layer being subjected to pressure, and when the box is full it is labeled, stamped and is ready for the market.

The wood of the box is generally buttonwood from Maine, that tree being preferred from the fact that its timber is free from taste and odor, so that it cannot affect the tobacco.

The operations can be followed in our illustrations, and as may be seen, the workmen are nearly all negroes, a happy, contented set, making good wages, although the introduction of machinery has necessarily diminished the number required at each factory.

Virginia stands second among the tobacco-producing



THE CROSS OF BLOOD. — "ELISE, WHITE AS A CORPSE, NEVER HEEDED THE SCAR, FIXING HER EYES, DILATED WITH HORROR, UPON A LARGE SEAL RING ON THE FOURTH FINGER OF THE DISFIGURED HAND,"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

States in the Union, being surpassed only by Kentucky; the annual product of the State, according to the last census, was more than 80,000,000 of pounds, 139,000 acres of the soil of the Old Dominion being devoted to the culture of the plant, which, from planting to shipping, employs thousands of the cheery negro population.

WHAT HAS VEXED THE LOVELY CLARE?

WHAT has vexed the lovely Clare,
That she stands at the window with troubled air?
Oh! a banker's daughter, rolling in wealth,
Has taken her lover away by stealth;
And 'twas only last night she learnt he was false,
For he pressed her rival's hand in the waltz,
And whispered soft speeches into her ear—
He scarce seemed conscious that Clare was near.
Oh! the banker's daughter, she has, I ween,
Full twenty suitors to choose between,
Daily and hourly besieged with offers,
Not for herself, but the gold in her coffers;
Why should she steal from lovely Clare
That gallant young lover, and debonnaire?

'Tis cruel to lose your heart, I ween,
For the ace or knave, or king or queen!
Ah! dainty lady, 'tis hard—'tis hard,
When your love is staked upon die and card;
For the dice will not fall as the wish is set,
And luck turns badly at lansquenet;
And a gallant young lover, say what you may,
Who has run into debt, must contrive to pay,
And a banker's daughter, with gold to spare,
Is a dangerous rival for lovely Clare.

'Tis this that vexes the lovely Clare,
And throws a cloud o'er her forehead fair;
'Tis this that is burning her breath to sighs,
And brings the teardrops into her eyes;
That sets that foot of hers tapping the Brussels
Till her pearl-gray poplin angrily rustles;
That lends to her lip that scornful turn,
And makes her glances so fiercely burn.
'Tis a mixture of jealousy, grief and despair
That is vexing so deeply the lovely Clare.

THE CROSS OF BLOOD.



WAS not young, something over forty years of age, and a childless widow, when I accepted the position of governess and companion to Elise Manderson, the motherless daughter of Paul Manderson, the great iron merchant.

Elmdale, the superb mansion where Mr. Manderson established his home when he retired from the iron business, was a large stone country house of the last century, modernized with all the new contrivances for comfort, and splendidly furnished. The grounds were extensive and thoroughly cultivated, and the station where the railway trains stopped for passengers to and from New York was two miles away over a pleasant road.

The little village of L— was near the station, but Elmdale was isolated from the other country-seats in the neighborhood by having a hill for its grounds, and proudly overlooking the country for miles from its summit.

The family consisted of Mr. and Miss Manderson, myself, and a large number of servants under the superintendence of the housekeeper, Mrs. King. I may as well introduce myself here as Mrs. Rutherford, commonly called madame,

being myself of French birth, although my late husband was an American.

My position in the household may be best defined by the words of my employer when he welcomed me to Elmdale.

"My little girl, madame, will not tax your time for much instruction, as she has masters for languages, music and drawing, and pursues her Latin and English studies with me. But she wants a companion—one who will fill in some measure the place of her mother, who died two years ago in Italy. While we remained abroad, traveling constantly, I was sufficient companion and protection for Elise, but my business will call me from home very frequently, and I shall feel happier to leave her with a pleasant friend."

He then led me to the drawing-room, and introduced me to his "little girl."

Truly I thought she was a child when she rose from her chair to greet me, but in a moment I saw my error. The graceful courtesy of her manner, the gentle dignity and sweetness combined, were not those of a child, though the exquisitely lovely face and small delicate figure were very childlike. Her dress of rich violet silk, with black lace trimming, suited well the fair blooming complexion, large gray eyes and golden hair of the young heiress, and the rippling waves drawn from her face left clearly defined the regular features, and delicately arched dark eyebrows.

She was in her twenty-first year, but any stranger might have mistaken her for a girl of sixteen at most. In five minutes I was conversing easily with my beautiful charge, and had my position as friend and confidant well defined by the stately courtesy of the father and the sweetness of the daughter.

Our first evening passed pleasantly, and in a few days I was thoroughly at home in Elmdale, joining Elsie in her walks, rides and drives, and sitting with her when she was with her masters. She was no bookworm, but an enthusiast in music, a fair amateur artist, and an admirer of the poets of Germany, Italy and France.

I think if I were going to name the greatest charm of my young charge, I should embody it in one word, purity. Her very beauty was of that fragile fairness we associate with angels. Her thoughts were never coarse, her words never straying from a sweet maidenly decorum that was as natural to her as the dainty refinement of her manners and movements. Her dress was always spotless and tasteful, and seemed to be a very part of her, it was so invariably suitable and becoming.

We had plenty of visitors, and returned the calls and civilities of the neighbors, but there was no especially intimate friend to cause me jealousy. For I loved Elise in a week so fondly that I was gratefully happy in having her give me fond, confiding affection.

Our days were busy and pleasant, and our long, lonely evenings were spent in sewing, reading, or often entirely in music, Mr. Manderson being frequently absent for many days together.

It was in September when I went to Elmdale, and there was no break in our pleasant, quiet life until Christmas. It was from a large Christmas ball given by Mrs. Rierison, one of the magnates of the neighborhood, that I date the commencement of the train of events I am about to relate.

Mr. Manderson had gone South upon some business, for, although he had retired from the pursuits that made his fortune, he was constantly engrossed in speculations, the investments of his immense wealth, or other occupations. He had remembered the festive day by a large box of gifts sent to Elise from New York, in which was in-

closed a pair of heavy, costly bracelets for myself; but he was not coming home.

Being left as usual to our own devices, we had accepted Mrs. Rierson's invitation, and, after a late dinner, with Christmas luxuries for our solitary selves and the servants, we prepared for the ball.

I never saw a lovelier vision than Elise as she entered the drawing-room for my final touches to her dress, she having laughingly assured me that her maid could never put on the French finish in my fingers.

Over a pale peach-colored silk she wore a dress of white lace—a Parisian work of art—caught up on the overskirt with a garland of peach-blossom. Her shoulders and arms were bare, but the slender throat was clasped by a necklace of pearls, white pearl-drops hung from the dainty ears, and loops of the same costly stones confined the showers of golden curls.

"Papa's Christmas gift," she said, as I admired the pure stones. "It is too bad he is not here to see them. Am I all right?"

"Indeed you are. I would not touch a curl or a fold."

"Wrap up well," she said, folding her own tiny figure in a large ermine cloak, "for it is very cold."

The drive was not a long one, and we were soon at Mrs. Rierson's. The evening was on the verge of midnight when the hostess came to my side.

"Madame," she said, "have I your permission to introduce Mr. Baxter to your pupil? I do not like myself to take the responsibility, because he is quite a stranger amongst us, and his story is rather too romantic for my taste."

"What is his story?" I asked.

"Mr. Murray, the lawyer at L—, introduces him, and vouches for the fact that he is the heir of an eccentric millionaire in San Francisco, who was a client and old friend of the lawyer's. Who or what he was before this benefactor adopted him, and left him his fortune, the story does not state. He is a very handsome man, about thirty, and heir to an immense fortune. That is all I know."

"But why must he be introduced to Elise?"

"He has requested the introduction. Ah! we are too late. Mr. Murray is presenting him."

I followed the direction of Mrs. Rierson's eyes, and saw the old lawyer leading a gentleman to the side of Elise. The young girl looked up and smiled, then courteously greeted the newcomer. One of Strauss's waltzes broke from the band, and the stranger evidently asked for Elise's hand for the dance.

She smiled and bowed assent. I saw him put his arm around her delicate waist, and in a moment she was in the throng of gracefully moving waltzers.

She danced like a fairy, my dainty little darling, moving in that perfect accord to the music that only a lover of music can attain, and seeming to float along the current of the sweet, stirring melody. Twice she passed me, borne along on the strong arm of her tall partner, who danced well, and the third time she approached, leaning upon his arm, and seeking a seat beside me.

When she introduced me, I looked with some curiosity at the hero of Mrs. Rierson's romance. I saw a tall, eminently handsome man, with good features, a dark complexion, black hair and mustache, and large black eyes. His manner was gentlemanly, but reserved, and the impression he left upon my mind was that he carried some great sorrow, or perhaps secret.

He stood beside us for some time, conversing pleasantly, but always with grave reserve, and an expression of settled melancholy that was very sad in so young a face. Yet, I was favorably impressed, and certainly was forced to

admire the gentle courtesy of manner that marks the breeding that is habitual, the inborn instincts of refinement.

"Whatever else Mr. Baxter may be, he is certainly a gentleman," I thought, before we had been five minutes together, and I never changed my opinion in all the doubts and fears that followed.

We met Mr. Baxter after this everywhere. He was evidently a favorite in the circle of society around us, as evidently he was more than pleased with Elise. Strongly contrasted as they were in every way, for she was as sunny and frank as he was sad and reserved, there was a mutual attraction that was fast developing into the deep love that makes or mars a lifetime.

My responsibility was soon over, for early in January Mr. Manderson returned, and his inquiries about the stranger resulted in a cordial extension of hospitality, and apparently perfect approval of his admiration for Elise.

So the old, old story, that is ever new, began at Elmdale, and I saw Elise learning, day after day, the sweet lesson of love from lips that could be dangerously eloquent, and eyes that softened and grew luminous for her alone.

He loved her devotedly, this tall, grave man, and I was sure his love was fully returned, when one lovely day in early Spring she showed me a glittering diamond ring, and whispered that Munro Baxter had placed it on her finger, the seal of their betrothal.

It was after I had embraced and congratulated her that Elise mentioned, for the first time, a peculiarity I had often noticed in her lover.

"Why is it, do you suppose?" she said, "that Munro always wears a glove on his left hand? Indoors or out, even at the table, he keeps that hand perpetually covered."

"It may be injured or disfigured in some way."

"I mean to ask him. I want to know all about him now," she said, gayly. "It is a mystery, and I dislike mysteries."

That same evening, when her lover came, she asked him the secret of the gloved hand.

"There is no mystery about it," he said, unbuttoning the delicate kid glove. "I wear it to conceal an unsightly scar I received in a fight when I was a miner in California."

I noticed a pallor on Elise's face as he spoke, and as he uncovered his hand I leaned forward with her to see the red scar, that was certainly unsightly enough to excuse its covering. But Elise, white as a corpse, never heeded the scar, fixing her eyes, dilated with horror, upon a large seal ring on the fourth finger of the disfigured hand.

Her very lips grew white as she struggled with some deep, painful emotion.

Her lover, looking with wonder at her white, agitated face, said:

"Elise, you are ill! What moves you so, darling?"

She looked up with a piteous, yearning expression, that was heart-breaking, and with a sigh that seemed like a death-knell, sank down, white and senseless, at our feet.

Mr. Manderson was summoned from the library and a physician sent for, as we could not revive her.

All the long night her father and myself worked over her, restoring her from one long fainting fit, only to cry, in a tone of agonized horror, "The cross of blood! the cross of blood!" and again fall back insensible.

The physician arrived when we were becoming seriously alarmed, and at once inquired if Miss Manderson had suffered from a mental shock.

Her father answered, promptly:

"No, sir. Miss Manderson lives a perfectly tranquil,

happy life. She has never had any mental affliction, excepting her mother's death."

But when the night of insensibility was over, and Elise passed into violent delirium, the doctor became positive in his conviction, and I grew fairly bewildered.

She raved incessantly of Munro, calling him by every endearing name, then crying out in horror:

"Munro! The cross of blood! the cross of blood! Oh! it cannot be you murdered him! Munro, my own love! Oh! God help me! The cross of blood!"

This was the never-ceasing refrain, and it became horrible to me, as it broke from her lips hour after hour, always associated with her lover's name and murder.

For one long, long day, after more than a week of illness, it seemed as if the secret was to be buried in the grave of the fair girl.

With bated breath the loving father and I watched for the waking from sleep that was to decide for life or death, and saw the large soft eyes open rational once more.

"Madame," she whispered, "have I been ill?"

"Yes, darling; and you must be very quiet."

"Who is that crying?"

Mr. Manderson checked the deep sobs of gratitude to come to her side.

"It is I, Elise. Thank God, you are spared to me."

"Yes, papa; but—but—" and her eyes wandered.

"Did you want to see Munro?" he asked.

"Munro?" she said, wistfully; and then, in a wild sob, "No, no! I want nobody but you!"

She wept till she slept, but did not speak again, and I crept away to tell her lover she would live.

For in those days of watching and fear, the lover had been hovering like a shadow around us, sympathizing with Mr. Manderson, ever ready to perform any outdoor service for us, and growing haggard and worn in his anxiety.

I had told no one of the ravings that so perplexed me. I felt there was some deep mystery hidden in my darling's pure young heart, and she alone must solve it.

Yet, as she grew stronger, I saw that the secret had become an ever-present burden of sorrow that was breaking her heart. With returning health came no returning gladness to the pale face.

She would lie for hours looking sadly into vacancy, and if she spoke, there was a thrill of pain in her low, sweet voice that was pitiful to hear.

Even after she was able to sit up, she shrank from seeing Munro, though even her father pleaded for his admittance.

"To-morrow, when I am stronger," she would say, to turn to me when we were alone, and sob her deep, unspoken agony upon my breast.

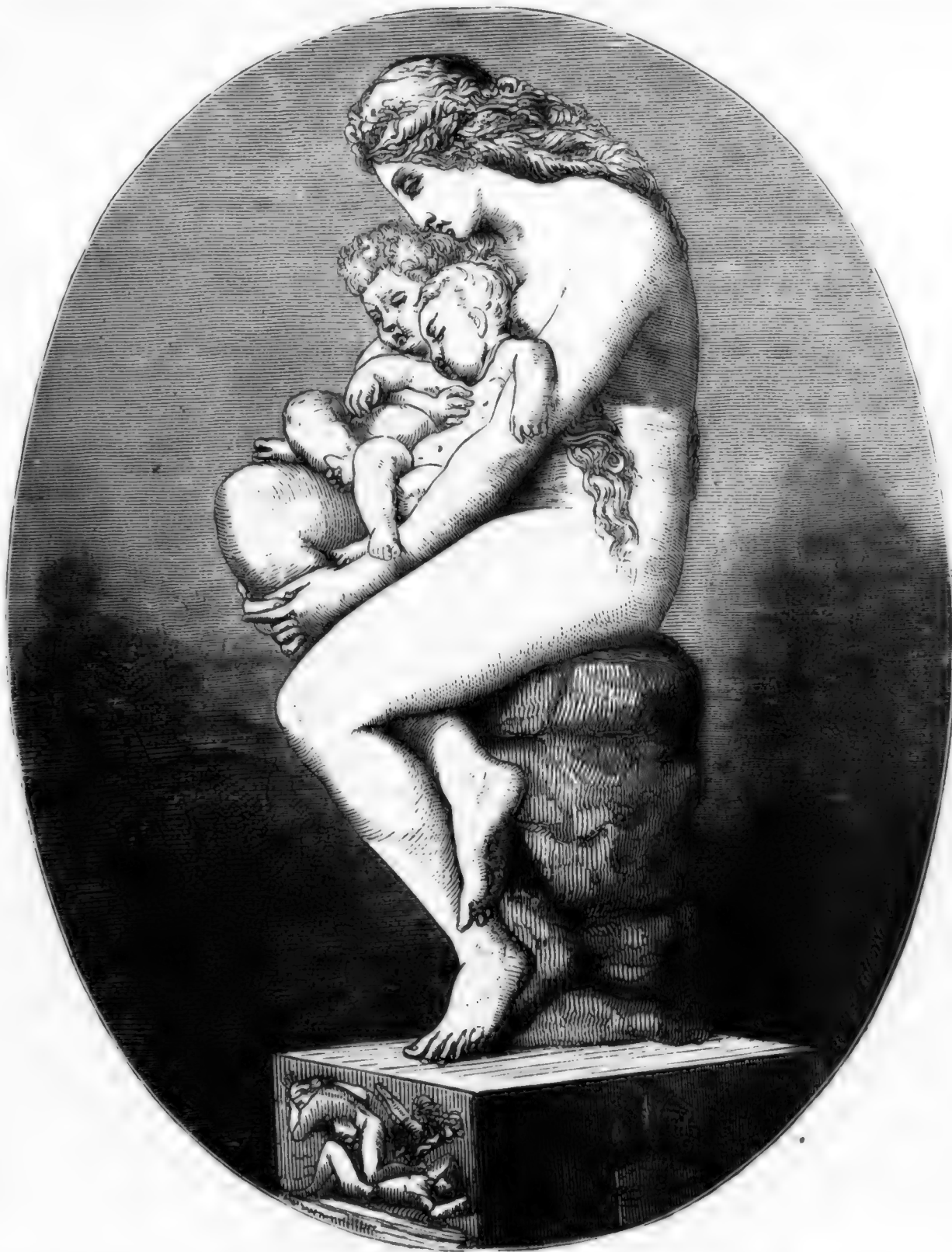
She had not seen Munro, when one day her father came in, carrying a letter. After some little talk, he said, gayly:

"You must get well now, and look your prettiest, Elise. Claude Steadman has come home."

"He has not come!" she gasped.



WHAT HAS VEXED THE LOVELY CLARE?—SEE POEM ON PAGE 546.



THE FIRST CRADLE.

"He is in New York, and will call upon us to-day or to-morrow. I have told Mrs. King to prepare a room for him, for I shall not let him return, if I can keep him here."

There was no reply, and the father left us. Alone with me, Elise gave way to a burst of despairing anguish that fairly terrified me.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she sobbed. "There will be bloodshed! They must not meet! I must warn Munro! Oh, my love! my love!"

I tried in vain to calm her, dreading a return of her first terrible illness, and after an hour or more of this suffering I finally persuaded her to take a quieting medicine, that held her fast in sleep in a short time.

My own brains were whirling. I knew that Claude Steadman was a young American artist the Mandersons had met in Italy, and that an exquisite oil-painting of Elise, that hung always in her father's room, was the work of his hands. But, often as I had heard him mentioned, I had never imagined that Elise regarded him with especial favor or interest.

She had spoken frequently of his talents, of their pleasant intercourse abroad, and her desire to see him when he returned to New York, but ever in a calm, friendly tone.

Could it be, I thought, looking at the sweet face, untroubled in its deep, placid sleep, that she was false, a coquette, who had given a true love-troth to two men, and so feared their meeting? I rejected the doubt as soon as

it arose. If ever there was pure truth in woman's heart, it was in the heart of Elise Manderson.

She awoke calm and rational. As I bent over her she drew me down to kiss me fondly.

"I cannot bear my secret alone," she said, her eyes full of unshed tears. "Will you hear it, and will you aid me, even if what I ask seems wrong to you?"

I promised. Surely there could be no deep wrong done by her little hands.

"You heard my father say Claude Steadman was coming here," she said, after a moment of silence. "He must not meet Munro Baxter *ungloved*! And yet, if to screen him, I am doing foul wrong to a noble, true nature! I will tell you all! You shall advise me.

"When we met Claude Steadman in Italy my father became much attached to him, and he was a constant visitor at our hotel. You have seen the picture he painted of me, and know that we became very friendly in the many long sittings I gave him. He was a very handsome man, in a boyish blonde style, with great blue eyes like a baby's, and a sweet, sensitive mouth. Young as I was, I felt, as did all who came within his influence, a kind of protecting affection for him.

He was full of vivacity and life, but subject to spells of deep mental depression. It was during one of these spells he told me his story.

"He was one of the twin-sons of a gentleman who was also a twin, and had lost father and mother when a mere child. His father's estate, carefully managed, had given himself and his brother support and education, but nothing more. There had been the usual strong love of twins between the brothers, though he told me they were most unlike in appearance and disposition. When they arrived at manhood their father's uncle died, and in his will left his nephews two rings, that had been made by their grandfather for his twin-boys. The rings were very peculiar, and Claude gave me his to examine closely. Upon a surface of onyx-stone, pure white, was a cross of deep red rubies, the family coat-of-arms being a cross of blood upon a snow-covered field.

"The brothers were just of age when they decided to separate for a time in pursuit of fortune, Claude coming to New York from their Western home, and Godfrey, the brother, going to California in search of gold.

"Six months after the separation, the artist brother in New York saw the account of a murderous attack upon a mining party who had found a large nugget, in which the entire number were killed, and the villains escaped with the plunder. Among the killed was Godfrey Steadman.

"When," said Elise, in a shivering tone, as she clung to me, "Claude said this, he held up the ring—the twin-ring with the cross of blood—crying:

"Some day I shall find the mate to this, and the hand that carries it will be the hand of my brother's murderer! I am sure of it."

"Madame," the girl whispered, "when Munro Baxter showed me the scar on his hand, I saw upon his finger the twin-ring bearing the cross of blood."

There was a deep silence fell upon us. In my arms the girl lay, white and exhausted, yet seeming relieved that she no longer bore her hideous secret alone. I tried to think how to advise her.

It seemed to me, as to her, impossible that Munro Baxter could be the vile murderer for gold. Yet the possession of the ring, the scar he owned was received in a fight in the California mines, were fearfully weighty evidence against him.

"Madame," said the low voice, "will you warn him? Will you send him away before Claude comes? Guilty or

innocent, I love him, and I cannot take his punishment in my hands."

"I will warn him," I said. "Lie quiet, and I will speak to him at once."

It was no easy task. Mr. Manderson had gone to L— early in the day, but I was quite sure Munro was in the library waiting the bulletin from the sick-room.

I found him pacing restlessly up and down.

"Will Elise see me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Elise has sent me to tell you——" I said, and paused, realizing the full difficulty of my errand.

"To tell me what?" he asked, impatiently.

"To tell you Claude Steadman will be here in a short time."

"Claude Steadman!"

He fairly shouted the name, not in the voice of terror or fear, but of rapturous delight.

"Claude! here!" he cried. "Not dead!"

"Dead!" I repeated.

"They told me he was dead when—oh, madame, madame, I am the happiest man alive! Claude! here!"

Even as he spoke the door opened, and Mr. Manderson entered, followed by a stranger. There was one awful moment when the two men, white as death, faced each other; then, with a cry I never imagined could spring from men's lips—a cry of womanly tenderness, of boyish love—they sprang to a strong mutual embrace, weeping like children.

When we were quiet again, and seated like rational beings, I thought of the anxious, loving heart up-stairs, and said:

"You must explain this quickly. Elise is dying, broken-hearted, Munro, trying to tear her heart from you, believing you are Godfrey Steadman's murderer."

"I! I am Godfrey Steadman himself!"

"But you were reported murdered," said the fair-haired artist, seeming to just awake to the wonder of the scene.

"I was left for dead, Claude, and with me my companion and sharer in a miner's toils and hardships, Munro Baxter. But I was not actually killed, though I lay for hours senseless and bleeding. When I revived I found Munro also still breathed. For days I tended him, scarcely alive myself, till we were able to crawl to the nearest station, and from there send for Munro's father, to San Francisco. When he came to us he had both of us removed to his house, and together he and I nursed his boy until he died of his injuries. The old man clung to me, looking upon me as the companion and friend of his son, and as he grew more and more feeble, gradually depended upon me for every care and attention. When he died he left me his fortune, upon condition that I took his son's name. But as soon as I had my senses and use of my hands, Claude, I wrote again and again to you. There was no answer, and when I was able, I came to New York. Mr. Jones, our old lawyer, told me you had died in Paris."

"I sailed for Italy soon after you were reported dead, Godfrey, trying to forget my sorrow in my art. It was our cousin Claude who died in Paris."

I stole away then, leaving them to exchange confidences, and went to Elise. How I told my story I cannot now recall; but when the brothers came to the drawing-room with their host, a pale little white-robed fairy glided to Munro's arms, to sob her thankfulness, and beg forgiveness for her distrust of him.

There was a wedding in the Fall, and Munro Baxter has built a superb mansion near ours for his bride, where Claude paints his new sister's fair face as angels, fairies, and every lovely phantasy of an artist's brain.

I say ours, because Mr. Manderson, when he lost his

child, concluded to sell Elmdale, unless I would still reside there as his wife, promising to remain with me, or make me his companion if he was called on business far away from his home. And I, knowing him true and good, gladly gave him my hand, where my heart had been for many long months.

"THE LORD OF THE WORLD."

BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

THE subject of this article is to be that of "Juggernaut"; but as that form of writing the word is now obsolete, it would scarcely do as a title; and the newer form of "Jagannatha" is so different, and as yet so little known, few would have recognized in it the name of the celebrated deification which has been so long notorious. Owing to some peculiarity in the articulating organs, there is a doubt as to how a number of Hindoostance words should be pronounced; in some the letter R has been dropped, while in others it has been inserted where it had no right to be, and the word we have to deal with is an illustration of this last peculiarity.

Jagannatha is the form in which the word is now given by the best authorities; *Jagan* means "World," and *Natha* is usually rendered as "Lord," and thus we have "The Lord of the World," these words giving in English the title of the well-known divinity of Orissa. The name of the place where this particular idol resides also requires some correction. In maps and gazetteers it is found under the mispronounced word "Juggernaut." It will be easily understood that the Hindoos separate the name of the divinity they worship from that of the locality where it exists. A native of India would say that "the temple of Jagannatha is at Puri in Orissa." *Puri* means "City," and is only one of the many forms of the same word so common in Indian names, such as *poor*, *pore*, *puram*, etc., the new official orthography being *pur*. That this important religious centre should be called *par excellence* "The City," will so readily recall to most readers the names of other places which have received a similar title, although in different languages, it will not be necessary here to repeat them.

These are but slight corrections in comparison to what seems to be necessary in regard to the reputation of Jagannatha himself. In our own times the more extended and careful study of historical documents has led to the reversal of the ordinarily received ideas in regard to the character of prominent individuals who figured in the past; and it is quite possible that as the new science of comparative mythology makes progress it may very much modify the usually accepted notions we have of the deities belonging to the ancient religions. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Moloch may be whitewashed, and turn out to have been quite a respectable character. There is one old mythological personage whose character is so very bad, that his name is not even mentioned in polite society, and yet it has been long ago hinted that he is not quite so black as he is usually painted. The same may be said of Jagannatha. It would be difficult to justify everything done in connection with the worship of Puri, yet it is pretty clear that the most gross exaggerations have been indulged in.

These misrepresentations have been repeated until they have received implicit credence over the whole globe, and the name of "Juggernaut" is associated only with what is cruel and sanguinary. Whenever there is a sympathetic murderous destruction of human life to be denounced, "Juggernaut" becomes the type of such acts, and is

called upon to do duty by all writers and public speakers. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more complete perversion of the truth; and it may be stated that Jagannatha would to a certainty get heavy damages in any court were he to prosecute his defamers.

Jagannatha's relation to the Hindoo mythology will partly explain his true nature. He is one of the manifestations of Vishnu, and is supposed to be the same as Krishna. The forms under which Vishnu is worshiped are more or less connected with love, while the manifestations of Siva are, on the contrary, of a fierce and terrible kind. Had the character given to Jagannatha been attributed to Siva, something like justification might be found for it.

There is a well-known legend which illustrates the character of these deities. Among the innumerable gods of the Hindoo Pantheon a discussion had arisen as to the reputation of the principal personages. One of the Devas at last proposed to try a practical test by which the matter might be settled. So he went up and kicked Siva. The result was terrible; that god burst into a wild passion and destroyed millions of worlds before he calmed down again. The Deva then kicked Brahma. This deity became angry; he grumbled and growled a little, but did nothing in particular. The Deva then approached Vishnu, who was asleep, but awoke instantly on being kicked. He caught the foot that had given the blow, and stroking it with his hand, said he hoped it was not hurt, at the same time manifesting a warm anxiety as if he had been the cause of pain to the Deva, or as if he had done him an injury.

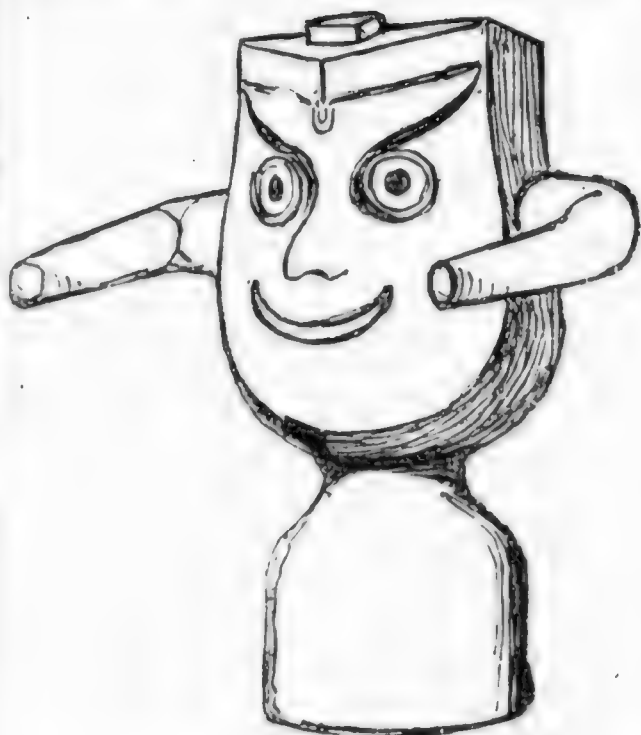
The feeling against taking life, even of the most insignificant insects, which the Hindoos carry at times to very extravagant extremes, is somehow connected with the worship of Vishnu, or is derived from Buddhism, two forms of faith which are thought to have been closely related, and both of which seem to have had something to do with the origin of the worship of Jagannatha at Puri. From this it will be seen that the destruction of life must be utterly opposed to such attributes, and that it would be out of harmony with the spirit which ought to guide in the worship of Vishnu or Jagannatha. The temple services present us with an illustration of this. Should by accident any person die within the temple walls, the ceremonies are at once stopped; the offerings are considered as polluted, and have to be carried away, and the whole place is looked upon as being unclean till it has been purified.

When the Ratha Yatra, or Car Festival, takes place, accidents do happen; there are thousands pulling the ropes by which the cars are moved. It is impossible to stop such a mass, and if any one should fall, he may be trampled upon by such a surging crowd, and the wheels of the car may also go over the body; but the frequency of such events have been exaggerated, and if there is blame, it is doubtful if Jagannatha should be made answerable. It has often happened when the Queen, or the Prince of Wales, has made a state visit to the city that very serious accidents have occurred, attended with loss of life—as a matter of fact such state processions through the streets of London have seldom taken place without some one in the crowd losing their life, yet no one ever dreams of ascribing to the royal personages just named such a character as has been given to Jagannatha.

During the Car Festival self-immolation takes place. This, also, has been very much exaggerated. Hamilton, in his "Gazetteer," states, "That during the four years prior to 1820 only three cases occurred, one said to be accidental, and the other two to get rid of excruciating diseases with which the victims were tormented." If this is



ORIGINAL FORM OF THE CAR OF JAGANNATHA.



JAGANNATHA.

anything like a fair estimate of the death-rate, there need be no hesitation in asserting, on the basis of statistics, that the British cab is a much more bloodthirsty institution than the car of Jagannatha.

It may be stated that this expression of doubt regarding a popular opinion is not the first which has appeared. The Indian press has at various times had letters and notices on this subject, and more than one author has expressed himself in very decided language against the commonly received notions. Dr. Hunter, a late writer on Orissa, puts it very strongly, that the character given to Jagannatha is totally unfounded and grossly calumnious. Other authorities could be quoted, but it will be enough to give the words of Mr. Fergusson, whose knowledge of things Indian is not by any means confined to the subject of architecture. He visited Puri, and the following is his graphic description: "So much has been written about the horrors of this festival—of the hundreds of dead and dying pilgrims that strew the road, and of their bones that whiten the plains, and of the victims that throw themselves under the wheels of the car—that I was most agreeably disappointed to find the pilgrims hurrying to the spot, talking and laughing like people going to a fair in England—which, in fact, it is. There were fanatics measuring

the road with their length, and others rolling along, and devotees doing absurd things of all sorts, but not more than one sees in every town in India; and, as for victims, none had been heard of for many years before that time. Many threw themselves down before the cars, it is true, but a kick or a slap from those who were standing by started them long before the wheels came near, amidst the laughter and shouts of derision of the people. Nor were the bones more plentiful than the victims. I looked out everywhere for a pilgrim's skull, to examine his bump of veneration, and keep it as a curiosity if I found it large, but



SUBHADRA, SISTER OF JAGANNATHA.

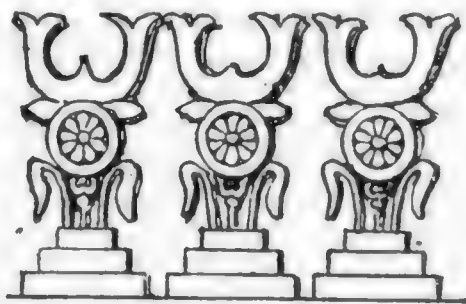


BALARAMA, BROTHER OF JAGANNATHA.

neither skulls nor bones were to be found anywhere that I could see."

Puri is situated about fifty miles south of Cuttack, where there is a level delta formed by the Mahanaddi River, and the space contains a most interesting collection of archaeological remains. The Buddhist caves at Udayagiri and Khandagiri are among the oldest rock-cut excavations in India; and the temples of Bhuvaneswara and Kanaruc are, from their age as well as the elaborate work upon them, one of the most remarkable groups of Brahminical architecture. The great temple of Puri belongs to the same group, but as an example of Hindoo art it has not an equal interest with those at Bhuvaneswara. The shrine of Jagannatha is to a large extent only a copy of the great temple at Bhuvaneswara, the copy being much inferior to the model.

The great attraction to the student at Puri is the very peculiar worship at that place, and the questions connected with its origin, which are very obscure and doubt-



GROUP OF THREE TRISULAS AT SANCHI.

ful. It strikes all visitors to Puri how it was possible a spot on a flat, bleak, sandy seashore could acquire a character of high sanctity. Yet such is the site on which we find the temple of Jagannatha. One of the supposed miracles of the place is, that the roar of the sea cannot be heard within the precincts of the temple; but from the outside of the inclosing walls such is not the case; the waves beating on the flat sands send a murmur which is distinctly audible. The only eminence is the mound on which the temple stands; it is about a mile from the sea. This elevation was anciently known as the Nilachila, or

"Blue Hill." Round this slight elevation, which has been raised to the dignity, only in its title, of being a hill, there has grown up a most wonderful collection of legendary lore—a collection so large that only a few of its leading points can be dealt with in this short article.

The temple inclosure is very nearly square, being 665 feet by 644, a space agreeing very closely with that of the temple courts of Jerusalem, according to Josephus; within this is a second inclosure, 400 by 278 feet. In addition to the great temple of Jagannatha itself, there are a number of lesser temples, and other buildings for purposes connected with the worship, among which is a dancing-hall, a refectory and a kitchen. This last is a large and very important part of Jagannatha's establishments. There are numerous wells, among which is the Rohini-Kunla; and a sacred tree, a banian or *Ficus Indica*, called "Kalpabriksha," which possesses many virtues, and is a source of revenue to the Brahmins. The Baradand, or road on which the cars are moved along at the Ratha Yatra, is a wide space extending about two miles to the northeast. The town surrounds the temple and extends along this road, and has a population of over 20,000, which are nearly all Hindoos. The high sanctity of the spot is attested by the Skanda Purana, where Narayana, or Vishnu, is made to say to Brahma:

"On the northern shore of the sea to the south of the Mahanadi River, there is my favorite abode. Alone it can confer all blessings which are derivable from all other sacred places on the earth put together. Those wise sons of Manu who dwell there enjoy the fruits of all the good deeds performed by them in their previous births. Know this, Lotus-born, that none who is of little merit or wanting in faith can dwell there. Every step of the land from the Mango Forest to the shore of the southern sea is most precious, as I shall show you. The blue hill, which flourishes on the seashore, is the most secret place on earth—most difficultly accessible even to you. Enveloped by my illusion it remains unknown even to the gods and demons. Forsaking all company, I dwell there in a corporeal form. Rising above all mutability and eternity I abide at Purushottama, the holy spot, which is alike unassailable by creation and destruction. Even as you see me here in corporeal shape, with all my emblems, so will you, Brahma, see me there. On that blue hill, to the west of the Kalpa fig-tree, there is a fountain known under the name of Rohini; dwelling near it, men may behold me with their carnal eyes, and, washing off their sins with its water, attain equality with me."

Archæologists are pretty well agreed that the spot had attained to some importance in the Buddhist period. That Buddhism was strong in the region we have the evidence of the caves of Udayagiri and Khandagiri, as well as Asoka's inscription on the rocks at Dhauli. The well-known Tooth of Buddha, which is supposed to be the one still existing at Kandy, in Ceylon, was for a long time preserved in a place which derived its name from that relic, and was known as Dantapura, or "City of the Tooth." This city, situated somewhere on the coast, between the present Calcutta and Madras, is conjectured by some writers to have been Puri, and that the Blue Hill is the mound left by the Buddhist establishment in which the Tooth was preserved. This is probable enough, but it has only been given as a guess, as it might account for a legend that the bones of Krishna were found there, and placed in the first image of Jagannatha, made by Indradymna. The preservation of human relics would be abhorrent to Brahminism, and a legend like the above is not likely to have originated from the votaries of that religion; while relic-worship, on the other hand, is a well-known characteristic of Buddhism.

An evidence is also derived from a remarkable feature of the customs at Puri, that is, the absence of all caste within the limits of the place. This is so utterly at variance with all Brahminical ideas, that it is assumed to be a

continuation of a rule dating from the Buddhist period. One of the marked peculiarities of the Buddhist teaching was the doing away with all caste distinctions; and it is a reasonable conclusion, so far as we can see at present, that the origin of this rule, which ignores caste, points to a period when the faith of Buddha held sway in the locality. There is another curious coincidence which goes far to confirm the theory. Fah-Hian, the Chinese pilgrim, who visited India in the early part of the fifth century, describes very minutely a procession of Buddhist images in cars, which he saw at Khoten, and also at Patna. He gives the size of one of the cars at Khoten, which was thirty-five feet in height, and, so far as description goes, it must have been very like that used by Jagannatha. Luckily, the date of the festival is given, and Colonel Sykes discovered that it took place at the same time of the year as the Car Festival at Puri. To this should be added another point, noticed by Rajendralala Mitra, that in the common pictures produced in Puri and sold to the pilgrims, of the Ten Incarnations of Vishnu, the ninth, or Buddha Avatar, Jagannatha is represented instead of the usual figure of Buddha. Another evidence is derived from a theory that the images in the temple are only modifications of Buddhist symbols. This is an interesting point in connection with the subject, and will be dealt with more fully when describing the figures of Jagannatha and his brother and sister.

It will be noticed that it is only by inference that this theory of the place having been Buddhist is made out; still it is strong enough to make it highly probable that such was the case. There is no historical evidence except the temple records, and their statements, so far as they refer to this period, are few, and of small value as to accuracy. As to the pre-Buddhist times we have nothing but legend. According to the "Purushottama Mahatmya," Puri was a forest with the blue hill in its centre. Here was the Rohini-Kunda, or fountain, and the kalpa-tree, and an image of Vishnu in blue and sapphire, a dark-blue being the color in which that god is always represented.

We may take it that the fountain, which still exists, was the first cause of the spot becoming sacred. It will be found that almost every holy place has a source of water connected with it. Every sacred spring did not become a Jerusalem, a Mecca, a Benares, or a Puri; but these places would never have been known had there been no source of water at them. Indradymna, a king of the Solar race who reigned at Avanti, in Central India, heard of the great fame of the blue god, and wishing to see and worship this divinity, he left his kingdom with a large army. On reaching Puri the blue stone had disappeared, and Indradymna was in despair. As a mark of his devotion he erected a splendid temple, and held a great festival at its consecration, accompanied with the most elaborate sacrifices. During the ceremonies the king had a dream in which a tree appeared to him, and in the tree was Vishnu with all his emblems.

Along with the god was his wife Lakshmi in her most benign aspect; and also the Sudarsana-Chakra, or celestial wheel. This vision was looked upon as a good omen, and at the end of the ceremonies a log floated ashore with the emblems of Vishnu upon it. This was explained to be a hair from the body of the god, and that it had come from Sweta-Dwipa, or the "White Island." From this log the first images of Jagannatha, Balarama, Subhadra and the Sudarsana-Chakra were made. The resemblance between this story and others which have come down to us from various parts of the world will present itself to most readers, and need not be pointed out.

The peculiar form in which these images have been

made will now come to be considered. The representations of them here given are from a work lately published under the authority of the Government of India, entitled "The Antiquities of Orissa." It is in two large volumes, most elaborately illustrated with lithographs, photo-lithographs, and wood engravings. The author is Rajendralala Mitra, who is not only learned in the antiquities of India, but at the same time being a Vaishnavite Brahmin, had access to the Temple of Jagannatha, a privilege not allowed to Europeans; and I here acknowledge my indebtedness to that work, from which I have freely taken while writing this article.

The images are those of Jagannatha; of Balarama, also called Balabhadra, the elder brother of Krishna; Jagannatha being the same as Krishna, he is known as his brother; Subhadra is the sister of Jagannatha. These three figures, as well as the Sudarsana-Chakra, are placed on the Ratnavedi, or jeweled altar, in the principal shrine of the temple. Jagannatha is colored blue, that being the color of Vishnu and Krishna; Balarama is white, and Subhadra is yellow, and the so-called Chakra is of a checked pattern. They are large figures, Jagannatha and his brother being about six feet high, and the sister is about four feet; the Chakra is also about six feet.

The very peculiar form of these images has led to attempts to account for their shape. One popular theory is that the deity has no particular form, and hence the absence of resemblance to the human figure; another explanation is, that they received their fantastic appearance to frighten men from evil. There is also a curious legend, that when Indradyumna got the log, Viswakarma, the architect of the gods, a Hindoo Hephaistos, appeared and offered to carve the figures in fourteen days, during which he was to be looked up in the temple, and no one was to disturb him till the task was accomplished. The impatience of the king was too great, so before the appointed time he caused the doors to be opened. Viswakarma had gone, and nothing was found but the grotesque images, which, according to this story, are in an unfinished state, the sculptor having disappeared before the hands and feet had been made. Brahma made the god famous by officiating at the consecration, and endowing it with a soul, at the same time giving it eyes with which to see.

It was in General Cunningham's work on the Bhilsa Topes, published in 1854, the suggestion first appeared that the image of Jagannatha was only a modification of the Buddhist Trisula. This symbol appears in a variety of forms, and may be described as a trident. It is a Brahminical as well as a Buddhist symbol. The majority of the temples dedicated to the worship of Siva are surmounted by it. Siva, as well as his consort Parbutty, may be recognized in sculptures by having in their hands a rod, on the end of which is this trident, the symbol in this form being identical with that given in the representations of Britannia, Neptune, and "The Old Gentleman."

In the Brahminical instances just given this instrument is understood to be a kind of sceptre, which suggests a very probable explanation of it in the hands of Neptune, Britannia, as well as the other individual above alluded to. Even the royal sceptre of European monarchs, the top of which seems to have been copied from a *fleur de lis*, bears a remarkable resemblance to the trisula of Maha Deo; and the thunder-ball of Zeus on ancient coins is a trisula, which in shape is very similar to one of the forms of the Buddhist Vajra, or sceptre, used at the present day by the Lamas of Thibet in their ritual. In a late article on the origin of the Prince of Wales's feathers,

which appeared in "Fraser," I pointed out that a trisula, or trident, was one of the oldest, and most universal of symbols. It is found in one shape or another all over the ancient world, and it is still to be seen in use at the present day. I doubt if the Swastica, or fylfot cross, had even a wider sphere of existence. I believe that the celebrated "Ei," which was over the gate of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi was this emblem; and the three fingers held up in the episcopal benediction is so suspiciously near it in form, that we may suppose it is not quite unconnected in origin with this widespread symbol. General Cunningham's identification of Jagannatha with it, which seems to have been accepted by archaeologists, becomes in itself a strong evidence of its importance; and, if the theory should be maintained by further knowledge and criticism, it will certainly be a most interesting point in relation to symbolism, as well as to comparative mythology. The use of feathers as personal ornaments, or as a distinctive cognizance, is old, and natural to the uncivilized man; this I alluded to in my article on the triple plume of the Prince of Wales.

The particular arrangement of the feathers in this case may have been imitated from the *fleur de lis*. Now, the *fleur de lis* is an emblem whose origin is not very clear. There is more than one popular explanation of it; but the French archaeologists, if I understand right, say that it first appeared in Europe after the Crusades, thus making its Eastern origin highly probable. One point regarding it is much more certain—that is, that the early form of this symbol differs considerably from the later one. When it first appeared, and for centuries afterward, the shape was that of a trisula, the point of distinction being, that the three members did not pass down below the horizontal bar, as they are now represented in the modern *fleur de lis*. Examples of this may be seen in the Louvre of the date of St. Louis, which is the early part of the thirteenth century. We have thus the very curious probability that the cognizance of the Prince of Wales has had its particular form influenced from the same symbol to which the origin of the peculiar form of Jagannatha is ascribed.

The Trisula occupied a very prominent position in Buddhist symbolism. It is represented on coins; it was placed on the end of flagstaves or standards; and we find it on the sword-scabbards of soldiers. More prominent still, it is placed as a symbol over the gateways of topes, such as Sanchi, near Bhilsah, and Bharhut—thus resembling the "Ei" at Delphi—at the Amaravati tope; it is frequently represented as an object of adoration, with groups around it performing *poaja*, or worship. Amaravati is on the same coast as Puri, and at no great distance. We have in this an important link in favor of General Cunningham's theory, which is, that the worship of the Trisula had at Puri grown into the worship of Jagannatha. The supposition is that there had been a very celebrated object of this kind at that place, and that it was a great attraction to pilgrims; and that somehow or another a rude face had been added, and that the two side members of the trisula have been bent forward to make them look more like arms.

Among the sculptures at Sanchi there is a group of three trisulas, and General Cunningham thinks it may have been from such an arrangement that the trio of figures—Jagannatha, Balarama and Subhadra originated. This is no doubt possible, but it must be noticed that the lady in this case is without arms, and the explanation leaves out the question how the Sudarsana Chakra came into existence. It is most difficult to find the truth in all its details through a mass of legends extending over so many



PART OF A VERY ANCIENT CAR OF JAGANNATHA, PRESERVED NEAR THE TEMPLE.

centuries. Out of such a tangled web we should be grateful to get even a few probabilities, and this theory of the origin of Jagannatha seems, so far as our knowledge at present goes, to be acceptable. It has been recognized by Mr. Fergusson, whose authority in such matters stands so high; and Rajendralala Mitra also gives his adherence to it.

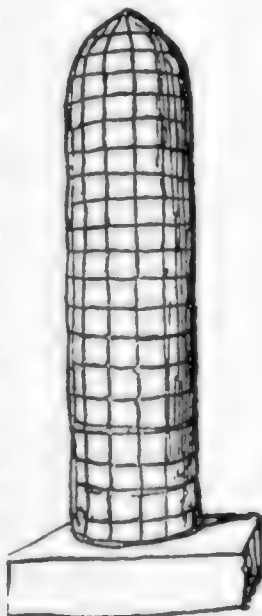
The images are made from the wood of the *Nim* tree (*Melia Azadirachta*), and they are renewed at certain intervals of time. It is generally supposed that new images are made every twelve years; and two Hindoos from Puri, who told me this, said that a dream comes to the chief Brahmin as to where the wood will be found. The last time the renewal took place the wood was procured near Kalicot, in the Ganjam district. According to Rajendralala Mitra the time of renewal is regulated partly by astrological calculations

and partly by local prejudices. It is believed that the Rajah in whose reign the renewal takes place dies soon afterward, and this naturally has an influence on the operation. The astronomical aspect which bears on the date is the occurrence of two moons in the month Ashadha; this gives a very irregular interval, for it varies from seven to thirty years.

A very sacred object is preserved in one of the images; but what this is, no one seems to know. Even Rajendralala Mitra, although a Vaisnavite Hindoo, is unable to speak with certainty; he declares this something to be "the mystery of mysteries in Orissa." According to one account, it is a bit of the log which first came floating on the sea to Indradyumna; another, says it is a fragment of the original image; some say it is a box with quicksilver, which is considered to be the spirit which is removed from the old to the new image. My two Hindoo friends told me it was a salagram stone, and that it was placed in the breast of the figure—the breast of such an image being a rather indefinite statement. The usually accepted story is that of its being one of the bones of Krishna. Whatever it is, it is



TRISULA, FROM THE GATEWAY OF THE SANCHI TOPE.



THE SUDARSANA CHAKRA.

GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF JAGANNATHA AT PURI.



removed by a boy at midnight, and the boy is believed to die or disappear before a twelvemonth has passed away.

The Sudarsana Chakra is a wooden post about six feet high, and its surface is carved with a check pattern. Rajendralala Mitra, with all his minuteness of detail, fails to explain why this should be called a chakra; he even omits to notice that it is not a chakra at all. The word *chakra* means a wheel, and the priests say there is one marked on the top of this sacred post. The wheel was another of the important Buddhist symbols, and it is found very prominent among the sculptures of that period. The discus, or quoit of Vishnu, is also called a chakra. As we know the exact form of both these symbols, a doubt is reasonably raised regarding this so-called chakra. Its shape suggests that it may have been the well-known symbol of Siva, but its being made of wood instead of stone is, however, against a theory such as this.

The Hebrews had a very ample vocabulary for idols. Among their words was one *gillulim*, which means "rolling things," and was applied in contempt to gods of wood and stone, as helpless objects that could be rolled on the ground. The figures at Puri deserve to be included in this term. They are exceptional as specimens of Hindoo art, which is generally carefully executed, and is often very beautiful. Jagannatha has more the appearance of being an idol of a savage people than of the races of India.

At Bhuvaneswara, which is close to Puri, there exists the remains of a most splendid group of temples covered with a most lavish expenditure of sculpture. An inspection of Rajendralala Mitra's two volumes will convey some idea how beautiful the art upon them is; and yet, with this art so near, these rolling logs of wood at Puri are the objects that draw pilgrims from every part of Hindoostan. Mr. Ruskin has declared that intense religious devotion and love of art seldom are found together; and he might point to the abortions at Orissa and their worshipers as a good example of the theory. Yet if the explanation which has been given of their origin is correct, these icons are not the rude efforts of a savage people. They can scarcely be called a development, for they are a deterioration from a higher type.

The Trisul was a symbol of Dharma, the law or faith of Buddha; and symbolism belongs only to the higher forms of religion. As Jagannatha, the trisul, has ceased to be a symbol, it has become the lord of the world itself. This is the history of nearly all symbols—it is common to the West as it is to the East. Symbols almost always, through time, become to the worshiper the thing symbolized. It is the poetic power of our nature that evolves symbols, but the mob cares not for such things; they want realities, and hence the worship of such objects as Jagannatha and his relatives. Whatever the spiritual or more highly developed mind may desire, the multitude wish for something to worship that is tangible and real, and in most parts of the world we see that the demand produces the supply.

At Puri, Jagannatha is not only a god, but he is treated as if he were a living personage. With his brother and sister enthroned in a magnificent temple, which becomes a palace, they are as royal monarchs who receive the devotion of the people, and are attended by the priests as their officers and servants. At early dawn they are awakened by the ringing of bells; when the temple door is opened they are saluted in Oriental fashion; ablutions are performed; a ceremony is gone through which means that they are having their teeth washed. People who have been to India have seen this done by the natives with a bit of a particular kind of wood; the end is mashed out

and made soft, and this is rubbed with water on the teeth. A similar bit of stick is moved about in front of Jagannatha, and his teeth are thereby cleaned; at a particular hour *Ballabha Bhoga*, which will be better understood as *Chotahazri*, or the slight breakfast, is served. Then comes a substantial breakfast. Tiffin is not omitted, and at midday the principal meal is spread out before the gods. After this a siesta is indulged in, from which they are awakened by the sounds of sweet music and the turning of lights, which is called *Arati*. After this comes more bathing, dressing, eating, and the turning of lights, and other ceremonies, ending in supper; and about eleven at night bedsteads are brought in, when the divine personages are requested to retire to rest for the night. To this ought to be added ritual mantras, or the utterance of words in a particular form adapted to each period of the day. There is also music and dancing, and a corps of Nautch girls are specially kept for the purpose. These persons are supposed to be of respectable character, and Rajendralala Mitra gives the case of Mira Bai, daughter of Surya, Rana of Jeypur, who became one, and devoted herself to the service of Rangchhodji. We have the curious statement given that these ladies are "formally married to the divinity of the temple, to which they remain attached for ever."

From dawn to eleven at night is a long day, and it will be seen that Jagannatha has as busy a time of it as any popular prince in our own western regions. He certainly escapes the laying of foundation-stones, and having to make speeches at public dinners; but to make up for these, he has a large number of festivals to go through, and which have to be performed with much minuteness of ceremony. Jagannatha does suffer from this hard work, and, like ordinary mortals, requires a rest; a fortnight's respite is given about the beginning of June, when the figures are placed in a chamber called *Andur Ghar*, or sick-chamber.

It would seem that the constant bathing and dressing does tell even on Jagannatha and his friends, and this interval is used to improve their complexions by a fresh coat of paint. When new images have to be made it is also done at this season. On the last day of the fortnight the eyes are painted, this being a distinct ceremony. At the Holi Festival it was at one time the custom to bring out the images and indulge them in the pleasure of a swing; but about three centuries ago the swing broke down, and Jagannatha got one of his arms damaged, and this part of the ceremony was given up.

The festivals connected with the worship of Puri are too numerous to describe, and they would be of but little interest unless something could be said about their origin and meaning. The space allowed in a paper of this kind is too small for the consideration of such a question. It will be enough to give the following from Professor Wilson. In an article on the Religious Festivals of the the Hindoos, he says: "The universal festivals, which are probably traceable among all nations elevated above barbarism, and which may have been handed down by tradition from the earliest periods in the history of the human race, are manifestly astronomical, and are intended to commemorate the revolutions of the planets, and the recurrence of cyclical intervals of longer and shorter durations."

The Rath Yatra, or Car Festival of Jagannatha, as it takes place about the end of June, has probably some connection with the Summer solstice. Its identity with the Buddhist ceremony of the Procession of images which Fah Hian describes at Khoten and Pataliputra, or Patna, in the fifth century, can scarcely be doubted.

The festival is not confined to Puri; Jagannatha has temples in other places, but they are more plentiful perhaps in the south of India than in the north; this may be accounted for by the statement that along the Ganges the worship of Siva prevails, and it has been explained that Jagannatha is a form of Vishnu; but wherever the Lord of the World has temples, the Rath Yatra is celebrated. In the south of India there are few places where the cars will not be found, and they are generally highly ornamented with carved figures. There are three cars at Puri, one for each of the idols. They are very large and heavy; by means of bamboos and colored cloth a high *Sikra* or tower is formed, about fifty feet in height. The tower is in shape the same as the steeple surmounting the sanctum of a Hindoo temple, thus making the car, in reality, a movable temple on wheels. The images are brought out of the temple, not by the priests, "but by a set of aboriginal men called *Daityas*, or barbarians, to which this class has belonged from time immemorial." They are supposed to be the descendants of *Visvavasa*, a rustic fowler who served at the primitive shrine of Vishnu on the Blue Hill on the arrival of *Indradymna*, presenting us with a curious illustration of the conservatism of hereditary rights in India.

After the images are placed in the cars, they are richly appareled, and golden hands and feet are added to them. The *Rajah* of *Khurda* appears with a grand *Sowarie* of horses, elephants and followers. He is the hereditary sweeper of the temple; barefooted, and with a jeweled broom he sweeps the ground and worships the images, presenting flowers and incense. He then takes the ropes of each car successively, and pretends to drag them, but there are 4,200 coolies also pulling at the ropes; these coolies are a special class kept for this purpose, having lands, rent free, in some neighboring villages. In addition to these are the crowd of pilgrims all anxious to get a pull at the ropes, and by thus serving "*Jagannath-je*" to "*rend asunder the bonds of sin for ever.*" As this crowd is very undisciplined, the cars move irregularly, and their progress is but slow, so that three or four afternoons are usually spent to get along the *Baradand*, which is the great broad road, about two miles long, to the *Gundicha Garh*, which is a temple in a garden. Here the figures remain for four or five days, and are brought back again in the cars. The return journey is often still slower than the other, for the greater portion of the pilgrims depart, and there is often a want of power to drag the cars along. When they get back to the great temple, a ceremony is gone through which symbolizes the re-conquest of the Blue Hill, and when this has been performed, the *Daityas* carry the images into the temple, and the ceremonies are at an end.

The above is but a slight sketch of what takes place, but it gives the more important details; whoever wishes to study the subject should consult *Rajendralala Mitra's* book. That author thinks that the ceremony marks the anniversary of Buddha's birthday, which is quite possible. It may have been connected with that as well as the solstice; but there is this difficulty, that a ceremony which lasts about a fortnight gives fourteen different days with which to make the identification, and Hindoo festivals depend on the dark or light half of the moon, adding much to the task of fixing them with the exact day in our Western calendars. Owing to changes in faith, as well as modes of regulating the calculations of time, old ceremonies have, in most cases, got detached from the exact point in the solar revolution they were intended to mark, so that it requires very great care to work out problems of this kind.

Taking out gods in procession, or carrying them from one place to another, is a very ancient kind of ceremony, and has been more or less common to all religions. Herodotus, ii. 63, gives an example, which took place at *Papremis*, in Egypt, which bears a strong resemblance to the Orissan ceremony. An image—placed in a wooden temple, gilded all over—was placed in a four-wheeled carriage, and drawn about. The most prominent point given by Herodotus was a fight which took place to get into a temple, and which might have been the counterpart of the re-conquest of the Blue Hill.

According to Homer, Zeus went to banquet with the blameless Ethiopians, and returned on the twelfth day; this is close on the time taken up with the *Ratha Yatra*. But the curious point is, Diodorus thought that the Greeks got this story from Egypt, and that it is founded on a ceremony connected with the Theban Jupiter, whose image in a shrine was carried every year into Ethiopia, where it staid for a certain time, and was brought back again to Thebes. There was, most probably, a solar signification in this ceremony, as there is in the *Ratha Yatra*; but we are far from being able as yet to give an opinion whether the people of India got their customs from Egypt or not; it is quite possible that the Greeks did not even get the idea of Zeus going to the Ethiopians from that source. That such ceremonies existed in Egypt, and were common to the Buddhists, is evidence of their great antiquity; it is evidence that the Car Festival of Jagannatha is a rite which has, at least, descended from a very remote period; and although like many other religious performances, it is associated with much that is absurd and ridiculous, we can see that it is a very important relic of far past ages, and its details may be of the utmost value in working out some of the problems of comparative mythology.

What might be called the Restaurant Department of the Temple at Puri ought to receive some short notice before closing this article. Jagannatha and his relatives breakfast, dine and sup; this part of the ceremonial is managed by placing large quantities of food in the hall of offerings, called the *Bhoga Mandapa*, one of the halls in front of the sanctuary, and by opening a door the divinities can see them from their throne. The *Rajah* of *Khurda*, who has already been mentioned, has a number of special rights; one of them being that he sends particular kinds of food, which is taken into the sanctuary; this is sold to the pilgrims, and the money is credited to the *rajah*. All the food brought in is sold, the proceeds going to the priests and the temple fund. The amount of food which has to be cooked is very large, so much so that a new and larger kitchen had to be added to the establishment, and the cooks are busy at work from three or four in the morning till ten or eleven at night. The cooks are of the lowest caste of people, and are supposed to be the descendants of *Visvavasu*, the fowler, and who have rights connected with the temple dating from the legendary *Indradymna*. *Visvavasu* was a hunter, and these cooks are called *sawars*, from *savara*, a wild hunter.

The absence of caste within the limits of Puri has been noticed as an evidence that the customs must have been founded under Buddhist influences; this peculiarity appears in a more marked form in relation to the food than in any other. All who are familiar with India must know how particular the Brahmins are about the cooking of everything they eat. It is not mere touch that has to be avoided, even the shadow of a low caste person, or a European, will spoil any amount of food if it comes even near to it. I had an experience of this when traveling in the Himalayas. Among my coolies were some Brahmins;

they always separated from the others to do their cooking. One day, while passing them, and keeping wide of the ground they occupied, I noticed one was making a soup

lifting the brass dish from the fire, he poured out its contents on the ground, and said it was "biggar gia," or spoiled. Understanding at once that I was the cause, I



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF JAGANNATHA.

with vegetables. As we were in a high region, near to the source of the Ganges, I asked where he found the vegetables; he answered, "In the jungle;" at the same time,

asked "How?" for I had preserved a distance from him of four or five yards. He pointed to my foot, which was touching the end of a fallen trunk, and he had made his



MERCEDES. — "SHE PULLED ASIDE THE CURTAIN, AND ENTERING THE ROOM, STOOD BEFORE THEM, STERN AND BEAUTIFUL AS AN AVENGING ANGEL."—SEE PAGE 563.

fire at the other end of it, so that I was actually touching a part of his fire. This was the contamination which had rendered his food unclean.

The contrast to the ideas here indicated will be conveyed by stating that if I had been able to put my hand in my pocket and produce some of the food cooked in the temple at Puri, this Brahman would have eaten it without a scruple, and would have considered that I had conferred the greatest of favors upon him.

The principal kind of food of which such large quantities are prepared is a young description of rice; it is beaten out, so that every grain of it is flattened. It is called "Atukulu," but it is, perhaps, better known as *Mahaprasad*, or "great offering." There are shops at the temple for the sale of it, and the pilgrims take it home with them to give to friends, by whom it is looked upon as the most precious of gifts. The water from the Zem-zem well at Mecca, which the Mohammedan pilgrims carry away with them, is as nothing in comparison to this sacred rice, although it is cooked by low-caste people. Should a coolie or a sweeper bring this consecrated food and present it to a Brahman, it would be at once accepted and eaten. "It should be eaten the moment it is received, without any discrimination of time, place or circumstance." Its inherent virtue is great. Should any one have killed a cow, or even taken the life of a Brahman, or committed any more heinous crime, if that were possible, the eating of a single grain of this rice would at once remove all taint of the sin, and render the person free from all the consequences hereafter. The books sold at Puri contain numerous tales illustrating the sin-destroying power of the *Mahaprasad*, and their character may be judged of by the following remarks from Hunter's "Orissa":

"Woe to him who denies the efficacy of the *Mahaprasad*, the Great Offering! A hundred tales among the people warn priestly arrogance of the wrath of a despised god. There came a proud man from Northern India, who swore he would look upon the Lord of the World, but that he would eat no leavings of mortal or immortal beings. But as he crossed the bridge outside the sacred city his arms and legs fell off, and there he lay on the roadside for two months, till a dog came out of the town eating a fragment of the holy food, and dropped some as he passed. The proud man crawled forward on his stomach, and grubbing with his mouth in the mire, ate the leavings, all flavored from the unclean animal. Thereupon the mercy of the good lord Jagannath visited him; new limbs were given him, and he entered the holy city as an humble disciple."

The worshipers of Vishnu in their *sradhas*, or periodical funeral services to the dead, always place a grain of this rice on the cakes which are presented to the manes.

In December of 1875, when the Prince of Wales was in India, I took a steamer from Madras to Calcutta, in order to be at the latter place on the arrival of his Royal Highness. The vessel called at a number of places along the coast. At Gangam, Mr. Davidson, the collector, came on board, to proceed to Calcutta. As Puri was in his district I made some inquiries about it, and to answer my questions he called two of his native officials. I sat on the deck for some hours talking with these men, and got some of the information in this article from them. Where their statements differ from that of Rajendralala Mitra's, I have preferred the latter as an authority.

They were very pleased at the interest I took in relation to Jagannatha, and as a mark of their appreciation they presented me with a small quantity of the *Mahaprasad*, which I preserve as one of my most curious relics. They also presented me with two other kinds of food from their temple; they are rolled up in leaves and tied with grass, but I have not opened them. The *Mahaprasad*

seems as if every grain had been beaten out singly, else it would be difficult to explain why none of it has escaped the process, and it is not likely that machinery is used in the kitchen of Jagannathjee. These men, after seeing Calcutta, intended to proceed to Buddha Gaya as a pilgrimage. It was at that place where Buddha attained to supreme intelligence, sitting under the sacred Bo Tree. Buddhists come from Burmah and other countries to it in pilgrimage, and so also do the worshipers of Vishnu from all parts of India. These two men from Puri were no doubt Vishnavas, and their journey to Buddha Gaya illustrates the connection between the worship of Buddha and Vishnu, which it has been one of the objects of this article to make out.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

This elegant songster is the mocking-bird of the North. He arrives in the Eastern and Middle States about the 10th of May. At that season he may be seen, perched on the highest twig of a hedge, or on the topmost branch of a tree in a bushy locality, singing his loud and welcome song, that may be heard at a distance of half a mile.

The brown thrasher sings most just after sunrise and before sunset, but may be heard singing at intervals during the day.

By some people he is supposed to imitate the notes of other birds, but this is a mistake. I have never heard the brown thrasher sing any notes but its own, of which he has a variety. Some parts of his song resemble the notes of the cat-bird (*Mimus Carolinensis*), and may be taken for such by the common observer; but to the ear of the naturalist the difference is very perceptible. The brown thrasher sings most of the time for about two weeks after his arrival from the South. He then begins to look for a mate, until he finds one to suit him. They now both go in search of a place to build their nest. The place selected is generally under a fallen tree or fence-rail, but is often placed in a thick bush or tree, a few feet from the ground.

The brown thrasher often has severe battles with the black, garter, adder, and black water-snakes, who attempt to devour their eggs or young. In these battles the thrush is generally victorious; but on some occasions, when several snakes attack the old birds at once, they succeed in robbing the nest of its eggs or young, and sometimes destroy the parents.

Their nest is composed of the small dead twigs of trees, lined with the fine fibres of roots. They lay from three to five eggs, with a greenish background, thickly spotted with light-brown, giving the whole egg a brownish appearance. The eggs are hatched about twelve days after incubation has commenced.

The brown thrasher is very fond of cherries and berries, and helps himself from the nearest garden. His principal food consists of worms, insects and grubs. If he steals cherries, he is but taking his just dues, as he destroys hundreds of insects injurious to vegetation every week he stays with us.

The brown thrasher leaves the Eastern and Middle States, on his migration South, about the last of September, and does not make his appearance among us again until the following May.

REAL grief is never clamorous. It seeks to shun every eye; and breathes, in solitude and silence, the sighs that come from the heart.

THE GRAVE BY THE STREAM.

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

Down by the margin of our own loved stream,
Where, in the twilight hours, we used to roam,
And, arm-in-arm together, talk and dream
Of future days, and build our fancied home,
Beneath the hanging branches of a willow,
Can now be seen a little grass-grown mound,
Under whose sod her dear head found a pillow—
A resting-place low in the chilly ground.

There, where the rippling waters murmur by,
Was laid my Winnie, long, long years ago;
We thought the place was fit for her to lie,
Where she so loved to hear the waters flow;
And then, we thought, perhaps at times her spirit
Would hover near, around this cherished spot;
And laid her there that she might over hear it,
The singing stream, that flowed so near our cot.

On noiseless wheels the chariot of Time
Has rolled along, and I am aged now;
Long pilgrim years, in many a foreign clime,
Have carved their wrinkles deep upon my brow;
Since Winnie died I've been a castaway—
Earth has to me been desolate and drear;
And now I've come to spend my fading day,
And rest, at last, along with Winnie here.

Oh, what sweet forms rise through the mists of years
What happy dreams I'm dreaming o'er and o'er!
What seraph tones salute my listening ears,
As I now stand upon the streamlet's shore!
'Tis but the silver music of the water,
Reviving all the memories of yore;
Oh, let my footsteps, until death comes, totter,
Where I, with Winnie, used to roam before.

MERCEDES.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

"WHAT a very handsome couple!" exclaimed one of a knot of devout old ladies in the porch of the French chapel, when by the light of a dismal mid-winter rainy morning a strictly private marriage had just been solemnized, and the bride and groom, passing through the aforesaid knot of old ladies without seeing them, had entered a quiet *coupé* and driven away.

"Handsome enough; but she was too pale and he too black to suit me," said another.

"But, my dear, he was evidently a foreigner—French, I suppose—and she American; and a bride should be pale, to show that she is properly sensitive."

"But this was a widow. You could tell by her costume," replied Number Two, a vivacious little French spinster, with a proper regard for her own estate and contempt of every other, especially that of widowhood merging into second wifehood.

Leaving the gossips to turn back into church and mutter another Ave and Paternoster for the new-married couple, we will follow them to the railway-station, for the rest of the wedding-day was to be spent in a visit to the bride's only relative—a sister of fifteen, pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The next morning the new-married couple were to sail for Havre.

"Gertrude has never seen or heard of you, I believe," said the bride, as the train rolled out of the station.

"No. Shall you explain the position?" inquired the bridegroom, who, although handsome, young, and evidently proud of his bride, treated her with a sort of reserve and deference very unusual, and which he was obviously trying to shake off; while she, sad, abstracted and silent, noticed neither him nor his manner, but sat staring with great unseeing eyes out of the window at the wintry view of the Hudson.

"Explain?" repeated she, vacantly, and then, rousing herself, looked at her husband meditatively, and said: "No, Victor, I shall never explain to anybody, and beg you will not."

"You are ashamed of me, madame!"

"No. There is nothing to be ashamed of," replied the bride, still considering him as if she had never really noticed him before. "You are handsome, well-made, well-mannered; speak perfect French and well enough English, and you are very quick at catching the tone of those around you. There is nothing to be ashamed of."

"If you were considering the points of a horse or a dog you could not do it more coolly, madame."

"Do not call me 'madame.' Use my name; it will perhaps make the thing real to me. At present it seems as if we were journeying as we have several times done before, and in our old relations. I want to break off the old life, absolutely—entirely."

She suddenly pressed her lips firmly together, and clinched her little hands in her lap as if a sudden spasm of recollection had stung through her listless mood.

Her husband, who jealously watched every movement, saw this, and, stooping toward her, murmured, passionately:

"But I love you, Lucia—I love you madly, desperately, as that man was incapable of loving, for I am ready to sacrifice myself, body and soul, to your lightest wish, and he always sacrificed you to himself."

"Hush, Victor! Respect the dead," replied Lucia, sternly.

"Dead! But he is not dead," said Victor, sullenly.

"He is dead to me, and if you love me so well, show it by never mentioning—never alluding to him. Will you promise, Victor?"

She put her hand in his and smiled, oh! so sadly; but it was something gained, and he eagerly replied:

"Smile on me, my queen, and I will promise anything, everything. I will be your slave, only smile and love me."

A chill pallor suddenly overspread the beautiful face of the bride, and she hastily drew away her hand. Her husband's dark brow grew yet darker, and he moved away from her side, nor was another word exchanged until the train rolled into the station and stopped.

A young girl, fresh, charming and innocent as the morning, came bounding into the drawing-room of the convent, and eagerly embraced her yet more beautiful sister, exclaiming:

"Oh, I am so delighted, you darling child! What under the sun brought you up here, this horrid day?"

"I came to say good-by, Gertie," replied the bride, returning the caresses with moderation. "I was married this morning, and sail for Europe to-morrow. I have arranged with the Superior that you should remain here until I come or send for you. You are happy?"

"Happy with you away for years!" exclaimed the



THE GRAVE BY THE STREAM.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 563.

girl, bursting into tears. "And married! Why, Lucia, you never told me that you were engaged."

"It was a secret, darling. This gentleman is—my husband, Monsieur de Maisonblanc."

Gertrude coldly and resentfully shook hands with her brother-in-law, who smiled approvingly at her, and then returned to caress and scold her sister, who bore all patiently, always half-absorbed in some engrossing inner thought which drew a veil between her and the world.

"And Mercedes is going, too," exclaimed the girl, passionately, at length. "I am to be left all—all alone! Oh, it is too hard, too bad. I can't stand it!"

"Mercedes de Acuna?" asked Lucia, bitterly.

"Yes; her father is dead. Got killed there in Cuba a year ago, I should think, and robbed."

Victor, who had strolled to a little distance, leaving his wife and her sister more at liberty, started and turned around, listening attentively, but not speaking as Gertrude went on.

"They took everything he had, and he had sold his plantation a little while before, saying he was going to invest the money, but they suppose it was stolen, or gambled away, for nothing at all was found on him or anywhere, and poor Mercedes hasn't another friend in the world, not one. Her mother died over so long ago, and she has grown up here at the Sacred Heart, and her papa always paid all her bills, and gave her the loveliest clothes and jewels and everything,

though he never came to see her, and so the Sisters have kept her a whole year in charity; but they can't always do that, and she don't want to be a nun, so she can't stay that way, and she is looking for a situation—just fancy that dear, darling, lovely child in a situation!"

"What sort of a situation could she fill?" asked Lucia.

"Oh! governess to little children, or companion to some lady, or something of that sort. She talks lovely French, and perfect English, and Spanish of course, for there are two or three Cubans here, and they keep it up together; and then she sings so charmingly and writes letters for all the girls, and is so sweet and good-tempered and sunny. Oh, Lucia, you might take her for your companion!"

"I, child?" exclaimed her sister; and then glancing at her husband, she murmured: "A companion? Well—"

"Why not have a companion, madame, if you like?" said Victor, restraining the strangely eager tone of his voice, and speaking as carelessly as he could. "You perceive that it would be a charity to this young girl, and if she proves agreeable, I should be more willing to leave you when my affairs call me abroad."

One would have said that this last consideration was a temptation, for Lucia replied far more decidedly:

"Well, if you think it a good plan, and I like the girl—in fact, I do like her already; I have often seen her."

"Mercedes de Acuna," repeated Victor, slowly—"De Acuna."

"Yes, De Acuna," echoed Lucia, surprised. "Do you know anybody of that name? It is common enough in Cuba and other Spanish places."

"No, I know no one of that name," replied Victor, abstractedly, and moved away as if to avoid questioning.



THE BROWN THRUSH.—SEE PAGE 562.

The door softly opened, and a young girl glided in, looking about the room with soft startled eyes, dark and dreamy, and capable of depths of feeling yet unstirred in this pure and virginal heart of seventeen. She was rather tall, or, perhaps, seemed so, because of her slight figure; her complexion of a luminous pallor, like tropic moonlight; her pretty mouth tremulous with sensitive feeling—a child that one instinctively longed to gather up in one's arms and shield from every rude breath or gaze—shield even from herself, for those eyes, that mouth, a certain intense and restrained air hanging about the whole person said: Here is one born to enjoy or to suffer greatly, one to whom life will be no level flowery path of gentlest sun and shade, but a flinty, thorny track, leading steeply up to summits of breathless bliss, and down to valleys of black despair—shield her, shield her from herself, from her own life!

"You have sent for me, Gertrude! Ah, madame—"

"A new name that you do not know, Mercedes," said Lucia, rising to embrace and kiss the young girl. "I am Madame de Maisonblanc now, and this is my husband."

Victor came forward, and bowed profoundly, fixing his eyes upon the young girl with strange interest. She, timidly self-possessed, as a very young girl of good blood should be, seated herself and talked with Lucia, who gently questioned her of her orphaned and friendless condition, and of her prospects. Mercedes spoke of her father freely, and with passionate regret.

"Poor darling," said she, in her pretty French, "the very last letter he wrote was so full of enthusiasm and hope! He spoke of some mysterious good fortune for both of us; I think he had, perhaps, bought a ticket in the Royal Lottery, and had hopes more than ordinary of a grand success, for he said: 'Wait for my next letter until after the fifteenth of next month, and I shall perhaps give you great and glorious news, and follow close upon it myself to take you away with me.' Dear, dear papa! I never heard of him again."

"Nor of the lottery ticket?" inquired Victor, abruptly.

"No, monsieur," replied the orphan, coldly, "I never thought of it in my grief for my father's loss."

Lucia glanced impatiently, almost contemptuously at her husband, and she said in her own heart:



GRANDMA'S CAP.

"Sordid! Low! He cannot see beyond the money that has bought me—a lottery ticket, too!"

Then she turned to Mercedes, and taking her slender little brown hand in her own ivory-white and smooth one, said:

"Well, little one, will you come with me, and be my younger sister and companion, until this lazy child has finished her lessons?"

"If you will have me, madame," replied the girl, with incredulous delight; and so it was arranged, the system and industry of the Sisters enabling them to make their charge ready to start upon a journey of indefinite length and duration at an hour's notice, which hour Victor spent in pacing up and down the wintry walks outside the convent door, his head bent abstractedly upon his breast, his brow frowning, his lips tight shut. Only once they stirred, and then it was to mutter:

"The tickets were soaked in—what? And he raved of Juan Baptiste de Acuna, and that was her father's name!"

The carriage drove to the door. Madame de Maison-blanc, her sister, and the slender, sable-clad figure of Mercedes appeared at the top of the steps—three lovely women, and one of them his bride, but Victor looked only at the last.

"God se deal with me as I with this orphan!" whispered he, under his great mustache.

Two months later the three sat in a box of the Grand Opera House in Paris, listening to Gerster in "Lucia."

Madame De Maisonblanc was not looking as well as Mrs. Murray was wont to look. Thinner, in spite of Worth's art in concealing the fact; paler, in spite of almost imperceptible rouge; abstracted and wandering of eye, in spite of every courteous effort to listen to the persons around her, or to fix her attention upon the stage.

Mercedes, developed already from the convent-bred schoolgirl to the young lady of society, sat beside her, all her soul absorbed in the music, and only an impatient nod or word of reply for the handsome young vicomte who leaned over her chair and whispered adulation in her ear.

Suddenly she felt her arm grasped by slender, nervous fingers that left their print on the tender flesh for hours after. Turning eyes of mute inquiry upon her mistress, she saw her dilated and startled gaze fixed upon an opposite box, and heard a sharp, hissing gasp rush in and out of her parted lips.

Following those straining eyes, Mercedes saw a man's face looking through the little window in the door of the box—a face pale, strained, ominous, evil, with close-cut, foxy eyes, a narrow forehead, and thin, cunning features. He was looking intently across the house in her direction, but, as Mercedes instinctively felt, not at her. She turned again toward Lucia, and this time spoke softly.

"Is it some one you know, madame?"

"Who? What are you talking of, child? Look at the stage," replied Lucia, almost sharply, and Mercedes, a little wounded, but always sweet and simple, quietly obeyed.

Victor saw and heard nothing of the little scene, and presently went to call the carriage. As the party passed down the grand staircase, it was mixed with another in some confusion, and Mercedes suddenly felt a note slipped into her hand, while a voice whispered:

"Will you give that to Madame de Maisonblanc, and oblige me very much indeed?"

An agitated, smiling face was close to her own, the same face that had stared so steadfastly through the little window, and Mercedes felt a strange thrill of magnetic power curdle through her veins as those burning eyes closely met her own.

The next instant all was passed, and only the rapid chatter of the young vicomte fell upon her ear. Crushing the note into her glove, she closed her hand upon it with a novel sense of importance and authority. Would she give it, or not? Was it right? Was it honorable? Was it good?

In the carriage a cold, nervous little hand was slipped into hers, a little chilled bird seeking warmth and shelter; a sudden impulse stirred the girl's heart, and pulling the crumpled note from her glove, she slipped it into those tremulous, frozen fingers, which closed upon it with avidity, recognizing the whole story without a word.

An hour later, as Lucia kissed her pretty companion for good-night, she whispered, "Thanks—silence!" into her ear, and Mercedes, whispering back, "Yes," felt as if a subtle, intangible, yet irresistible, chain were being wound about her, with no power of her own to evade it.

The next day, at the Louvre, a gentleman, encountering Madame de Maisonblanc and her companion, bowed in a slightly ceremonious manner, and joined the group.

Madame presented him to Mercedes as Mr. Williams, from London. The girl bowed, and fixed her dark eyes upon him so keenly that he winced and changed color. She was wondering if that were really his name and country—wondering, too, if she had done well to deliver the note that no doubt had led to this rencontre—wondering if, in her wish to serve Lucia, whom she dearly loved, she had not played traitor to Victor, always so kind, so generous, so thoughtful for her, so wonderfully kind and careful, indeed, that she sometimes was astonished, and asked herself why she should be so important in his eyes.

After this they met Mr. Williams very often at the Louvre, at churches, in the Bois, on excursions to St. Denis, Versailles, everywhere; and Mercedes grew silent, pallid, anxious, all that was unlike herself, and, as if there were some malign spell in the air, Lucia, hitherto all that was tender and sisterly, caressing and confidential toward her, became sharp, reserved and overbearing, until the clear, white glow of the girl's cheek became a dull pallor, and bluish tints settled beneath her eyes.

Victor, who had set himself to win his wife's heart by delicate forbearance and cautious tact, seldom insisted upon accompanying her on excursions, and at home saw nothing to alarm him, except Mercedes's face.

Finding her one day alone, he anxiously inquired:

"Aren't you well, my child? You don't look so?"

"Quite well, thank you, monsieur," replied she, raising her heavy eyes with a smile.

"And happy? Tell me as frankly as if I were your own brother, Mercedes, for I wish to supply to you the place of—of all you have lost. Tell me, are you in any manner unhappy?"

"No—that is—dear monsieur, it is nothing that I can tell—thank you so much—but——"

And she escaped out of the room. Victor shook his head as he looked after her.

"Some love affair—some mystery," muttered he. "Madame must find out, and set it right. If she marries she shall have the dowry of my own child, or——"

But madame made light of Mercedes's indispositions and reserves. A girl's whims, a little sentiment for Monsieur de Rivière, who had been attentive for a while, and now was *épris* of Mademoiselle de Fontage and her *dot*—it was nothing; the child should have a new costume and go to the grand ball at the Tuileries, and all would be well. And Victor himself—was he going to visit the relatives near Bordeaux of whom he spoke? If so, why not now that there was a little lull in Parisian gayeties on account of Lent coming in? When he returned they might get on to Rome for Holy Week, and so to Naples, which he had never seen.

In fact, she was so amiable and almost affectionate and wifely of speech and manner that Victor, still the slave of her charms, quietly forgot Mercedes and her griefs, and went away to Bordeaux on a rosy cloud of hope and joy, fancying, poor fellow, that his haughty wife had at last forgiven him for marrying her, and forgotten all that went before her marriage.

That evening Mr. Williams, from London, called, and after a while invited the two ladies to go and take an ice at Vèry's—the ice developing into a *petit souper* of the most refined yet convivial nature.

An excursion to Fontainebleau was planned for the next day; the next evening Mr. Williams met them at the Française—in fact, every day and every evening found him in their society, and every day and every evening

deepened the gloom and doubt of Mercedes's heart, and heightened the reckless and defiant gayety that had replaced Lucia's sombre moods.

At last there came an evening when Mercedes, really ill with nervous headache, was forced to retire to her own little room, opening of Lucia's, at a very early hour; and after lying in the dark for a while, found herself so much better that she resolved to return to the *salon*.

As she laid her hand on the *portière* dividing this room from the bedchamber, she heard the false, silky voice of Markham Floyd saying:

"In twenty-four hours we should be beyond the reach of pursuit, and this ex-valet of yours need never hear of you again. Come, darling, come!"

Mercedes pulled aside the curtain, and entering the room, stood before them, silent, stern and beautiful as an avenging angel. Lucia, reclined in a deep chair, was weeping bitterly, her hands before her eyes; Floyd, kneeling at her side, was trying to draw her to his breast. As Mercedes entered he started guiltily to his feet, and glared at her.

Lucia, roused by his action, looked up and sharply inquired:

"What do you want now, Mercedes? I thought you had retired."

"I felt better and came back," replied the girl, quietly and sorrowfully. "I thought you wished me to stay with you, especially while monsieur is away. Was I wrong?"

"You are wrong to turn yourself into a spy. Pray, does monsieur pay handsomely for your services?" replied the mistress, in so contemptuous a tone that the young girl shrank and clung to a chair for support.

"Oh, madame, you are wrong to speak so to an orphan without a friend in the world but yourself," said she. "Monsieur does not know—does not suspect—"

"Know or suspect what? Come, say out your vile and immodest thought freely, and see how it looks?" demanded madame, haughtily; while Floyd, staring superciliously at the intruder, said, with a sneer:

"Mademoiselle seems to confound the offices of companion and *duenna*, and to be wise beyond her years in discovering evil where no evil exists."

"I heard you say that in twenty-four hours you and madame could be beyond pursuit, and I saw you put your arms around her and call her 'darling!'" said Mercedes, with the desperate courage of a timid creature driven to bay.

The two exchanged a glance, somewhat, perhaps, like that of another pair hearing the voice of Truth demanding, "Adam, where art thou?"

The man was first to rally, and he smoothly said:

"Well, Mercedes, since you have surprised my secret, I will, for your own sake as well as for that of the mistress whom you so dreadfully wrong by your suspicion, tell you the whole truth. It is quite true that I am in love with a married woman—one of the middle class, a friend and connection of Victor Pelletier, Monsieur de Maisonblanc as he is now called—and should I elope with her, he will be extremely indignant. Still, I intend to do it, and as madame here is one of my very dearest and most intimate friends, and a valued adviser, I wished to secure her promise not to share in her husband's anger, and not to quite throw me off for my sins. So now you see, little girl, that this is not a matter in which you are in any manner bound to interfere, and of which you had much better have remained ignorant."

"And I hope you feel thoroughly ashamed to have peeped and listened and spied yourself into such a ridiculous and unmaidenly state of mind," added Lucia,

severely. "Go back to your own room, if you please, and see what apology you can frame to Mr. Williams, not to mention myself, for your insults."

"Indeed, madame, dear madame, I would so gladly apologize if I could believe that I had been mistaken. Oh, tell me yourself, madame, that I am! Tell me that Mr. Williams has spoken God's truth in what he has just said. I will believe you, madame."

"You are crazy with presumption and jealousy!" exclaimed Lucia, with freezing indignation. "Do you suppose I will allow my guest to be so insulted as to require his statements proved before his face? Go to your own room immediately. I think you really are insane."

Pale, sorrowful and bewildered, Mercedes obeyed, and in her own room wrote to Victor

"Come home, monsieur; we need you, although I cannot explain how. Come at once, and please say nothing of this letter to madame, and please do not ask me to explain it, for I never shall. But come."
MERCEDES.

A *garçon* passing through the corridor received the letter and took it to the mail-box as soon as it was written; and when, an hour later, Floyd, in departing, said to Lucia: "Watch that girl at every moment; see that she has no opportunity to write or telegraph to Pelletier," it was already too late. The letter was *en route*.

The next day Mr. Williams, of London, did not once appear at the Grand Hotel, and Madame de Maisonblanc spent most of the day in her own room, keeping the door of communication between it and Mercedes closed and locked, thus virtually making a prisoner of the young girl, who wept and waited all day long.

Toward night her mistress unlocked the door to coldly say:

"I am going out to dine with some American friends. You will ring for what you wish and remain in these rooms."

Mercedes silently bent her head, and cast one timid, appealing glance at her mistress, who turned away with a contemptuous gesture and left the room.

"It must be a dinner at a restaurant, since she wears a walking dress," was the half-unconscious comment flashing through Mercedes's mind; and then, "Will Mr. Williams be of the party? Will he come home with her? Will monsieur arrive before they do? What shall I say to him when he does come?"

He was coming at that moment. Reclining in the corner of a seat of a second-class car—for Victor was too near a gentleman from the beginning to become a snob when he became rich, he sat—his hat pulled over his eyes, his brows knitted, pulling at his long mustache, and pondering heavily and in vague terror the meaning of the little note between his fingers. If sometimes the ugly truth loomed up before him, he put it indignantly aside.

"She is too proud, too honorable, too delicate for all that. She would not stoop to cheat me," said he, again and again, yet did not convince himself.

A horrible shriek from the engine, mingling discordantly with another at a little distance; a frantic rushing of brakemen, a jerking of the bell-pull, whistling of steam, a dislocating jar of the whole train, a crash—a collision—a meeting of heaven and earth in one wild chaos, and Victor Pelletier found himself lying upon his back beneath the stars, Mercedes's note still clasped in his fingers, and nothing but a slight disarrangement of his toilet and a shaken, confused feeling in his head, to tell that he had escaped unscathed from a frightful accident—the northern express train having, by misplacement of the switches, encountered the southern, to the almost total

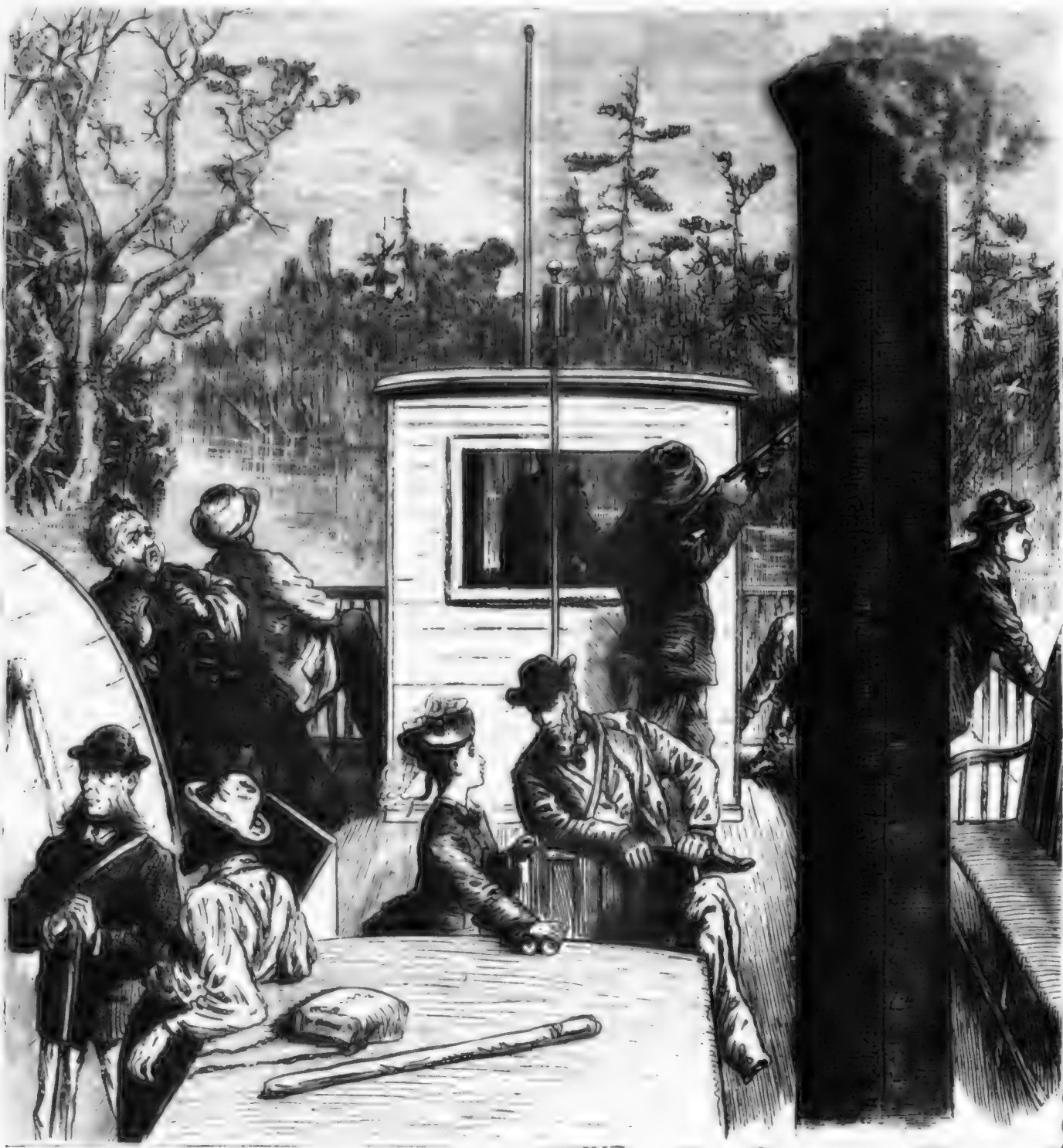
destruction of both and loss of life or serious harm to at least half the passengers.

An active young fellow like Victor was not long to be held motionless by so slight hurt as he had received, and was presently up and about, helping to remove such of the sufferers as could be reached, to a field close beside the track, and peering about the ruins to discover the poor creatures buried among them.

The next instant a sickly pallor overspread his face, and springing forward with a convulsive movement, he dragged the clinging female figure from the dead man's embrace and turned the face toward the light.

It was Lucia, and she was dead!

Money and quick wit will do a great deal in this world; and no important account of the great accident appeared the next day without the feeling mention of the charming



SCENE ON THE RIVER MAGALLOWAY, MAINE.—SEE PAGE 570.

"See here! The poor creatures—and both dead!" exclaimed an official close behind Victor, as he rose from his hands and knees after looking under a broken carriage.

He turned, and saw two figures, a man and woman, fast locked in each other's embrace, her face hidden in his breast. His face, bare and uninjured, lay full in the light of the brakeman's lantern, and as Victor read its lineaments—the staring, close-set brown eyes, the thin-lipped mouth, the retreating chin and mean outline—he started violently, and muttered a bitter curse.

young wife of Monsieur de Maisonblanc, who, hastening to join her husband at Bordeaux, where he had been visiting his relatives, met him, indeed, but only in death; and how the bereaved gentleman had returned to Paris, bringing with him the lifeless body of his adored wife, to bury it at Père la Chaise.

Nobody said anything about Mr. Williams, of England, nor yet of Markham Floyd, of New York.

Mercedes, at her own request, spent the year succeeding Lucia's death at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, near



LEWIS AND THE RATTLESNAKE.—“HE HAD FALLEN ALMOST DIRECTLY UPON A LARGE RATTLESNAKE, WHICH HAD THROWN ITSELF INTO THE DEADLY COIL SO NEAR HIS FACE THAT ITS FANGS WERE WITHIN A FEW INCHES OF HIS NOSE.”

Paris, and tried to think she had a vocation for the religious life, and would always remain there; but, poor child, the days grew very long, the offices very monotonous; her young blood and muscles and nerves were weary of inaction.

At last one day Victor came. She received him with unfeigned joy, and the loveliest blushes.

He looked at her kindly, almost affectionately, and said:

“Mercedes, I am very ill, the doctors say. It is not probable that I shall live a year, certainly not two; for reasons that I cannot now explain, I shall make you my heiress, but, poor child, you are so ignorant of the world and of mankind, that you will be a veritable lamb among wolves if you remain as you are. Now tell me, do you wish to become a nun? In that case, you shall have a splendid dowry, and I shall leave the rest of my property to the Beneficenza in Havana. But if you do not desire the religious life, I can do nothing to secure your safety in this world, unless you will marry me and become my widow. I do not ask you to love me. I do not promise to you more than the affection of an elder brother, but I will be very kind, very careful of you, poor child. It is a forlorn sort of thing to offer to your bright, beautiful youth, but it is all I have. Will you take it?”

“But yes, monsieur,” replied the girl, putting both hands in his, “for I, too, will be kind and careful and faithful, and try to make you happy. It is all I wish. I am content.”

So they were married in the convent chapel, and went

away to Egypt, Victor fancying to die upon the Nile; but the droll part of the whole story is, that he did not die at all, but thrived and grew happy, and got well, and fell in love with Mercedes, who had always been in love with him, and they both are alive, well and happy this very day.

LEWIS AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

The family of John Lewis were the first settlers of Augusta, in the State of Virginia, and consisted of himself, his wife and four sons—Thomas, William, Andrew and Charles. Of these, the first three were born in Ireland, from whence the family came, and the last was a native of Virginia.

Lewis was a man of wealth and station in the old country, and the cause of his emigration to America was an attempt on the part of a man of whom he hired some property to eject him therefrom, which led to an affray in which the noble landlord lost his life.

Fearing, from the high standing of his antagonist, the desperate character of his surviving assailants, and the want of evidence to substantiate his case, that his life would be in danger if he staid, Lewis fled the country, accompanied by a party of his tenantry, and settled in the then western wilds of Virginia.

The father appears to have been a man of remarkable force and energy, and all four of his sons rendered themselves conspicuous for deeds of daring and determined bravery during the early history of Western Virginia, and

that of her infant sisters, Ohio and Kentucky, which would require volumes to relate.

Charles Lewis, the hero of my present sketch, was, even in early youth, distinguished for those qualifications which have rendered the class to which he belonged—the Indian fighters—so remarkable among men.

He was a young man when the Indians commenced their attacks upon the settlements of Western Virginia, but entered the contests with a zeal and courage which outstripped many of his older and more boastful compeers. His astonishing self-possession and presence of mind carried him safely through many a gallant exploit, which has rendered his name as familiar and his fame as dear to the memories of the descendants of the early settlers as household words.

Cool, calm and collected in the face of danger, and quick-witted where others would be apt to be excited and tremulous, he was able to grasp on the instant the propitious moment for action, and render subservient to his own advantage the most trifling incident.

He was so unfortunate, on one occasion, as to be taken prisoner by a party of Indians while on a hunting excursion. Separated from his companions, he was surprised and surrounded before he was aware of his danger, and, when he did become aware of his critical situation, he saw how futile it was to contend, and how reckless and fatal it must be to himself should he kill one of his antagonists.

He knew full well that the blood of his enemy would be washed out in his own, and that, too, at the stake; whereas, if he surrendered peaceably, he stood a chance of being adopted by the Indians as one of themselves. Revolving these things in his mind, he quietly delivered up his rifle to his enemies, and was led away by his captors, who rejoiced exceedingly over their prisoner.

Bareheaded, with his arms bound tightly behind him, without a coat, and barefooted, he was driven forward some two hundred miles toward the Indian towns, his inhuman captors urging him on, when he lagged, with their knives, and tauntingly reminding him of the trials which awaited him at the end of the journey.

Nothing daunted, however, by their threats and their monaces, he marched on in the weary path which led him further and further from his friends, perfectly tractable, so far as his body was concerned, but constantly busy in his mind with schemes of escape. He bided his time, and at length the wished-for moment came.

As the distance from the white settlements increased, the vigilance of the Indians relaxed, and his hopes increased. As the party passed along the edge of a precipice some twenty feet high, at the foot of which ran a mountain torrent, he, by a powerful effort, broke the cords which bound his arms and made the leap.

The Indians, whose aim it was to take him alive, followed him, and then commenced a race for life and liberty, which was rendered the more exciting by the fact that his pursuers were close upon him, and could at any moment have dispatched him; but such was not their desire, and on he sped, now buoyed up by hope as his recent captors were lost to sight, and anon despairing of success as he crossed an open space which showed them almost at his heels.

At length, taking advantage of a thicket through which he passed, and which hid him from their sight for a moment, he darted aside and essayed to leap a fallen tree which lay across his path. The tangled underbrush and reeds which grew thickly around and almost covered the decaying trunk, tripped him as he leaped, and he fell with considerable force on the opposite side.

For an instant he was so stunned by the fall as to lose

his consciousness, but soon recovered it to find that the Indians were actively searching every nook in his immediate vicinity, and that he had fallen almost directly upon a large rattlesnake, which had thrown itself into the deadly coil so near his face that his fangs were within a few inches of his nose.

Is it possible for the most vivid imagination to conceive of a more horrible and terrifying situation? The pursuit of his now highly exasperated and savage enemies, who thirsted for his recapture, that they might wreak upon him a fearful revenge, which of itself was a fearful danger, calculated to thrill the nerves of the stoutest system, had now become a secondary fear, for death in one of its most terrifying and soul-sickening forms was vibrating on the tongue and darting from the eye of the fearful reptile before him; so near, too, that the vibratory motion of his rattle, as it waved to and fro, caused it to strike his ear.

The slightest movement of a muscle, a convulsive shudder—almost the winking of an eyelid—would have been the signal for his death; yet, in the midst of this terrible danger his presence of mind did not leave him, but, like a faithful friend, did him good service in his hour of trial.

Knowing the awful nature of his impending fate, and conscious that the slightest quivering of a nerve would precipitate it, he scarcely breathed; and the blood flowed feebly through his veins, as he lay looking death in the eye.

Surrounded thus by the most appalling danger, he was conscious that three of the Indians had passed over the log behind which he lay without observing him, and disappeared in the dark recesses of the forest.

Several minutes—which to him were as many hours—passed in this truly terrifying situation, until the snake, apparently satisfied that he was dead, loosed his deadly coil, and passing *directly over his body*, was lost to sight in the luxuriant growth of weeds which grew up around the fallen tree.

Oh! what a thrill—what a revulsion of feeling shook his frame as he was relieved from his awful situation! Tears—tears of joyous gratitude—coursed down his cheeks as he poured out his heart to God in thankfulness for his escape.

"I had eaten nothing," said he to his companions, after his return, "for many days; I had no firearms, and I ran the risk of dying with hunger before I could reach the settlements; but rather would I have died than have made a meal of that generous beast."

He was still in imminent danger from the Indians, who knew that he had hidden in some secluded spot, and were searching with the utmost zeal every nook and corner to find him. He was fortunate enough, however, to escape them, and after a weary march through the wilderness, during which he suffered intensely from hunger, he reached the settlements.

SCENE ON THE RIVER MAGALLOWAY, MAINE.

ALTHOUGH the River Magalloway is not much known to the world, it is known to the sportsmen. It runs through what is known as the Wilderness of Maine, a large tract of forest land, lying far beyond the settlements, which is inhabited only by game and the sturdy lumberman. But here in the pleasant days come the health-seeking tourist and the eager fisher for trout. The scenery is marvelously wild and beautiful—at some places tender and poetic, at others rugged and grand. "It is the forest primeval," still retaining all its sublime characteristics. The picture we give shows the little steamer that runs

from Erroid Dam to the upper settlement. On its deck are gathered a motley group of rough countrymen, swells, sportsmen, and a few adventurous ladies. The steamer itself is rather a primitive affair, with its smoke-stack arranged in a lopsided manner on one side. The ducks that haunt this river have been so little molested that they can be shot from the deck.

ON THE SHORE.

My love and I went wandering, hand-in-hand,
Upon the gray seashore one Winter day;
The small white waves crept slowly toward the land,
Then turned again like children in their play,
But to return once more, methought they'd greet
My love, and lay their homage at her feet.

"Ah! they would kiss thy feet, my dear," I cried.
"E'en nature yearns to pay thee homage due,
The ocean sprites would woo thee from my side,
And deem thee like their kindred aye untrue.
They shall not touch thee!" Then I took her hand,
And drew her nearer to the wide, safe land.

Swift then the envious sea came nearer by,
And washed her footsteps from the darkling shore;
It would not even let them silent lie,
Lost other touch than his should sweep them o'er.
"So, dearest," said I, "would thy love should be
But mine alone, as mine is but for thee!"

THROUGH FLOOD—THROUGH FIRE.



ASSURE you, my dear boy, I am extremely sorry to appear unkind in this matter; but, believe me, I am acting for the best."

"But surely I may see Rosie, as usual?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Temple.

"It would be very injudicious. You are both too young and too romantic at present. Besides, your means are utterly inadequate to maintain a wife."

"May I not bid Rosie good-by, then?" I persisted.

"Rosie is not at home," replied her father, gently, almost sympathetically, as he shook me by the hand. "She went to stay with some friends yesterday. Good-night; and hope for better days."

"Good-night," I replied. "I suppose you don't mean to be unkind, Mr. Temple; but you have made me very miserable."

"My dear young friend," he replied, putting his hand kindly on my shoulder, "were you in a position to maintain a wife, I would sanction your engagement in time; but now such a course, though painful for us all, is the only one Mrs. Temple and I can in justice adopt. We shall be pleased to see you again after our return from the Continent. Good-night."

I made no reply—indeed, I could not have spoken just then. My throat was choked with tears, and big drops welled slowly from my eyes as I walked away across the open space facing the house. This was to be the termination of our engagement, then!

Rosie Temple and I had flattered ourselves that a series of dances, picnics and charade-parties, with a very good knowledge of lawn-tennis and croquet, constituted house-keeping. We had £300 a year between us, and dear Rose always spent £40 at least on her dress annually. She had

lately been very economical in the matter of gloves, and had made herself a bonnet which was in every sense becoming; still we were not much nearer to matrimony: and now——!

So I pursued my way across the common, and I do not mind confessing that I shed tears as I walked in the dark evening beneath the trees, and into the gloomy and desolate highroad, caring for nothing and for nobody except Rosie, my pretty, *piquante* Rosie; wondering whither she had gone—or had she *really* gone. Was it not a pardonable subterfuge on the part of Mr. Temple to induce me to leave the neighborhood?

At that time I had, unfortunately, no occupation. I had been a clerk in a banking-house, but the "bad times" had necessitated a reduction in the "staff," and I was one of those sent away at a month's notice and a month's salary. True, I had a small income derivable from a legacy, but this was scarcely enough to keep me in bread-and-cheese and clothing.

It will therefore be seen that Mr. Temple was quite right. Matrimony was a luxury I could not afford. I acknowledged it even then as I went home desponding.

When I reached my lodgings I found two letters awaiting me. One was from my brother, who was commanding a detachment of his regiment in Ireland; the other was from my late father's solicitor. I opened the "official" note first.

It contained only a few lines, requesting me to call on him in London in a day or two, as perhaps I might be able to do some work for the good-natured lawyer.

The other letter was most cheerful, and bore a warm invitation to share my brother's country quarters for a fortnight, "or longer if I liked," next month.

Before I went to bed I replied to both my kind correspondents, accepting both invitations.

Next day I went up to London, and in the afternoon I called upon the solicitor, nervously.

His business was simple. Did I know French? I did. Was I acquainted with bookkeeping? I was.

"Well, then," said he, "will you go to Geneva, and transact this business, particulars of which I will give you to-morrow? You shall be paid as my clerk, and have your expenses and something besides."

"Agreed," I said, gladly; "I will go. When am I to set out?"

"As soon as you can get ready. If you do this well I think I can help you to something better."

I wrung his hand and left him, took the first train home, packed up, and next morning at eleven o'clock was at the office in London again. I wrote to my brother telling him the facts, mastered my instructions, and next morning I was in Paris.

I found the business at Geneva much more complicated than I expected. It was a liquidation case. Day after day passed; the days ran into weeks; and at last, after six weeks' hard work and a run to Chamouni, I was on my way home again.

"Well done!" was the verdict passed upon my efforts, and was very welcome, accompanied as it was with a check for fifty guineas.

"Call on me when I return to town," said my friend, "in about five weeks' time, and I will tell you something I think you will be glad to hear."

My thoughts immediately flew to Rosie. Not that I had by any means forgotten her, but now I was idle again I felt even more dejected than ever. Liquidation cases are not romantic! I was now at liberty to join my brother. I telegraphed at once, and at eleven o'clock that evening I was knocked up to take in the reply.

It was short and to the point. It ran thus—"Come along, old fellow; stay as long as you like."

I went. I lived with the detachment; and what fun we had! Fishing in a fine river close by; cricket; a little shooting, for September was upon us now; rowing up and down the stream, and dining with the hospitable Irish residents, made up the total of our days after parade or inspection.

One guest-night—for we had our little social parties occasionally—we were sitting at the open windows, when the sub. of the party exclaimed:

I hurried out for a coat to cover my dress-clothes. Of course, being in a hurry, I was delayed. In the dark I groped unsuccessfully, and at length when I crossed from my room I found that the others had driven off in the cars our guests had come over in.

The sentry at the gate civilly "shouldered" his rifle as I passed, and in reply to my question told me that the captain and the whole party had gone, leaving word for me to follow, if I liked.

Yes; but how? "They've taken all the cars, sentry."

"Yes, sir; but there's the gig, sir."



THROUGH FLOOD—THROUGH FIRE.—"LEAP!" I SHOUTED. "LEAP!"

"What a glare there is yonder! It's a fire, I believe."

"Bedad, you're right!" said one of our guests. "It's down by Sir John's; he has a house full. I hope it's not the house itself."

"Shall I turn out the picket?" asked my brother. "Why, look, it's increasing; they may want assistance."

As he spoke the flames mounted up and the lurid smoke rose high into the glare above.

"Sound the fire-call and turn out the pickets, Hamblin," said my brother. "Take the men down at the double. We'll drive over. Come along. Look sharp!"

"Whose gig?"

"The boat, sir. You can scull down almost as quick as they'll drive, yer honor."

"Good!" I would pull down. It was not far; the moon was still bright. I knew the river pretty well.

No sooner thought than done. A soldier from the guard-room came across and helped me to launch the gig.

"That's a big fire, sir; they do say it's at the Hall below. Poor creatures! I hope they'll all escape. All right, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative. He let go the painter, and

with two vigorous strokes of the light scull I was in the stream. Fortunately, I knew almost every turn and bend of the fine river, or I should have more than once had a very narrow escape, if I had not been quickly upset. It is all very well to row in daylight, but in the gloom, when the banks and the water along are equally shrouded, so that where one begins and the other ends is an extremely difficult problem to solve, and snags and submerged shoals are quite invisible, and pulling down a rapid stream is no joke. But I did not mind it then. Urged by a reckless daring, I sculled rapidly on alone.

Alone, all but for the company of two good planks. Whence came they, and whither they were bound, I did not think; but I noticed they kept close to me—now swirling away, now in the dim light meeting, then dividing, turning round, separating themselves, and soon inclosing my sculls, so as to impede my way and endanger my safety. They hugged me so closely at last that I lay on my oars, and clutching the intrusive boards, pulled them into the boat, where, under the thwarts, they exchanged dripping confidences as to what they would do next. What they did shall be told in due course.

"Such great effects from trivial causes spring."

The blazing house was now almost visible. The reflection was caught by the water just beyond me. On I scudded, round the bend of the bank, the stream hurrying me down, and now I have opened up the town reach, and the burning and half-demolished building is crackling and roaring half a mile off. The smoke, dotted with a million sparks, flies up to heaven, while screams and cries and the roar of falling timbers ascend with them to the lurid sky. Those tiny jets of water only serve to aggravate the thirst in that fiery throat, and not to quench it; no man can live near such a fire as that; the heat, even in my gig, was soon felt distinctly, and the two planks beneath my feet winked to each other in the glare, and glistened side by side at the thought of what was coming.

A yell, a roar! Four people had got upon the crumbling parapet, some feet above the stable-roofs, and were crying and shrieking for assistance. Twenty men at once rushed in to offer ropes and help. What could they do? The unhappy inmates, clad in evening-dress, looked weird



AN AFFRONT AVENGED.—THEY MADE THE ABBE SING HALF THE SONGS HE KNEW.—SEE PAGE 575.



AN AFFRONT AVENGED.—THE ABBE, WITH A LOADED PISTOL, COMPELLING THE COUNT TO DANCE.

and unearthly in the fiery glare. One was a lady, three were men. Taking off their coats, they knotted them by the sleeves, and let down the lady to the lower roof in safety. Such a cheer arose for this. Well done, brave men, well done! British chivalry is not yet dead when Englishmen and Irishmen can act like this. I watched and waited; pulling in, the heat was great. I pulled away to the opposite wing, abutting on the river, now almost wholly clad in flame and smoke, but still itself unburning.

What is that? Can it be a man or woman kneeling there, and unobserved amid the shrouding smoke by all the rest, who are gazing at the gallant men around the stables? The soldiers had arrived and were doing good service; but no one else perceived the solitary form wrapped in an ulster coat, and trembling on the wall above the river.

Not a moment was to be lost. I pulled in hastily.

"Leap," I shouted, "leap!" As I spoke I rose up in the boat. The planks winked once more and rattled. "Jump!" I yelled, in my excitement.

One look to heaven—a glance down to the swiftly running river, and the person I addressed leaped feet first. Unthinkingly, I moved suddenly; the light gig rocked. In vain I attempted to recover my balance; the boat tipped over, and I fell headlong into the water, now covered with *débris*.

The two planks started after me together from beneath the thwarts.

I sank; and as I did so I thought of Rosie, and made up my mind to die, if I must, but I struggled manfully for life the while.

* * * * *

When one is unwillingly under water the brain seems to become busier than at all other times. I know not why, but in that half minute or so I was underneath I saw many acts of my life. Circumstances looked, from my mental point of view, very different from what they had to my bodily eyes. I had plenty of time to repent of my rashness, to utter a prayer and to forgive my enemies; and then I struggled, knocked my head, half sank again, put out my right arm and grasped something. It was a plank.

Seeing a body rising up close by, I raised the head. The person I had tried to save was sensible, evidently.

I was delighted to find that he, too, was floating on a plank, the twin supporter of my arm; and how these good friends tossed about, and drove up against each other in sheer delight, as we all floated away fast down-stream together, baffles description.

I impelled my plank toward the other, and, no doubt aided by that wondrous law of attraction and sympathy which exists even in wood, I succeeded in getting close to my companion. Leaning my arms upon the trusty planks, I managed to support the form near me; but all this time we neither of us spoke a word, nor could we discern each other's features. The fast subsiding fire was far behind us now.

The steady planks kept floating with us toward the bank, but I was not very anxious to go ashore just then, as the river-sides were steep, and certain curling eddies did not look attractive.

The moon had been obscured by heavy clouds; but we could discern the stones which here and there rose up from out the water, from a shoal in mid-stream. We should soon be in safety. The planks apparently thought otherwise. They bobbed about and grew very impatient to reach the shore.

There's distant thunder! A storm is coming up. No, it must be a train passing the bridge above. No; the noise increases! the sound is borne continuously on the wind. The planks got very restless now. The banks even came closer to us, but the stream ran all the faster. The noise was getting louder every minute.

I knew what it was at last. I knew too well. It was the Mill Weir!

If the sluice were open to the huge overshot wheel our doom was sealed. Nothing much short of a miracle could save us. Striking out for the bank, I called to my companion to do the same, but encumbered with the ulster coat, his progress was not great.

We would find footing on the lasher, probably; the eddy would assist us.

We floated round the turn in the stream. The wheel was revolving. I could plainly hear the splash, splash of its monotonous clank and dash; the water dripped and ran away from the grinding woodwork, and gladly escaped beneath to save being crushed to air on the top of those mighty paddles.

We had two channels to chose from—one over the weir, the other beneath the wheel. The suction to the latter was tremendous. I swam strongly for the former. I reached the slippery piles and caught them. A bright light was burning in a small window in the mill, twenty yards or so away. We were in an eddy for a moment. I called out loudly. A head was put out. I yelled again. The plank whereon I lay slipped from beneath me, rose up again, and carried me headlong down the foaming lasher like an arrow from a bow, while my companion was wrenched away and darted for the wheel. A loud cry escaped me as we parted. All was over now. Death at last.

"Oh, Rosie; my darling Rosie; till we meet in heaven—farewell!" I had time to think so much—no more.

* * * * *

"He's all right; don't you lubbers keep around like that; sheer off, can't ye? Let a chap have a mouthful of air! Hurrah, yer sows! he's breathin'!"

He was. It was I. But how weak, how very ill, mentally and bodily, I felt when first I woke again to life and asked for "Rosie!"

"Shure he's wanderin' in his mind, so he is. Dinny, run up and tell the captain the gentleman's alive. Hurry, now!"

I remember nothing more until I found myself in barracks, in my brother's quarters. Then I suppose I fell asleep. But when I again awoke to consciousness, they told me, in muffled tones, that I had only just pulled through brain-fever, and had been in bed nearly five weeks.

Five weeks! I was due in London! I told the doctor so, or somebody spoke for me—at least, the voice was not like my own.

"Indeed, then, it's out o' this ye don't stir, me lad, lawyers or no lawyers. Quiet now, or I'll give ye a composer, and send ye to sleep for another month!"

I submitted, and got better. In a fortnight I was down again in the ante-room, where I was welcomed as a "hero of romance." The good-natured quizzing and congratulations on my recovery were incessant. At last, noticing my puzzled look, my brother said:

"Perhaps he hasn't heard the real facts—have you, H—?"

"I have not the very slightest idea what you are all talking about," I replied. "If it's a joke, I don't see it."

"Now, look—here she is again! Lucky fellow!"

"Not a day but what she rides over to inquire."

"Her father's here, too."

"Tell them to come in, Hamblyn, and see the preserver of the 'sole daughter of his house and heart.'"

I heard, but scarcely heeded, all this "chaff."

The door opened—a lady in well-fitting habit appeared. Mechanically I rose as she came in. I looked at her for one brief second, the next I had clasped her in my arms.

"Rosie, my darling Rosie, can it be you, indeed?"

No doubt about it. She had come to thank me. For what? For saving her life that night when Sir John Carney's house was burned.

It was Rosie I had rescued, then. No wonder my heart had beat so fast while we floated down the stream.

Rosie was my own at last. She is mine still, thank Heaven!

Very little explanation is necessary. Mrs. Temp's and her daughter had been paying a round of visits, and while staying at Sir John Carney's house the fire had broken out.

Rosie had been my companion during that twenty minutes in the water. Wrapped up as she was, and silent as we both were, we did not recognize each other in the dark. The miller had stopped the wheel and pulled Rosie out of the eddy just in time.

For a day or two Rosie had been quite unable to give an account of her rescue from the fire; and when her father arrived, in obedience to a telegram, he learned at the barracks—where he had called with Sir John to thank the commanding-officer for his timely assistance—that his daughter's preserver was myself.

The reader will almost guess the sequel. Soon after my return to London I was appointed secretary of a nice little company, with a nice little salary, and work to match, all through the influence of the good solicitor. This employment left me leisure for other work which I was lucky enough to obtain, and my success emboldened me to ask for Rosie once more.

This time I was not refused. We were married the year following; and now when we wander "over hill, over dale," we often recall how we struggled together for life that memorable night, through flood—through fire."

SELF-RESPECT is the key to, and generator of, a more elevated tone of sentiment; and where this is not quite lost, efforts will still be made to preserve it.

BRAVERY.

'Tis a grand word, and one to which all pay homage. A quality wherewithal we naturally invest those ideal personages whom youth's romance elevates to a hero's pedestal. What a variety ours included—warriors of every realm, from the yellow-haired Viking, battle-ax in hand, to the dark-browed Norman Crusader in coat of mail! How the pulse throbs and the eye glistens when reading for the first time of the Pass of Thermopylæ and its heroic band! Or the reacting of that story in later days, told in the page

"That genius has made golden with its glow!"

Then we come to individual acts of heroism; and humanity seems a higher and a worthier thing, and the world a prouder place, when hearing of these noble men, each at his post of duty, intrepidly encountering almost certain death. The engineer who, holding on with iron grip, perils his own life to save those within his charge; the captain, who remains with the sinking ship to the very last; the fireman, who boldly rushes into the burning dwelling. And these hear no trumpet-call, nor beat of drum, nor battle-cry, to urge them onward. And with perhaps a greater bravery, for 'tis more perilous, does the grimed and coarsely clad miner (ah, what a contrast to our plumed and martial heroes of old!) go down into the darksome pit, to the rescue of his fellow-men. But is there no other courage than that which dares to die? Ay, assuredly there is a yet greater one—to bravely live! 'Tis easy, when Fortune showers upon us her golden favors, and the world smiles approvingly—'tis very easy to steer our little bark over Life's smooth waters; but let the fickle goddess forsake us, that gold change to the withered leaves of Eastern fable, and too often the faltering spirit asks:

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The proud man's contumely?"

And the coward hand is raised to take away that life his God has given! All honor to the brave heart, serene in the light of day; and in the darkness, with upward gaze, hopefully and truthfully remembering

"We never see the stars,
Till we see naught but them."

THE PART SOME VEGETABLES PLAY.

ASPARAGUS is a strong diuretic—that is, it acts on the kidneys, and forms part, remarks a contemporary, of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health-resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that *soupe aux herbes* which a French lady will order for herself after a tiring journey. Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion—the outer, a red layer, is tender enough. In Savoy the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth and eaten with a little good pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflowers have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank one for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an

article. Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people. But here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnip badly, and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. Half boil the turnip, and cut it in slices like half-dollars. Butter a pie-dish, put in the slices, mix it with a little milk and weak broth, dust once with bread-crumbs and pepper and salt, and bake in the oven till it gains a bright golden brown. This dish, which is the Piedmontese fashion of eating turnips, ought to be popular.

AN AFFRONT AVENGED.

SOME young persons were walking, some time since, in the Wood of Boulogne, when they saw an abbé singing at the foot of a tree. They drew near and surrounded him; the abbé at once stopped short. The most forward then spoke, and said that, attracted by the charms of his voice, they had come there to listen.

The singer excused himself—they insisted. He refused again; the speaker then lifted his cane, and threatened to lay it across his shoulders if he required any further entreaty.

The poor abbé, seeing there was no reasoning with these gentlemen, set about his part, and sang, as one may imagine, very ill.

"Do it again, sir," said the spokesman of the company. "You will sing better the second time."

In short, they made him rehearse half of the songs he knew, after which they left him, with many compliments on his voice, and, above all, on his style of singing.

The abbé, who naturally had taken the affair much to heart, lost no time. While the gentlemen continued their walk, laughing at his expense, he hastened to the gate of Boulogne, and, by the description he gave of them, found out their coachman. From him he learned that he who had threatened to cane him if he did not sing was the Count of —, a Black Musketeer, and he got particular information as to his residence.

The next morning, very early, the abbé hastened to his house, and, being admitted, told the count that he was come to demand satisfaction for the affront given the evening before.

"Do you understand the sword?" asked the count.

"That is no business of yours," answered the abbé; "you will see that by-and-by."

"Be it so," said the count. "But where shall we fix the field of battle?"

"On the very spot where the affront was given," rejoined the abbé.

"With all my heart," said the count, and getting ready instantly, he ordered his horses to be put to the carriage.

Our two repaired to the scene of the previous evening's proceedings. While the musketeer was taking off his coat, the abbé took a pistol out of his pocket and clapped it to his breast.

"We are not come here to fight, sir," said he. "You made me sing yesterday against my will. I take you to be a good dancer, and you shall dance, or I will blow out your brains."

In vain the soldier, startled at the pistol, would have pleaded the laws of honor.

"You were a stranger to them yesterday," said the abbé, "and deserve no other usage. No more talk, or I will avenge myself immediately, let what will come of it."

The musketeer was obliged to comply. Accordingly, he asked, submissively, what he must dance.

"Cupri's minuet is what I am going to sing," said the abbé, who thereupon warbled out the tune, directing his pupil all the while by the pistol.

When the minuet was over the abbé required a horn-pipe, rigadoon, etc. At last, throwing aside his pistol and drawing his sword, he said, quietly :

A CAT HATCHING CHICKENS.

I wish to tell you a little anecdote about the doings of a bantam hen and cat that I had in the Summer of 1876. I put seven eggs under the hen for her to sit upon, and this she did with the help of the cat. When the hen came off to eat and drink in the daytime, the cat would go on the eggs and keep them warm until the hen came in ; then



A CAT HATCHING CHICKENS.

"We have now nothing to reproach each other with. Let us fight."

"No," cried the count, "we will not. "You are too brave a conqueror. You have corrected my folly. I have to thank you for the lesson. Let us be friends for the future."

The two then embraced each other ; and so commenced what proved, let us hope, a lasting friendship.

the cat would leave for the hen to go on the nest, while she would sit upon the next box and watch for the rats and mice that came to disturb the hen. When the chicks were hatched puss would sit and watch them, so that no harm came to them when they strayed from the hen ; and I think, if it had not been for the cat, they would have been taken by the rats. I am happy to say that all the chicks escaped harm.



A WHITED SEPULCHRE.—"SHE CAME TO HIS SIDE EAGERLY. 'THE BURIAL IS OVER. THEY TOLD ME OF IT. OH, WHEN ARE WE TO START FOR ENGLAND?'"

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER V.

PHILIP MARKHAM took his way from the *pension* down to the town the next morning at an early hour. He had carefully but vainly searched the few papers to be found among the dead Englishman's effects for any address in England which might give him a clue to the young lady's relatives. But finding in the well-worn pocket-book a card on which was written, "Address all letters to Caleb J. Howe, Darmocke, Wales," he had ventured to telegraph the night before to that address. He cherished a strong hope that this morning's visit would find a telegram from the aunt counseling the young girl's course, or assuring her of a friend waiting for her upon her arrival in London. But he was doomed to disappointment. No message whatever had been returned.

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He went on to the hotel, a little chagrined and downcast for this failure. Mr. Anderson met him at the door.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, cheerily. "This is a bad business, is it not? I don't think the poor child has slept any, judging from my wife's account. She and Kitty are both rather knocked up by the night's experience. Why, sir, this lovely girl is as unsophisticated as a baby. She knows nothing of society—nothing at all. Yet it seems she has been a regular Bohemian, wandering over the Continent here and there for years, all alone with her father. He seems to have taught her plenty of book-knowledge, but to have given her no opportunity for anything else. I really believe she has never had an intimate friend of her own sex."

"But she seems very fond of this aunt," suggested Philip.

"Bless your soul, man, she has never seen her! She does not know where she lives, even, nor in what part of England her father was born. It is a most extraordinary case. Something wrong somewhere, depend upon it, with the father; because she tells how he loved England, and yet was never able to return to it. Poor little thing! It is a sad case."

"I should think so, indeed," said Philip, ruefully. "You say she never saw the aunt."

"So she says; but has kept a close correspondence with her all the time since she was able to write, and it has been the longing of their two lives, she says, to meet each other in England."

"Oh, well, if she has letters, that is enough. I will telegraph the aunt, and let her know exactly when we start," exclaimed Philip, reassured from an unexpected dilemma.

"Well, come in and see her for yourself. Kitty says 'she is too sweet for anything,' if you can understand the meaning of that feminine gibberish. But I do wish she would rouse into a little plainer realization of her situation."

Philip followed the speaker into the hotel reception-room. Mrs. Anderson was there, but neither of the younger ladies was visible. The former came to meet Philip with a cordial smile and an extended hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Markham. I am afraid you will be disappointed. I don't think the poor child has slept at all, and Kitty doesn't even feel sure that she has made any advance into her confidence. She is sitting there at the window which gives the castle view and the glimpse of the pension. And, oh, such dreary, desolate eyes as they are! It makes my heart ache. It is very difficult to make her talk."

"That is not strange," said Philip, compassionately. "She is so completely bewildered by this dreadful shock."

"Yes, and then she has been—peculiarly educated. Do you know, I don't think she has learned how to be at ease in the society of other ladies! She is painfully at a loss with Kitty, though my daughter's whole heart has gone out to her."

"I must ascertain her aunt's address. I meant to have surprised her with a telegram this morning. But my address was probably of no use, for there has been no response."

"It is very fortunate for you that Miss Van Benthuyzen is going with you. I wish she could be a little more genial in her manners. Still it is certainly very kind in her to go, for I know she intended a long tour abroad. But I will bring the girls down to you."

And she left the room, to return very quickly, followed by their sorrowful guest and Kitty, her cheery face sobered into an unusual gravity.

The sudden glow of interest which broke over the young, weary countenance as the blue eyes fell upon Philip was painfully apparent to them all. She came to his side eagerly.

"The burial is over. They have told me of it. Oh, when are we to start for England?"

"To-morrow morning, I hope. That is, if you are able. I am sorry to hear that you have not slept. It would very much retard the journey if you were ill."

"But I shall not be. And when I find my aunt I shall be comforted and shall rest, and shall know—" She paused, and the pale lips quivered as she looked up appealingly into Philip's face, and added: "I am so strange now. I seem to be two or three persons, but all strange to me. I don't find myself any more than I find my

father, and I cannot talk. I can scarcely think, because the horrible strangeness swallows everything else."

Mr. Anderson coughed, to hide a choking of the throat. His wife and daughter furtively wiped away a tear. And Philip knew that his own eyes had dimmed with a sudden dew, so pathetic were the words and the wistful tone.

"We will find your aunt as speedily as we can. I think it would be wise to send a telegram announcing your coming. Will you give me her address?" he said, gently.

She seemed to catch the meaning of all he said to her, without that painful effort to acquire it which marked her reception of other people's conversation.

"Aunt Anne's address! Why—why—" And then suddenly she wrung her hands wildly, and faltered in a hoarse whisper: "Why, I do not know it. I wrote my letters and papa always inclosed them in his."

"Never mind," Philip hastened to say, soothingly. "We can find it out, of course, when we reach London. You said she lived in London?"

"No, not in London, but in the country outside somewhere. I do not know the name, but, oh! I know it so well by her descriptions that I shall recognize everything. I am sure that I shall. And though she has never seen me, she loves me—she loves me dearly."

"I should like to have her meet you in London. If we could telegraph to her we might insure it. And you never saw your father's letters after they were directed?"

The violet eyes deepened till the purple depths seemed almost black; another quiver caught the sensitive lips.

"Once, a long time ago," she said, slowly, in an almost inarticulate voice, "I was conquered by curiosity, and I waited till he had gone out. I went to his desk and looked at the letter, and he found it out, and he talked to me for the first time about his trouble. He said when I was old enough to comprehend, and it was prudent for him to impart the knowledge, he would tell me everything. And until that time I was never to ask or seek to know. Oh, father, father!"

"If you could recollect that name it might answer," said Philip.

The others tacitly admitted that he was most successful in dealing with the girl, and they stood aside listening, but not interfering in the conversation.

"I know it was to be sent to Darmoche, Wales, for I looked up the name on the map, and had hard work to find it. I think all letters were sent there," she said, presently.

"Ah, perhaps I have already found it. Caleb J. Howe, Darmoche, Wales," said Philip.

"Yes, that is the name, I am sure."

"I will go back to the telegraph-office again, then. An answer may yet come," he said, with renewed hope. "But you think we had best start for England, whether we hear or not?"

"Oh, yes, yes! It is all there is left for me, to reach England and my Aunt Anne," was answered, eagerly.

"By-the-way, she was your father's sister. But is she unmarried? Would her name still be Miss Anne Younge?"

"Yes, oh, yes, she is unmarried, and was my father's only sister."

Here Mrs. Van Benthuyzen's tall figure appeared, unannounced, within the doorway. She looked even more strange and weird than at first to Philip's eyes, but he bowed with due deference. Words could not explain to her how thankful he should be for her company back to England, however little she might assist his melancholy task.

"I presume the arrangements are unchanged, Mr.

Markham. We shall start for England in the morning?"

"If your convenience will permit, madam," replied Philip.

"And this child hears nothing—from England? I understood that you had telegraphed?"

"As yet there is no response. But I still hope to hear during the day."

She gave a short nod, as sole response, and turned to Kitty Anderson, who was evidently as much of a favorite as it was possible for any one to be with so unsympathetic a nature.

"Will you believe it, Kitty, that shopman undertook to cheat me—a matter of fifty marks—on those ivories I selected the other day? But he found his match. I showed him my memoranda, and told him he must abide by it, or not a penny of my whole order would be his. He blustered and whined, and sputtered an indefinite amount of gibberish, but he yielded at last. I didn't leave the shop till I saw everything securely packed and in the carrier's hands."

"The ivories were exquisite," said Kitty, laughing, "but I suspect that mamma was thoroughly swindled, so I am glad if you have redressed her wrongs."

"I am not very often imposed upon in that fashion," asserted Miss Van Benthuyzen, triumphantly, "though I am a little chagrined by my defeat at the jeweler's. The wretch saw that I was perfectly in love with that set of Berlin jewelry. I never saw such bracelets; if a spider had woven them they could not have been more ethereal-looking. Why, lace itself was coarse beside them! I haggled over them for two hours, if a minute, and he never abated one mark."

"It seems strange that so rude a material as that iron can be wrought so daintily," observed Mrs. Anderson. "I must say, though, that I prefer Genoese filigree."

"The Berlin suits me," said Miss Van Benthuyzen. "I confess I would like to set a diamond in those bracelets. Then for my wearing they would be perfect."

"Iron setting for diamonds!" ejaculated Kitty. "You are determined to be *bizarre*, Miss Van Benthuyzen."

"Nature projected that determination, I suspect," said the lady, with a steady flash of her eyes. "Old people are apt to like odd surroundings. At least, I do. I shall be very proud of my beautiful Berlin set, when I wear it at home."

"Then you were conquered *once*. You took it at his price," laughed Kitty.

"Yes; the little wretch was too keen-eyed. He knew I meant to have it. If I could have remained a week I would have managed it on my own terms. The only satisfaction I have is that two of the gold pieces I gave him were pierced and short of weight. If only the next person to whom he offers them demands a reduction, I shall be comforted."

She joined Kitty's laugh.

Philip glanced toward Miss Younge. She sat with hands dropped listlessly into her lap, and weary eyes gazing dully at the gray sky, which was threatening the usual Heidelberg experience of mist and rain.

It was very evident that she had not heard a word that passed between the others.

"I will go down to the office again. A telegram may have arrived by this time," he said, feeling that in this way only could he do anything to comfort her desolation.

Mr. Anderson rose with alacrity.

"I will go with you and bring back the word."

And as they strolled down around the little garden square before the hotel, out upon the public street, the two

men talked with tender sympathy about this peculiarly desolate child, thrown thus strangely upon their care.

"Miss Van Benthuyzen may be a most valuable friend, provided you do not find the aunt," said Mr. Anderson.

A sudden inspiration flashed upon Philip as the thought came.

"She can help me to find the aunt—of course she can. Miss Van Benthuyzen must know her name and her address. Thank Heaven, that difficulty will be avoided if no telegram appears."

Consequently, on his own account he felt less disappointment to find no message waiting for him.

"I am very sorry for Miss Younge. It would make me very happy to put a loving message from this aunt into her hands to-day. But I can't think it will appear now. I can only hope to find her friends promptly when we reach England," he said, as he parted from Mr. Anderson. "I will see that all the luggage is cared for, and call at the hotel early enough to take leave of your kind wife and daughter. I can only repeat again how grateful I am for your assistance in this sorrowful affair."

"It is little enough we have been able to do; and, indeed, it is not much you have needed, for, as I told my wife this morning, I never saw a clearer-headed young fellow, nor a more discreet one, than you have proved yourself. I shall hope to renew our acquaintance in England, where you must promise to call promptly when we return. I think I gave you the card yesterday."

"You are very kind," returned Philip, the color rising a little upon his ingenuous countenance at this unexpected tribute.

"Mind that you obey me. We shall all wish to know more of you."

And with a warm handclasp, they parted at the corner of the street, and Philip pursued his way up the mountain to take his last dinner with Frau Heller at the *pension*.

While it was still early in the morning, the last adieux to Heidelberg and the Andersons were spoken, and it seemed almost as dreamlike to Philip as to the pale girl who leaned her head back wearily against the cushioned side of the railway carriage, when he found himself seated opposite Miss Van Benthuyzen, whizzing away from the pleasant old town and the placid Nechar. He leaned out from the window, and gazed wistfully as long as he had a glimpse of the Königsstuhl or the castle.

He had been so absorbed in another's experience that he had given little thought to himself. He realized now that it also meant a great deal to him to leave his pleasant student life and go out into the unknown world which awaited him. Perhaps one reason why his sympathies had gone forth so freely to this desolate girl was because he was himself so isolated from ties of home and kindred. An only child, with his parents both dead, and the nearest relatives a family of grown-up cousins, he had felt often enough an alien and a wanderer on the face of the earth. But he possessed a cheery, courageous disposition which made him friends wherever he went; and one unexpected piece of good fortune had given him a happy faith in a continually favoring Providence.

Four years before, when he was counting up his meagre resources, and wondering to what path of life he must turn his steps, he received a brief and business-like letter from the solicitors of Colonel Malcolm Trent. They announced that, on account of a warm interest in his dead mother, that gentleman required her son to be educated as thoroughly as might be, and recommended a faithful devotion to the course at Heidelberg University. Accompanying the letter was a generous check with the intimation that good conduct would be likely to insure the

semi-annual appearance of the same important document. Philip wrote an enthusiastic letter of thanks, directed to Colonel Trente through the solicitors.

He had no reason to doubt of its arrival at its proper destination. But no answer ever came back. It gave the warm-hearted boy a pang; he had so ardently hoped to win the affection as well as the good-will of this unknown benefactor. Every year, on receipt of his generous allowance, he wrote a similar letter, detailing the particulars of his work; what he planned; how much he had accomplished. Twice he had respectfully hinted his desire for a scrap of advice in regard to a certain course. Not a word had ever come in response. And now, since advancing manhood had broadened his ideas and deepened his aspirations, he recognized the wisdom of the course pursued with him, though his heart was still hungry for a word of interest and sympathy in the man instead of the student.

And now, at last, he was summoned to meet Colonel Trente face to face. Philip was as full of romantic curiosity as a girl concerning this meeting and its consequences. But until now these thoughts had been held in abeyance by his deeper interest in Miss Younge's trouble. For a few moments he gave himself up to selfish absorption and the rapid changes of his mobile face, the flushing and darkening of the eyes, that clung fondly to the fading outlines of the grand old ruin, awakened Miss Van Benthuyssen's interest, for that keen eye had not lost a single fitting expression on the goodly young countenance opposite her.

"Well," she said, her jarring laugh breaking the silence rather discordantly, "it is evidently quite as much a pleasure for you to turn your face toward England, Mr. Markham, as for the rest of us. You may keep a strong rein upon it, but I see that you have a vivid imagination. You hope for something brilliant to greet you there."

Philip gave a little start, and came back from his day-dreams. Yes; Heidelberg was behind him, and he was setting out for England. He was the protector of this little traveling party. Here was Miss Van Benthuyssen bolt upright in the corner opposite him, with her sable cloak well wrapped about her. There was the pale orphan, drooping listlessly against the cushions of the seat beside himself, and Mitkens was, doubtless, still snugly ensconced amidst the bundles in the third-class compartment, where he himself had consigned her by her mistress's orders.

He gave himself a little shake to scatter the cobwebs.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Van Benthuyssen; you made a remark, and I scarcely caught its drift."

She repeated it, giving the same meaning, in substance, if she changed the words a little.

Philip smiled good humoredly.

"I suppose I should be the exceptional man if I did not sometimes build castles. But I assure you they are very vague and exceedingly Spanish."

"Raze them down promptly," said the lady, briskly; "none of our beautiful dreams come true."

"None of them," repeated Philip. "I don't like you to say that, Miss Van Benthuyssen."

"There are a great many things that children don't like," returned she, grimly.

"I accept the little slap, but I still take exception to the declaration," he returned with a pleasant smile. "I insist that a great deal comes true."

"Certainly, all our evil forebodings, our grim glimpses of black, overhanging clouds. They all are true—every one, young man." And the cold, steely glitter of the eyes confronting him made him wince. But he shook his head and maintained his position manfully.

"Not more than the others, Miss Benthuyssen. I can go to grand old authorities to prove it. I don't venture to assert my own experience, but theirs."

"I tell you any other view is arrant nonsense—consummate folly. And that man or woman is wise who waves back the deceitful visions of hope. When you have lived to my time you will know."

"Please Heaven, I shall, and know that patient effort wins success; that unselfish love receives back its own rich largesse of answering love; that faith in the good, and true, and pure leads far up the heights above the black clouds and tempests," answered Philip, respectfully, but with sturdy persistence.

Miss Van Benthuyssen glared at him savagely.

"Love, answering love! bah!" she spit forth, contemptuously. "It wins deceit, fraud, treachery—and it receives back, sometimes—its richly merited punishment. Young people are such fools! I have no patience with them. Come now, I can see some of your visions for myself. You are thinking of taking your present knightly prowess"—and she nodded her head significantly toward the still figure beyond him—"to a worthy field. You picture eager arms stretched out to take the burden from you—overlasting gratitude to be your guerdon. I dare say you are building up the most extravagant hopes—ancestral home, family honors, boundless wealth, all to be hunted up, to fall back into your arms at length." She laughed fiercely and sarcastically as she concluded. "Wait and see—see what you will find."

"I trust it will be the one I shall seek, Miss Van Benthuyssen," responded Philip, the color rising in his cheeks, and his voice betraying something of the indignation he felt. "If I only find the affectionate heart for which this needy child is yearning, my efforts will be amply rewarded and my part will be ended. I build no other anticipations here."

"And if you don't find what you seek?" questioned the strange woman, bending eagerly toward him.

"Then I shall ask *you* to find it for me," answered he, promptly; and, with his recovered cheeriness he added, "And my faith still serves me well. Miss Van Benthuyssen, I believe you will do it."

"Do you think me capable of impossibilities?"

"I think that if that address is not to be had in London, you can show me where to find it," he answered again.

"I never knew or heard of that name until yesterday at the hotel in Heidelberg," she said, speaking every syllable slowly and impressively.

He looked at her steadily for a moment, then, smiling still, returned:

"But I have faith that, if the need comes, you will find a way to learn it. What I hope most is that the need shall not come."

"I made a mistake in sending Mitkens to the other carriage," said Miss Van Benthuyssen, dryly; "it would have been wiser to keep her here."

"I can remedy it, if you like, when we get to Frankfurt. I have a place for myself in the second-class carriage, and I dare say I shall occupy it a good deal of the time when I am not needed here. At all events, you shall have Mitkens as much as you please, because she will take my seat whenever you wish her in, or—me out." He laughed, roguishly, as he said it, and added, "Shall I go now?"

"No. After all, you are only a boy. I may teach you something before we reach England, young sir."

"By all means lawful I beseech you to do it. Now, then, are we friends again?"

He put out his hand, playfully, and, much to his surprise, that long, lank member of hers was laid within it.

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL TRENTE went away with Warde on the day of the lawyer's visit, and did not return until the next day, quite late in the evening.

Roger followed immediately to his master's chamber, and found him seated at the dressing-table, looking so worn and weary that the faithful friend and servant gave a most audible sigh.

"Are you there, Roger? I wish your leal old heart would not quiver under every pang of grief that transfixes mine," he said, regretfully. "Yet I am selfish enough to rejoice in your thorough sympathy."

"Ah, sir, if I might have taken all this trouble on myself," sighed Roger, "and spared you."

"My faithful friend, I must tell you what I have learned to-day. You must read the letter Miss Annette left me, and that strange one she wrote to Warde. It is possible you may understand what she means by saying that my mother promised her she would leave some explanation for me. Sit down in the chair there, Roger. Forget, as I do, that you are my servant, and read the letters. Let me see what you will think of this startling development."

And Malcolm Trente leaned back in his own chair and watched the old servitor, while he adjusted the glasses, which he first carefully polished, upon a broad bandana handkerchief, and then slowly unfolded the letters and read them standing, despite the injunction to the contrary. Not a word was spoken by either until each letter was slowly and carefully mastered. Though Colonel Trente's face bore evidence of excitement and impatience, and Roger's hand presently shook so that the paper rattled audibly. But when the reading was accomplished master and man faced each other with eagerly questioning eyes.

"Oh, Colonel! Mr. Malcolm, what do you think?" burst forth Roger.

"Tell me your opinion, Roger," demanded the other, peremptorily.

The old man lifted one hand to sweep away the gray hair dropping down over his forehead, and swallowed twice before he could articulate his answer.

"I am afraid, Mr. Malcolm—I'm desperately afraid that there's something in it."

Colonel Trente groaned.

"Roger, have you ever had such a doubt before—in the years gone, I mean?" he added, hoarsely.

"I can't deny that I did, but I never could find any proof, and I laid it to my dislike of him."

"Your dislike of him? You never told me that, Roger. I might have trusted to your instincts, for I have always said they were something superhuman. When did you dislike him, Roger?"

"Always, Mr. Malcolm. I used to blame myself and say I was jealous because you loved him so much."

"I *did* love him. God knows, I gave him what was left of a bruised and rifled heart," muttered Colonel Trente, fiercely. "And was he the viper who stung all my hopes to their death? Roger, there is no more rest for me, night or day—there is no more rest for me till I sift this to the bottom."

Roger's honest face overflowed with commiserating devotion as he gazed back to those appealing eyes.

"I think I remember the day, sir, that Madame Trente met Miss Annette; I was driving her myself in the pony phaeton. She got out at the park, and the two ladies walked together round and round the square which has the fountain in it. I watched them, and I know it was nothing of the common sort of talk, for they used their

handkerchiefs more than once; both of them did, sir. And my lady, when she came back to the phaeton, was very grave and thoughtful—I wondered——"

He stopped abruptly, and rubbed his hand tremulously across his forehead.

"Well, Roger, why did you stop?"

"I thought of something she said, sir. Oh, my old brain! Why can't I think what I answered her?"

Colonel Trente saw that some perplexed thought was worrying the old man, and waited in silence, though his whole frame quivered beneath his impatience.

"Oh, sir, it's of no use. I can't think," groaned Roger, presently.

"About what, Roger?"

"What I answered her. It flashed across me that she said to me, just before we drove into the avenue, 'Roger, if I wanted to put a paper, or a letter, for your Mr. Malcolm to find—not right away, but to certainly find, by-and-by, what place should I put it in?'"

"Good Heavens! you think Miss Annette was right; that she wrote something, as she promised, and put it away for me to find? You think my mother went home and wrote something meant for my eye alone?" exclaimed Malcolm Trente.

"I know she went into the library, and was there a long time. I remember that she called me for a glass of wine, and that when I carried it in her eyes were red, and she looked as if she had been crying, and that there was a sealed letter on the table. Yes, sir, I do believe she wrote it for you."

"Her papers are all in the *escritoire* where she left them. But I was certain that I looked them all through. Bring the *escritoire* here, Roger. The keys are on my ring. I will look everything carefully over to-night."

"It won't be there, Mr. Malcolm. I am sure it won't. Why can't I think what I told her when she asked that? Stupid dolt that I am! But it will come to me, it *must* come to me," declared Roger, vehemently.

"But I will look over the *escritoire* and satisfy myself concerning those papers; that is the least I can do," said Colonel Trente, gravely. "I would rather you should bring it than Jean, if you please, Roger."

Roger started quickly in answer to this appeal, and promptly appeared again, wheeling in the light desk from the adjoining apartment until he had placed it before his master.

"It will take you a long time, Mr. Malcolm, and you are so tired now," he said, deprecatingly. "Couldn't I help you a little?"

The master looked over to him with a grateful gleam in his melancholy eye.

"Yes, Roger, if you will share my vigil. I think it will help me just to see you here. Only I don't like to deprive you of your sleep."

"I couldn't sleep, knowing you were awake here. I'll tell Jean to go to bed, sir; that I can attend to his duties, sir, if you are willing."

"Certainly. Only, Roger, you must be sparing of your strength. Remember, you are twice ten years ahead of me, and we must manage to last each other out. My good fellow, it will be a sorry day for either that sees the other taken away. Your strength offsets my age. We must manage to wear out together, Roger."

"Please God, sir," responded Roger, fervently.

Then for two hours they were busy over the papers. Every bundle was untied, every envelope carefully opened, but all in vain. Colonel Trente put them all back at last, with a sigh of disappointment.

"I didn't expect it, sir," said Roger. "She put it

where I told her you would be likely to find it. If I can only think. Perhaps I shall to-night—when I go to bed."

"And you ought to be there, Roger," said the master—"you ought to be there this moment. Just look to the grate, and throw out my dressing-gown. Jean will be in early enough to get out the morning clothes. And now, good-night—good-night, leal old Roger."

But very early in the morning Roger was at his master's door with the cup of coffee to be carried in to him. Jean remonstrated indignantly at this infringement upon his own especial duties; but Roger waved him back with an authoritative gesture.

"I am to see the colonel this morning at once, Jean, and I may as well take the coffee along. You know he'll agree to what I say about it."

Yes, Jean knew that very well, and shrugged his French shoulders in disgust at the master's taste, but dared not give any further sign of his wrathful jealousy of old Roger's influence.

And Roger went on into the bedroom with the coffee.

"What, Roger, *you*?" said the master, reproachfully. "Why did you leave your bed so early, after our late hours last night?"

"Oh, Mr. Malcolm, I dreamed that ride all over last night. I saw my lady so plainly. I heard her talk!"

"Did the *whole* come back to you?" he asked, quickly, raising himself up against the pillows.

"Ah, no, sir! She asked it—the question—and then I gave a great start, and thought, 'Now I shall know where to tell Mr. Malcolm to look,' and at that I woke up. But never fear, I shall dream it again; I shall know the whole soon; I am quite certain of it."

"Let us hope so. What else have you to tell? I can read your face, Roger—there is something more."

"Yes, sir. I was out walking an hour ago, trying to seize upon the clew, and I saw a horseman at the turnpike. I knew him at once, and I followed to see where Mr. Algernon Thornton was going so early in the morning."

"Algernon Thornton!" ejaculated Colonel Trente.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Thornton himself; and he rode over to Miss Henchman's house and stopped at the door to ask of the housekeeper the particulars of her death. She thinks he was wonderfully kind and feeling for poor Miss Annette. He talked with her twenty minutes or more, and then he rode off at a rattling pace, and—I went in. He asked a good many questions, among them if you had called on Miss Annette lately, and if Miss Annette had ever sent for you, and if—Mr. Warde had any special business here—that he was down yesterday."

"Roger," spoke out Malcolm Trente, hoarsely, "that man is guilty!"

"If he is, we will find him out at last," said Roger, sternly.

"Ah, Roger, we can never unravel the bitter sorrow of my life. But we will penetrate this mystery. We will find what was the fate of Eveline. We will tear away this silence and invisibility which hides Horace Henchman. You, Roger, only you beside myself know the darkest secret of the whole—why I live alone in this once happy home of mine, a wifeless, childless man. Not even Warde, who has conducted the secret search for so many years, suspects the real truth. Many a time have I seen that he almost despised me as an infatuated man, absurdly devoted to the memory of a perfidious woman. And I kept silent, for *her* sake—for hers, living or dead, since in either case it must be danger to peace and dishonor to memory. Dear Mr. Roger, I think we shall learn the truth now. But I wish it could be done without

troubling you with all these ugly memories. I wish that those young men were coming to-day to divert your mind. It is possible they may arrive. At all events, the house will soon be full. I have invited a pleasant set. Major Chilson and his wife and daughters will be with us as long as the Thorntons stay. Now you may call Jean; I shall be in the library in an hour."

Roger passed out of the chamber, casting a last wistful glance behind him.

The old man's heart was full of tenderest commiseration. He alone knew what a dreary life had been endured by this grand, brave, loving man. And when, scarcely two hours later, the Hon. Algernon Thornton stepped airily across the hall and awed the other servants with that grand, benign presence of his, old Roger clinched his hands and said, within his angry thought:

"Algernon Thornton, if I thought it was you, if I was sure it was you, I am not certain but these old hands of mine should throttle you where you stand this minute."

But he stepped briskly into the library and closed the door behind him.

"Mr. Thornton is outside, Colonel Trente," he announced, in a lowered voice.

"Ah!" and a quick-drawn breath accompanied the monosyllable.

The next moment Malcolm Trente spoke quietly.

"Will you hand me that portfolio, Roger?"

And when Mr. Thornton was shown into the grand old room he found its master standing up before a table, with both hands occupied in slipping a valuable engraving into its proper fastening. He spoke promptly, in a natural and cheery voice.

"Ah, Algernon, is it you? You are quite a stranger in these parts. Pray, excuse my not coming forward, for you see my hands just now are imperatively occupied. Take a seat. I was hoping to see you soon. Here, Roger, come and help me. These cuttings are too close, and there is danger of the print's being bent."

It took a few seconds of Roger's help to get the picture back into its place; by that time the visitor was seated, and Colonel Trente, dropping the portfolio into its place, and falling back into his own chair, quite forgot to come forward for the accustomed handshaking.

Algernon Thornton's keen eye took a furtive survey of his host's countenance. It was lighted by a bland smile, but had a worn and pallid look that, somehow, deepened his secret uneasiness.

"Are you quite well, Malcolm? It seems to me your color is not as good as usual," he asked, with an air of extreme solicitude.

"Oh, I dare say. I've been indoors rather more than usual, and without much to enliven me. So, of course, I get *triste* and wilted. But I am to have an improvement soon, I trust. By-the-way, I hope Mrs. Thornton and her daughter have listened favorably to my plea. I trust I am to see them next week at The Towers?"

"To refuse such a favor would be far from their thoughts, I assure you. Maude is quite wild over the prospect. And it chimes in most harmoniously with my plans. I am at work on that shooting-box again."

"Of course you will make your headquarters here with Mrs. Thornton," said the host, in the most courteous tones. "Now, then, tell me about yourself—what the papers don't tell, you know. Of course, I comprehend the political height to which you have mounted, the dignities and the honors and applause, and all that. It was always more in your line than mine. I never cared for such glittering baubles. You have scolded me many a time for my lack of ambition, and my foolish apprecia-

tion of happiness and love. Well, well, you have attained both, and I sit here alone, possessing neither. 'This life of ours is a curious thing, is it not, Algernon? Now I suppose that you will claim that you have made your own way, seized your own triumphs, and that I, sitting passive and spiritless, have deserved to hold empty hands?'

He looked over to his guest with tranquil eyes, half lighted with the listless smile on his lips.

The Honorable Mr. Thornton swept another swift survey, and then answered, promptly:

"Now, Malcolm, old fellow, how can you attribute anything so unkind to me? I do not hold that your hands are empty. You occupy an honorable position, you are the head of a fine old estate, and you fill the position worthily. Heigh ho! how do you know that I do not envy you your freedom from 'carking care,' from the buzz and whirr of the world's turmoil and feverish strife?"

"Can that be so?" retorted the other, lightly. "Why, then, of course, we are quits. Besides, I ought to be satisfied with your success. You know you were always my hero, Algernon. From the time I was your devoted fag at college till I grew up to manhood you were always my admiration and delight."

"I am proud and grateful to remember it, Malcolm," spoke the other, quickly, and his voice was a little husky.

"It is odd, now that I look back upon it in a sort of outside way. I see how very odd it is that I was so devoted to you; my love for you was really a sort of womanish weakness," pursued Colonel Trente, musingly. "I did not believe there could be a flaw in your character, nor a selfish element in your affection."

The Honorable Mr. Thornton stirred uneasily in his comfortable easy-chair. He did not enjoy the drift of the conversation.

"How beautiful your estate is looking now, Malcolm! You care for it with the generosity of your character," he remarked.

"Yes," returned the other, gravely, "and why shouldn't I? It is all I have; it takes the place of father and mother, wife and child. Why shouldn't I love my trees, my lawns and meadows?"

"To be sure. It is most natural and very commendable. Ah! by-the-way," and the fluent member hesitated and stammered, as he had not done since he was a plodding schoolboy, asking himself where should he find a safe and comfortable subject for conversation. "You must allow Maud to see all the beauties of your woods. She is an enthusiast in such things, perhaps because she has been condemned to so much city life."

"I am told she is a great belle and very beautiful," observed Malcolm Trente. "Tell me, Algernon, are not your worldly success, your political triumphs, dust and ashes beside the love of this child, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh? How many times I have tried to picture to myself what it would be to me to have a child of my own! Algernon, was not that hand pitiless—should it not be accursed—which struck away from me such beautiful hopes?"

The man addressed felt a sharp stab within, but his smile was self-possessed and bland as he returned:

"My poor Malcolm, you brood over those memories till they are morbid. Surely it lay in your own hands to remedy the lack. It is not even yet too late for—you—to marry."

Malcolm Trente lifted his eyes and fixed a quiet but steady look upon him, until, despite his marvelous self-control, those pale-blue eyes of the other wavered and turned aside.

Then the host laughed, softly, and as he touched the

bell he said, in a more animated tone than he had yet used: "Well, to be sure, we have drifted off from present matters. Roger, ask some one to bring in some wine and a tray of refreshments. Mr. Thornton has rode some distance this morning, I judge. And now, Algernon, when may I have the happiness of seeing the ladies here?"

"Early in the week."

And the speaker eagerly accepted the wine, which Roger poured for him before he left the room again. As he filled it again he held it up to the light to admire its sparkling purity, and while his face was thus half concealed from view, he said:

"I was much pained to see Miss Henschman's death in the papers. Poor thing! I am afraid hers was a dreary life. Have you seen anything of her lately, Malcolm?"

"No; and it pained me to remember how I had kept away from her, when it was too late to remedy my selfishness. I have not spoken with her for twenty years. I have not seen her, except in her carriage, for two years, certainly."

Mr. Thornton's face brightened.

"Perhaps she was thankful to go," he said.

"Yes, I dare say," answered Colonel Trente; "it is one of the unsolved problems why. That was a tragic affair, after all, Algernon, though you used to tell me it would pass away and be forgotten by every one. How many spoiled lives can be counted for it, I wonder? Mine and Miss Annette's, certainly, and poor Henschman's, too, I am positive, and—well, never mind. If we believe in a watchful Providence, I suppose we must trust that some time the vengeance some one has deserved will fall. Ah, Roger—"

"A visitor, sir," and Roger laid a card beside his master.

"GEOFFREY CARLINGFORD."

"Ah, my young Oxford graduate. Let him come in. Don't rise, Algernon."

"Thank you; but I promised to see the keeper at twelve, and I have just time to do it. Good-morning."

"Good-morning. Come and see the ladies frequently, and make your headquarters here with them."

And again Colonel Trente bowed courteously, but did not come forward with extended hand.

Was it accidental or intentional? The Hon. Algernon Thornton pondered upon this question all the time occupied by his ride back to the little house in Thornton Wood.

And when he dismounted he was no more satisfied than when he set out.

"For he urges our coming to him as guests," he soliloquized, "and he has not seen Miss Annette."

CHAPTER VII.

"I CAN do nothing with the child," said Miss Van Benthuysen to Philip Markham, as she walked into one of the little waiting-rooms of the refreshment-station upon his arm, instead of following her usual custom of having Mitkins bring her up of tea and sandwich into the railway carriage.

"You mean," began Philip, with a half-smile and in an interrogative tone of voice, understanding her well enough by this time to know that she would promptly fill in his blanks, if she were in a loquacious mood.

"That she will not talk to me of her own accord? Yes that is what I mean. I have asked her a score of questions. To the direct ones I get 'Yes' or 'No,' and to the others generally, 'I don't know.' The girl doesn't know how to talk."

"Perhaps not. But you will allow that this is a very sad time to test her abilities that way," he answered. "I have my own theory about her. This ungirlish reserve and reticence is not, I imagine, entirely the consequence of the daze of this sudden sorrow. I think it is also the result of habit and her peculiar education. I should not be surprised to learn that she talked very little even with her father. All her enthusiasm seems to have flowered out toward this silent aunt in England."

Miss Van Benthuyzen nodded her acknowledgment of his speech, but was just then too busy in arguing with a pretty German girl about the price of a basket of cherries to answer. But as they went back toward the train and their carriage, she said:

"Don't be sulky, young man. Mitkins is a great deal better in the other class, and I like you to talk to. Come in and see if you can have better success than mine with this young Sphinx."

Philip smiled, not without a momentary gratification at his consciousness of having conquered more than Sphinx in thus vanquishing the redoubtable dragon of Miss Van Benthuyzen's distrust.

And he entered the carriage, and carefully examined the waiter set in the young girl's lap, saying, playfully:

"Have you been obedient, Miss Younge? I must not find a drop of coffee in that cup, nor a crumb of the sandwich."

The wistful blue eyes looked up to his trustfully.

"I did the best I could—that you might see I tried to please you."

"Then I mustn't scold at finding all the cake untouched," he returned. "Here, *garçon*," and he thrust the waiter forth to the white-aproned lad waiting for it.

He saw the look of relief breaking over the pale young face as he took his seat; so she was glad to have him remain in the carriage. The next instant he checked the little throb of vanity with the thought.

But who could help it after being shut up with Miss Van Benthuyzen and her merciless questioning?

"At the next stopping-place you must get out and take a turn up and down the platform," he added, as the train started off amidst the incessant little tinkle of the electric bell and the rush of an inbound train.

"You think we may go on without any delay?" she asked, presently.

"Certainly, if the ladies of my company are very obedient, and obey all my instructions, so that they will be fit for the Channel. You have been on this route before, I imagine?"

"Yes; we stopped more than a month at the little village you see behind the hill. We were always wandering into these out-of-the-way places. Papa liked them."

"And you?" suggested Philip.

"Yes, I often was very happy here. I found such lovely flowers, and sometimes such charming woods," she answered.

"And your father accompanied you always? I suppose he told you a great deal about the flowers—he made you love the beautiful scenery?"

"He did not go so often with me. He liked to be alone," she returned, and a low sigh accompanied the words.

"But you had a companion, of course—some other girl, no doubt?" continued Philip, understanding the glint of Miss Van Benthuyzen's glassy eye, and gently leading the unconscious girl to reveal a closer glimpse of her strange Bohemian life.

"There was a time I had Flossy. Oh, how I enjoyed Flossy!" and now the blue eyes lighted again.

"A young friend?" suggested Philip.

"Poor little Flossy! She could comfort me now, for she loved me."

"Can I not find her for you?" began Philip, eagerly.

"Oh, no! Flossy is dead. I buried her myself, and how hard it was for papa to comfort me! He was a little angry with me for being so grieved at my dog's death. He said I was too old to be such a baby."

"A dog?" ejaculated Miss Van Benthuyzen, her lip curling.

"A dog is a very dear friend, when it is all you have to love you. And Flossy was very fond of me," said Miss Younge, turning upon her indignantly.

Philip did not smile, for it was a pathetic picture conjured up by these simple words.

"I am sorry Flossy is dead," he said, gently. "But an aunt is better even than Flossy."

"Oh, my Aunt Anne. I should think so!" exclaimed Miss Younge, a quiver shaking the delicate features out of their apathetic look, while she turned her eyes again toward England's sky, or what she imagined to be the quarter toward which they were journeying.

"Supposing your aunt proves to be a very different person from the one your fancy has created, Miss Younge," spoke up Miss Van Benthuyzen, sharply, "what then?"

"Ah, but she will not—she cannot!" answered the girl, promptly.

"And pray, why not? Come, picture to me what you expect to see."

The blue eyes widened, and deepened in tint.

"She will be sweet and good and loving."

"Pshaw! Come, now, child, that is absurd. Supposing you find her like *me*? Am I sweet and good and loving?"

But though she laughed the short, sarcastic sound so many knew and dreaded, there came an eager look into the cold, hard eyes.

"If you were my aunt—my own real aunt—you would be to *me*," was the low but emphatic response.

Miss Van Benthuyzen turned hastily to the window, and despite Philip's quickly proffered assistance, occupied herself in lowering the glass, so no one but herself knew of the hard lump which rose up in her throat, and the great drops of bitter rain that dashed from those icy eyes.

She fell into a profound reverie after that, and left the young people to themselves. But, though her eyes were closed, she had never been further from the desire or thought of sleep.

Philip talked on. It was, indeed, a subtle, if an unconscious flattery, which this young girl's innocent trustfulness induced in him. Miss Van Benthuyzen had only been able to obtain the monosyllables, while he had but to give the faintest suggestion and her quick sympathy took the idea and carried it on.

He learned a great deal, during that long afternoon ride, of this simple girl's life and ways; and better still, he saw into a clear, transparent soul, and beheld its beauty and truthfulness.

A strange life, truly. He asked himself again and again if there was ever another girl so educated. There was scarcely anything in art throughout Germany, and France and Italy, with which she did not seem as well acquainted as with her alphabet. Greek and Latin axioms tripped as unconsciously from her tongue as the flippant tricks of fashion or flirtation from the lips of gay young ladies. There was no noted book outside the sciences with whose drift, at least, she was not familiar. She knew all the byways of Europe, and could tell over its palaces as well. But of the conventionalities of society—the social life of



CORNFLOWERS.— FROM A PAINTING BY C. LANDELLE.

gentlemen and ladies—she was more ignorant than many a child of ten. Of female society she knew nothing whatever. It came out naturally that her father had disliked to have her intimate with other girls; had forbidden her to be known to her countrywomen; had instilled into her a distrust of them, which had almost become an instinct now. He had educated her himself, even in music. He had given all his time to her, and to this dreary waiting for permission to return to England—to a home the love for which made his only passion left in life.

Her graphic yet artless words revealed more of the real truth than a whole treatise on the subject could have done.

She had loved the strange, reticent recluse, because he was her father, and the only object present with her, to whom her warm heart could offer up its tribute. But she had been shy with him. She had even feared that he did not love her. He would never caress her voluntarily, and whenever he had met her eyes he would start away and shrink aside; something in them pained or hurt him. She had asked him once, and he had stammered out that he could not bear them, because they were so like her mother's. "And he loved my mother. Oh! I shall never forget, when I asked him once, how he flung up his hands, and looking up into the sky, answered, 'Loved her, child! Child! I loved her better than my own life, or than my own soul. But I lost her!'" she concluded, while now the first slow tears ran down her cheeks.

There was a sound from Miss Van Benthuyssen's corner. Turning hastily toward it, Philip started nervously to see her face pallid as that of a corpse, and her eyes flashing with a baleful light that made him shudder.

"My head is snapping. Will you find my salts-bottle in the basket there?" she said, hastily, as she discovered his observation.

"I am afraid we were talking too much," he said, apologetically, when he found and presented the bottle.

"No, I like it. Go on, and perhaps I shall fall asleep."

And this time she pulled down the veil over her face.

"Don't look so frightened," he said, in a very low voice, as Miss Younge shrank back into her corner.

"How came I to talk so much? You should have stopped me," she answered back, in a whisper. "Papa was right. He said I should talk too much if I associated with English people. He said I must deserve my name—that violets were timid and shy."

"Is that your name—Violet? I did not know it before. Violet! it is a sweet name," said Philip. "Well, you have obeyed him. You are like your name. I shall never see one again without thinking of you."

"My aunt used to call me her precious pansy sometimes in the letters. Oh! such dear letters as she wrote to me!"

"Your aunt is your saint, and your hope, and your love. One can see that so easy," said Philip, softly.

"And I am going to her," said Violet Younge, clasping those small hands over her heart, and looking out into the twilight.

The railroad employé was just clambering over the roof of the carriage to place the lamp in its socket, and as its soft rays fell upon the uplifted face, framed in that fair ripple of hair, the young man thought of every beautiful Madonna face he had seen in the famous galleries, and mentally declared that there was not one with so sweet, and fair, and holy a look.

From under the folds of the veil, which she still kept hanging over her face, Miss Van Benthuyssen saw it all, and read Philip's thoughts quite accurately; but she gave no sign. Her own heart was full of bitterness and impotent

anger with fate. She felt herself like an inmate of purgatory, who had obtained a glimpse of the joys of that heaven which might have been won but was willfully forfeited.

Full half an hour's silence fell upon them. Violet Younge was gazing out with eyes which saw not the swiftly-passing views of lonely waysides, or lighted towns, or towering cathedral spires, or deep, dark sweeps of majestic woods.

Philip's thoughts still refused to look forward to his own affairs, but clung to the conjectures concerning this lonely girl's life in the unknown England for which she yearned so fondly.

Suddenly the long silence was broken by Miss Van Benthuyssen's thin, high voice.

"Mr. Markham," she asked, "where are you going? Where is your home in England?"

"I have no home at present. I have an uncle in Derby, but I am going directly to Trente Towers, in — shire. I have promised to make a visit there."

"Are we the playthings of fate? Or is a master hand moving us upon the chessboard of life as fits His mighty plan?" exclaimed Miss Van Benthuyssen, with little gasps of astonishment between the words.

Such profound surprise was in the tone that even Violet Younge turned her head, and Philip leaned eagerly toward her.

"You know Colonel Trente?" he declared, in a voice of keen satisfaction. "How pleased I shall be to have you tell me something about him!"

"Do you mean that you are going there without knowing him at all?" she questioned back.

He told her the little in his power to tell.

"I shall not help you much," she said, after a moment's thoughtful consideration. "At least, not now. But I am well pleased to know that I shall not lose sight of you. Trente Towers is in the neighborhood of my own home. Perhaps I guess something of Malcolm Trente's intentions in regard to you. Perhaps I am mistaken. I shall not commit myself until I have had further observation. But this is all very strange. I wish we were in England now. I grow feverishly impatient, as if"—she paused, and drew a long breath—"as if a bolt of fate were somewhere launched to fall upon us then and there."

"I verily believe something of the same premonition is in my own mind," spoke up Philip, cheerily. "But I think I can meet it without fear."

"Ah, how many miles are between us yet!" sighed Violet Younge.

"But every hour is diminishing them. We shall soon be in England, believe me," he returned.

"And I shall find my aunt," she responded, with a pathetic longing in her look and voice.

He carried the look and the words with him when at length they reached London, and having left Miss Van Benthuyssen and his young charge at the hotel adjoining the Victoria Station, he set forth in a hansom to find the one business address attached to a letter of Horace Younge's.

He was almost amazed at the eager anticipation of his thoughts—at the delight he promised himself when he should put this desolate girl into the arms of the unknown aunt who was yet so fondly loved.

He presented the opened letter envelope at the office of the firm, which was easily found. Could they tell him where to find the lady who had written the letter—who had sent it through their office?

The clerk promptly brought forward an elderly man, who examined the young man with evident interest.

The letter? Oh, yes, he recognized it. Such letters had been sent to them for inclosure with drafts occasionally sent. The party who forwarded them lived in Wales. The telegram had been brought to them with instructions, simply saying that the aunt asked for was dead. That he knew nothing about the Miss Younge in Heidelberg, nor if there were any other relatives living. But the aunt was certainly dead, and now a fortnight buried, and that this was every possible information they were able to give in the matter, if inquiries should be made at their office.

No question he asked received any more satisfactory answer. The firm knew nothing themselves of either party; had never seen the Welsh person nor the aunt. The matter had elicited much comment for years, but their curiosity had never been gratified in the least degree.

Philip went back with a heavy heart. What should he say to this poor, bereaved girl? All the way that look and tone of her haunted him, "And I shall find my aunt!"

He hoped to find Miss Van Benthuyzen alone, but the moment he opened the door Violet sprang forward.

"Have you found Aunt Anne? Ah, you don't mean that she is here?"

Oh, the beauty of the young face, under that glad light shining in the blue eyes, quivering in tremulous smiles about the sweet young lips. How could he quench it all? Philip's eyes filled with tears.

"My dear Miss Younge, I am afraid you are not to be so promptly satisfied," he began. "I have not seen your aunt, but——"

"I know," said Miss Van Benthuyzen, dropping a newspaper she held in her hand, and sweeping forward, "but you have heard from her, and the news is not—good news. Miss Younge, will you go down with me to my residence in —shire? Mr. Markham must go that way also, if he proceeds to Trente Towers. We will all go down at once."

"Go down with you!" repeated the girl, with trembling lips. I don't understand. My Aunt Ann——"

"Your aunt is dead, my dear, dear child," said Philip, hastily, because he feared Miss Van Benthuyzen would be before him, and break the sad intelligence more harshly. "She has met your father, dear; the father you say she loved so dearly. Try and think only of that."

The great blue eyes dilated wildly as she came forward and seized his hands.

"No, no," she said, "you cannot be so cruel as to tell me that. Why, it leaves me alone—alone in the world!"

Miss Van Benthuyzen swept forward again, a strangely tender smile on her thin lips, in her cold eyes, those long thin hands stretched out in eager supplication. She looked as if she might have clasped the forlorn child in her arms.

But Violet gave no heed; she turned away from her and clung to Philip's hands, repeating:

"Do not be so cruel as to tell me that."

And slowly the strange woman's face hardened, the dim eyes flashed out again their steely glitter. She drew back and waited coldly for Philip to soothe this wild appeal.

"My dear Miss Younge, would to heaven I might spare all this to you," faltered Philip. "But I fear it is the inexorable truth. However, there is a strange mystery somewhere; I will do my best to clear it."

"Yes, there was always mystery," sighed poor Violet. "My father promised that when I came to England all should be explained. Oh, why did he not know that even men cannot be sure of keeping such a promise?"

"But meantime, Miss Younge, you have no home open to you in all England, and no friend to come forward to

your assistance," spoke up Miss Van Benthuyzen, coldly and incisively. "I offer you the shelter of my roof and protection, for the present, at least. Do you accept or reject it?"

"Of course she accepts it, and by-and-by she will be able to tell you how much she appreciates your kindness," said Philip, hastily. "She has one friend beside ready to do everything in his power to protect her from sorrow and want, Miss Van Benthuyzen, and he thanks you warmly for your offer. We will all go down at once to —shire. I shall be near enough to come and see you often, Miss Younge. I assure you I will do all I can to find your relatives, if there are any left in England."

Violet made no reply. She sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands. It seemed to her that her last hope in life was swept away from her. Let them do with her what they pleased, why should she care?

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, MAMMA, you must really waken. And, pray, look out! See what an elegant horse, and what a handsome rider! Why, it might be a young Viking. We are not often treated to a sight like this."

"What are you talking about, Maude?" responded Mrs. Thornton, in an injured tone. "You are always tiring one with your sudden exclamations."

Maude Thornton's laugh in response was a curious one, albeit very musical.

It held a little self-reproach, and something that was thinly veiled scorn.

Why did she ever forget herself in this way before her languid lady-mother.

"Never mind, mamma. I suppose I forgot that my father was not here. But this is our station; and yonder must be the Trente carriage waiting for us."

Miss Thornton was leaning out the carriage-window as she spoke.

The next instant another horseman, an elderly man, mounted upon a powerful chestnut charger, wheeled about from behind the barouche, and waved his hand toward the train and their carriage. Before the guard could open the door the young Viking, as Maude Thornton had so swiftly christened him, swung himself out of the saddle, and bounded lightly to it and opened the door for them.

"Mrs. and Miss Thornton, I presume. The Trente carriage is waiting for you, ladies," he said, in a bright, cheery voice.

Mrs. Thornton rose with a face all wreathed in smiles.

"And so we are really here. I see Colonel Trente is waiting, also. We are very much honored. Thank you. Jane will collect the packages and wraps. I presume she can come on with the luggage."

By this time Colonel Trente was also at the platform, and one of his tall footmen behind him.

"Welcome, my dear Mrs. Thornton—my fair Miss Maude. This man will look after your maid and luggage. This is Mr. Geoffrey Carlingford, ladies. We turned our afternoon gallop in this direction, that we might have the honor of escorting you to Trente Towers."

He gave his arm to the mother, and Geoffrey Carlingford most willingly proffered the same support to the lovely daughter.

Maude Thornton could not refrain from stealing a side-long glance at the tall, manly figure at her side; and in doing this, black eyes and blue met in one quick flash of mutual admiration.

A pink flush stained the ivory fairness of her cheek as she took her seat in the barouche, and there was a little

roguish quiver of the red lips under his tawny mustache as he vaulted gracefully into his saddle again; but they exchanged no words.

Colonel Trente gave his horse into the groom's keeping and took his seat in the carriage.

He noticed Maude's eyes following the horseman, who galloped within view.

"Well, Mrs. Thornton, you have a glimpse of one of my guests during your stay at The Towers," he said. "A fine, handsome young fellow is this Oxford graduate of mine. I am quite proud of him."

"Carlingford," spoke Mrs. Thornton, in a puzzled tone. "I don't quite remember what family it is."

"I dare say. It is almost extinct. Geoffrey Carlingford has neither father nor mother. He would scarcely be a protégé of mine if it were otherwise. But Miss Maude has not given me her opinion yet. Is he not a handsome fellow?"

"I told mamma that all I could think of was a young Viking when I first got a glimpse of him," said Maude, frankly. "You do not often see such a rose-and-lily complexion on a gentleman. Yet he is not in the least effeminate-looking, with that tall, broad figure of his, for all his bright-blue eyes and golden hair."

"I should think not. He is a young Hercules when he chooses to exert himself. And he is a genial and right cheery companion. I count myself very fortunate to have him here to help me entertain a gay young lady and—a London belle," said Colonel Trente, smiling. "What is the fellow after now? Oh, I see—taking the kinks out of Spitfire's spirits, and his own, too. What a seat he has?"

And he pointed toward the hedge which Geoffrey Carlingford had just cleared with a flying leap that brought out every graceful curve of his own superb physique to full advantage, as well as displayed the noble points of the fine old hunter. They saw him take off his hat and wave it to them gleefully and then come flying over the hedge again.

"The conceited boy!" laughed Colonel Trente, "does he challenge our admiration? If I were on Brown Royal I would lead him a race to a hedge that is not quite so smooth as that. But he does it well. I must admit that—remarkably well for a fellow immured at college so long."

"Does he come off there also with flying colors?" asked Maude, eagerly.

The colonel laughed.

"Nothing beyond the average rank, I suspect. I think the honors were mostly won in the gymnasium and on the river. There, he is off again! He is as full of pranks as a boy."

For the chestnut was off like a streak of whirlwind, and only a flying cloud of dust revealed the track he took upon the highway.

Mrs. Thornton was well pleased to see the horseman no more. She had her own little plans and schemes to talk about. She began eagerly now to unfold to Colonel Trente her strong desire for a country seat at Thornton Woods in place of the insignificant little shooting-box. Colonel Trente listened politely, but without any interest. Maude was aware of this last, but was likewise quite as well convinced of the uselessness of trying to stem the stream of voluble petty complaint and appeal when once her mother was fairly launched upon it.

She leaned back in her seat in silence, smilingly reviewing the equestrian feat they had just witnessed, and vaguely hoping, for Colonel Trente's sake, that they would soon arrive at The Towers.

Which hope was speedily fulfilled. The spanking grays bowled them along at a fine pace, and they were presently

sweeping up the oak-lined avenue, and then drawn up at the massive flight of stone steps before the main entrance.

A chestnut horse with smoking flanks was being led away by a groom, and on the steps stood the young athlete, with a spray of lovely wild roses in his hand.

How handsome he was! How those bright blue eyes sparkled! What vivid color shone rosily upon his cheeks! Even his fair hair, blowing lightly about his forehead, seemed to catch a glitter and brightness such as suited the girl's first fancy of him.

A Viking, indeed, or an Apollo.

She could not help a sudden throb of the heart as he came forward, eagerly, twirling the rose spray in his fingers.

"See, Miss Thornton, I remembered admiring these roses when we rode by them this morning, and though they were a mile out of the way I determined they should be here to give you their welcome when you arrived. Will you honor them and me by their acceptance?"

She took them with a smile of frank delight.

"Thank you very much. They are lovely, and have a grace all unknown to our garden-beds. It is a very sweet welcome they speak, I am sure."

"They would cruelly belie my wishes were it otherwise," he answered, with another smile.

And they passed on into the grand old hall, and there were met by a butler and housekeeper in best attire. The latter took possession of the ladies and led the way up-stairs to the suite allotted them, where a maid started up to attend to their needs until their own Jane should arrive upon the scene.

Mrs. Thornton sank down into an easy-chair, giving ample employment to the maid, even after her wraps and bonnet had been removed.

But Maude walked up to the great mullioned window of her apartment and stood there, looking off dreamily upon the prospect below. And yet she did not take in any of its beauties. She did not see the lovely stretch of emerald meadow along the winding river; nor the wooded sweep of stately trees below the hill; nor take in the picturesque situation of the pretty village, with its ivy-hung church-tower, rising from amidst the flock of clustering roofs and quaint chimney-pots; nor the long line of purple hills that guarded the horizon like a band of mighty sentinels.

She certainly saw none of these to recognize their claims for admiration; nor was she thinking of them when she murmured, softly:

"Beauty and strength combined—I never saw it before. I never thought to see it at all out of poetry and romance."

When Jane arrived, the first charge she received from Miss Thornton was an earnest command that a spray of wild roses should be put in water and set where they would be kept cool. And the young lady went down to the drawing-room, just before the dinner-bell rang, clad in a dress of rich black lace, with a necklace of pale-pink coral about her white throat, and in her corsage a spray of wild roses; no other ornament, whatever.

"An effective but studied dress," whispered Miss Mary Chilson to her sister Bella after the introductions were over. For all the company was newly arrived, and but just made acquainted with each other. "How beautiful it makes her look!"

The sister murmured back, discontentedly:

"I wish we hadn't selected these fussy French things, Molly. She quite extinguishes us."

"She is a famous London beauty, child, and up to all the highest tricks of art. What could you expect?" returned the other, still *sotto voce*. "She will receive all



THE HOPEFUL WORD OF SYMPATHY.

the incense she expected. See all the gentlemen stare in admiration. And look at that elegant Mr. Carlingford; he is going to meet her. He will have eyes for no one else."

The Chilsons were average girls—pretty enough in their way, and really kind-hearted and good-natured upon ordinary occasions. But they must be pardoned now if they looked upon this graceful and elegant intruder with angry eyes, and indulged a few spiteful thoughts. It was really hard for them to be thus summarily and thoroughly extinguished; they who had come down from their chambers believing themselves quite charming both in dress and personal appearance. Very few girls could have subsided into nothingness in the presence of this young Adonis with much better grace.

Geoffrey Carlingford did go forward to meet Miss Thornton, and to set her chair for her beside a table heaped with flowers from the fine gardens in the rear of the great mansion.

"Ah, Miss Thornton," he said, in a voice wonderfully musical in itself, but thrilled now by a tender chord which he knew so well how to infuse into its mellow tones, "how that spray of roses must bless me! They will surely blush out their tender hearts in joy at this honor vouchsafed them. Lovely as I thought them this morning, they dawn upon me now with a new surprise."

"They are very sweet," she answered, giving him one brilliant glance from those fine eyes of hers.

But she did not take the proffered chair. She advanced to meet Colonel Trente's outstretched hand, and then turned eagerly to greet her father, who appeared at that moment at a rear door.

Two lovers could scarcely have met with more manifest delight, not noisily expressed, but plainly evident in the glistening eyes and happy smiles.

She came forward again, leaning upon his arm, her white fingers clasped fondly over it.

"What an elegant couple!" whispered Miss Molly to her sister. "I do believe the father is as handsome as the daughter, so *distingué* in every look and motion."

Malcolm Trente was looking at them also. What thought was it which sent that steely glitter to his mild eyes? that set the gentle lips into such stern lines?

Major Chilson was extremely anxious to court the great man's favor, to confer with him concerning certain political movements that were projected by the party. He came forward with a great deal of eager, though deferential interest.

But the honorable Mr. Thornton would not yield a place to him while his daughter's bright eyes were turned upon him, and the gentle pressure of those white fingers rested on his arm.

The entrance of new arrivals, families from the neighborhood, and then the summons to dinner, made a diversion, however. Colonel Trente took out Mrs. Thornton, and Mrs. Chilson was fluttered into something very like a panic by the honor of the great man's escort. And the others followed in due order. The fair Maude could not deny to herself that she was quite content to find herself allotted to Geoffrey Carlingford.

That young gentleman did not fail to improve his opportunity. He was not such a novice in ladies' society as Colonel Trente believed. What handsome young student could be, even in sedate old Oxford? The grim professors had pretty daughters, the other fellows had fair sisters. Was it likely this young Adonis should entirely escape notice? Besides, there was something in this sunny-dispositioned young man that, without the beauty, would have been irresistible to the gentle sex. Geoffrey Carlingford was by no means without practice at flatter-

tion. He knew just what subtle flattery it was that harmonized with elegant dress and flowers and music. No one understood more accurately than he the power of a look, an inflection of voice, even in the utterance of commonplace words. He made himself very agreeable to Miss Thornton. And the dinner, with its slow and stately courses and ceremonies, was none too long for either of them.

Maude passed through the door, which he opened for her himself with a whispered assurance that he should escape from the gentlemen as soon as possible, wondering vaguely what it could be which had suddenly made a new delight for her in the long formalities she had hitherto declared were so tedious and fatiguing.

The ladies scattered about the handsome room, something after the fashion of a flock of birds, and not unlike its effect, either, with their fleecy or glossy drapery falling like so much gay plumage about them. The matrons gathered in a group, and were presently engaged in an animated conversation, which they would never have allowed to be gossip, but which, after all, was pretty thoroughly flavored with the same.

Maude Thornton glanced carelessly toward the few young ladies of the party. There were enough of them to prevent their feeling shy and deserted, she said to herself. Why should she trouble herself to be social with them?

So she sauntered to a cozy seat by the engraving-easel, and sank gracefully into it.

She was not particularly interested in engravings now, but she might be by-and-by, and she gave herself up to a pleasant reverie.

It was certainly a novelty to the brilliant London belle to find herself so thoroughly enjoying any sensation. She concluded that it must be owing to the fresh atmosphere of Trente Towers, and she said to herself that she must thank Colonel Trente more warmly for his kind invitation.

Mary and Belle Chilson, and two or three other shy young women, walked up to the grand piano, and over the sheets of music, which they passed one to another, not too amicably discussed the haughty young London belle.

"It is quite evident she cares nothing for our acquaintance," said one.

"Of course not. Her interest will not be aroused again until the gentlemen appear," retorted another.

"How coolly she sits there all alone! I should feel myself painfully deserted."

"You might as well expect Her Majesty to feel alone and deserted when sitting on the throne," laughed Belle Chilson.

"Or the moon, sailing majestically on her lonely course, to be supremely conscious of the lesser twinkling sparks," added her sister.

At which they all laughed. Maude heard the laughter and saw the looks. She was by no means obtuse. She read as accurately as if every one of their thoughts had been printed on the little velvet-covered book she held what they had said and thought.

But she only smiled languidly. Why should she break away from the new delicious spell which was upon her to secure their approbation? There would be time enough hereafter, if occasion required.

No, she would not yet be aroused. If this was a lotus dream, she would enjoy it. She sat with one dainty finger toying with a spray of wild roses, and eyes really as dreamy as the lotus-eyes'. She had wondered so many times what her realized ideal would be like. Did she know now? A Viking wit, eyes as blue as the sea of the North, with hair shining with the golden glint of the early

sunbeams; a presence gracious, beautiful, and yet full of strength and power.

She was softly smiling over these thoughts when Geoffrey Carlingford came in with the coffee, the first to desert the gentlemen.

He came over to the table, beckoning one of the waiters to follow him with a tray.

"May I drink my coffee here, Miss Thornton?" he asked, with an affectation of boyish eagerness. "I watched the butler's movements, to be sure to be in time."

"Why not?" she asked, carelessly.

Possibly there was affectation on her side, also.

"But I mean with you. Let me serve you myself, please, and then I shall dare to ask a favor."

He set the cup for her upon the table, and presented the tiny silver jar of cream and the golden bowl of sugar.

"And the favor?" she asked, as she sipped the fragrant beverage slowly.

"That I might be allowed to earn the gratitude of other flowers, Miss Thornton. Will you let me find you the wild-flowers and the garden-flowers, too, which you will wear while you are here at The Towers?"

With a pleading smile he looked up into her face.

Again the slow, dreamy look crossed her eyes.

"Why not?" she answered again; and then, seeing the triumph in his eyes, she added, "If I find them suitable. Flowers must harmonize, you know. Perhaps I had better not promise, because you may not be able to select judiciously. Gentlemen seldom understand the fitness of colors."

"Ah, but I shall always know what will harmonize with you. But you will allow me to present my choice for your judgment?"

"That will be but very little to promise," she returned. "Besides, I think it will be vastly entertaining. I shall be curious to see what I am to wear to-morrow."

"It shall harmonize as well as the wild-roses, Miss Thornton," he said, confidently. "And could anything be more perfect than they with that dress?"

Maudie smiled archly.

"Perhaps the dress was chosen to fit the flowers. Don't be too confident, young sir."

"I am not afraid," he answered, giving his handsome head a toss. "Ah, they are going to sing! Miss Thornton, must I turn that music? Pray, be merciful if you can."

"Certainly you must. Those young ladies have been abominably slighted. Where is the other young man? There was one, I think."

"Oh, he could not tear himself away from the major's jokes. If I must go, adieu. Keep the seat, please. Ah, I can secure it with this engraving."

And catching one from the easel, he laid it across the chair beside her, and went forward to daze the eyes and turn the simple heads at the piano.

(To be continued.)

FISHING IN A CORNFIELD.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade-handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on

which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him.

LOVE'S DEPTH.

Love's height is easy scaling; skies allure;
Who feels the day-warmth needs must find it fair;
Strong eagles ride the lofty sunlit air,
Risking no rivals while their wings endure.
Yet is thy noblest still thy least secure,
And failing thee—shall then thy love despair?
Shall not thy heart more hoily prepare
Some depth unfathomable—perfect-pure?

Say that to thee there came love's dreadful call
The downward swiftness of thy Best to see;
Say that he sin or sicken, what of thee?
Are thine arms deeper yet to stay his fall?
Searcely love's utmost may in heaven be;
To hell it reacheth so 'tis love at all.

A TRADITION OF ELBOW LANE.

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS.

THE PROLOGUE.



T was an unusually narrow and ill-kept street. The wall of St. John's churchyard checked its ambition at the end of a hundred feet, and by forming a nave-like recess, converted the by-way into a semi-enclosed court. Its peculiarity of form secured for the court the name of "The Elbow Lane."

Even in the sunshine the place was cheerless and deserted; but, as night came on, the wall of the churchyard—sole barrier between the living and the dead—was swallowed up in the lowering gloom, and the little court became only a fallow corner of the drear cemetery beyond. There it was that the "corpse-stones" were clustered so thickly together that the cramped dead beneath, in their writhing, had heaved them from their grim propriety. They stood haughtily shrinking from their neighbors or wearily leaning on the dank mounds before them. These tottering slabs were a ghostly people, for whom darkness was day and shadows sunshine. In the moonlight they slept, white and still and cold as the human dead upon which they rested; but with the deepening gloom they lost their rigidity, and the darkness, as a garment, warmed them into life. The wall under the shadowing trees grew unreal. The residents in the neighborhood, as long ago as Forty-odd, asserted that, as the gloom deepened, life-in-death stirred these weird ranks 'till they woke to their dark day, stiffly stalked about the court, and gathered in strange groups where the night was blackest.

With its ghostly people, the lane remained in the heart of a great commercial city, a slumbering, solemn solitude.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL OF ST. JOHN.

On a bleak November night, in the year eighteen fifty-odd an old, blind beggar, guided by the hand of a trail and bonnetless child, threaded the long maze of streets



THE LAMB AND ITS GUARDIANS.

intervening between his lodgings and the Elbow Lane. Although there may have seemed a mystery in his mission, there was no hesitation on the part of his girlish guide as to the route. It clearly led toward a well-understood destination.

At St. John's Lane, in Canal Street, the couple halted. There was a moment's hurried leave-taking, in which the girl's voice was heard in the simple words:

"Tell 'em about 'Happy Sam.'"

With a timid, startled fleetness she then retraced her steps.

Slowly, and with hesitancy, the old man felt his way along the little street toward the court beyond. Reaching the churchyard wall, the locality became familiar to him, and thence he took his "bearings"—for was not he piloting himself through a waste of eternal darkness? A stone ledge, projecting from the base of the wall, was followed until the darkest recess of the Elbow was reached. Upon this shelf the visitor then sat down.

He seemed to realize, through that mesmeric influence which tells of the presence of persons unseen, that there were others near.

Slowly edging along the seat, he raised his hand to his mouth, and whispered—"Old Teddy!"

Just a perceptible interval of silence followed; then a low voice answered—"Friends!"

A long period of quiet succeeded, interrupted by each arrival, until there had assembled more than twenty individuals. All were inhabitants of that great zone where is eternal night.

Here were assembled the members of the Blind Beggars' Protective League," and a regular monthly meeting—reverently styled "The Council of St. John"—was about to be held.

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No one moved nor spoke. The clock, with its great owl's eye, in the old church-tower, was striking midnight.

Far off, up the little street, the sound of a regular footstep was heard coming from the great thoroughfare toward the court. There was a shuffling of the feet, a slouchiness in the gait, which the ear readily detected. The silent watchers heard the footfall, and, intensified as were their other senses by the loss of sight, they listened with evident curiosity.

As the man of shuffling gait turned from the great, silent thoroughfare into the street leading to the court, the rays from the last gaslight on his route shone full in his face.

The figure disclosed was that of a man fifty years of age, low in stature, and slim of build. A very red, coarse face, with a lean Roman nose, was surrounded with long white hair and beard. He was dressed in a poor fashion. A brown top-coat, patched with various colors, and threadbare; a murky, greasy pair of black breeches, and a drab felt hat, included all his visible wardrobe. He carried a staff fully as tall as himself. And one fact more curious still—the man looked up at the clock!

Yet he came to a blind beggars' council. There was no movement among the members until the newcomer had shuffled into the midst of the court and rapped three times on the pavement with his staff.

The silent audience then rose to its feet.

This individual at once took rank as the presiding officer, and opened the session with due formality.

"What supports us?" he began.

"Asking," was the response.

"What is the hour?"

"The hour of need."

The ritual over, the chairman now took charge of the



A TRADITION OF ELBOW LANE.—"THE PECULIARITY OF FORM SECURED FOR THE COURT THE NAME OF 'THE ELBOW LANE.'"

proceedings. The roll was called, each absentee being liable to a shilling fine.

The white-haired man stood out in the centre of the court, and a stray ray of light from the church-clock's face played about his withered form.

"We will now hear any complaints or suggestions from our brothers," said the chairman.

"My station is on the Gridiron, most worthy president," began a member, rising.

"Listen to the voice of Owen Brown," commanded the head of the meeting.

"On yesterday morning a card was thrust into my hand, as the persuasive voice of a woman whispered: 'This will warm your heart in the cold weather.' I was happy all the rest of the day. I carefully concealed the precious pasteboard in my pocket. When my wife brought my dinner, I told her to come for me in the evening an hour earlier than usual. After we got home to our fifth floor, back, I couldn't keep the secret any longer. At my request, she guessed every species of good luck which could happen; but she did not think of anything equal to an order on a grocer for food—for such I had settled it to be. I drew the frail cardboard from my pocket and passed it carefully into her hands. Never shall I forget the doubting, half-disappointed way in which she said, 'Something's printed on it! Shall I run to Dunlap's and find out what it says?' I remembered then that my poor Molly didn't know her letters. I said, 'Yes, do, old pet!' As I heard her feet pattering down the stairs, just as they used to do when we were young, and I—not blind—was able to protect her, I felt both sad and happy. I was alone; my thoughts ran on aloud: 'Benevolent lady; has orders for flour, beef-steaks, clothing, and shoes printed on cards to give away to the deserving poor. An Angel knows how to make people happy.' But I heard Mary returning along the hall below. Was she carrying home the provisions, that she came so slowly? Nearer, step by step; I feared to speak, and waited. As she crossed the doorway I detected, not a suppressed cry of joy, but a bitter sob. She threw her arms about my neck and kissed my face. The galling disappointment came—she cried. I asked no questions then, but tried to comfort her. 'Be virtuous, and you shall be happy,' were the words upon the card; and she said the cruel grocery men had laughed in her innocent face. It's hard to break the heart of the girl who loves you—but what revenge have I?"

"This woman may impose upon others," said the chairman, savagely. "Beware of her. Alas! we have no remedy! Who speaks? Oh, yes—it's Teddy Moran!"

"I speak in behalf of Happy Sam," began the member. "He now lies upon a bed of sickness, and his relatives—if he has any—have forsaken their blind kinsman. But it is not for the want of kindness that he suffers most; it's better food and proper medicine he needs. I know we all want his life spared to him, and I do, therefore, move that our treasurer be directed to visit Sam at my lodgings, prepared to furnish delicacies for the invalid to the amount of ten shillings. He'd have done the same for any of us!"

"This will require a two-third vote," said the chairman. "Those in favor of making an appropriation of ten shillings for Happy Sam will, as your names are called, answer 'Ay!' those opposed, 'No!' The secretary will call!"

A voice, so different from that before heard that none present could have suspected that it belonged to the presiding officer, called the roll, and the money was unanimously appropriated.

"The treasurer will execute the will of the Order," said the squeaky voice of the chairman.

This man was a corporate body, in whose person were united the offices of secretary, treasurer and president. He was a thief, and robbed the blind.

In the face of the next member who rose could have been recognized the thoughtful organ-grinder of Bowling Green.

"Among you," he began, "I am known as 'Organ Johnny,' but my claim to that title has ceased to exist. For twelve years—early and late, in sunshine and in rain—I have turned the long hours into melody. As was only natural, I grew to love the box, which was my companion and the centre of all my hopes. Its safety became my greatest anxiety; its preservation my tenderest care. But one by one its notes have grown fewer, until on Saturday last it broke down entirely. I would ask where I could rent a new machine, and what the expense would be?"

"I think I could find you one," said the chairman, in a way most business-like. "My cousin has a store and——"

"The price would be——?"

"Two dollars a month in advance."

But a new and unexpected sound prevented the completion of the bargain.

There came from out of the little street into that dark court the sound of rapidly flying footsteps—the pattering of a child's feet. A few moments of breathless silence followed, at the end of which a thinly-clad girl turned the corner.

She rushed into the midst of a solemn council and to the side of Teddy Moran, who, trembling with terror, grasped her tiny hands.

"Oh, daddy!" she said, grasping for breath. "Happy Sam is worse—convulsions. Just afore he was took he called for you."

Fragile, wan, unhandsome, wanting in attractiveness of figure and dress, anxiety far beyond her years penciled upon her face; pale from want, chilly from scanty clothing; timid, yet bold in her agitation—she stood before that sightless assemblage, the truest picture of unproclaimed wretchedness pen had ever writ of. The highest of her station may have thought her comely; the lowest could not have believed her wicked. A guileless, palpitating heart in a homely tenement of earth.

Dragging the shaking man to his feet, all impulse and fire, she gave the word of command—"Come!"

The meeting broke up at once, and in squads of three the blind men emerged from the narrow street into the wide thoroughfare.

The chairman lingered behind; his small, restless eyes glistened with hope, and, kneading his hands meanwhile, he muttered:

"As well for Sam; better for us."

CHAPTER II.

DROPPED FROM THE ROLL.

HOMEWARD, over the same route—skirting the curbstones, crossing the ditches, courting the darkness—hurried the man and child.

The dismal region of their habitation reached, the girl led the way up three flights of shattered steps to the open door of an uncarpeted room. The light from the hall only sufficed to show that on a bed of straw lay the body of a man. Otherwise the apartment was deserted.

The child hurried her guardian toward the bundle of straw. A woman came along the hall, bearing a light, and entering the room, her candle revealed the fact that Happy Sam was dead.

"Poor man! He niver come to at all, at all," were the woman's only words.

Old blind Teddy groped his way to the pallet and knelt by the corpse's side.

Bending over the dreary bed of death, the child strove to console her parent for the loss of his friend, while the woman held aloft the candle, when the shadow of a sharp-visaged man crossed the doorway and hovered over the group. As the figure took form, its eyes were fixed upon the sorrowful pair, and its lips moved with the words:

"Better for us."

But the quick ear of the child detected the step of the human ghoul, and her eyes caught the reflection from his *glacé* orbs.

Upon the first opportunity the girl imparted the discovery regarding the presiding officer of the League to "Organ Johnny," and the latter took a solemn oath to kill the man who robbed the blind.

The days that came after were drear and sad. The death of "Happy Sam" sundered the last links which held the home together; and the long period of rain and snow increased the want which had already caused so much bodily suffering.

To end all doubt and hope, an exacting landlord, to whom their rent was sadly in arrears, turned into the street this lone couple in the antipodes of life.

Accidentally, as it then appeared, the girl ascertained that cheap lodgings could be had at a tenement in a rear court, near Cherubim Square. She visited the house, and, on the principle that any place was preferable to the streets or the station-houses, secured a small apartment on the fourth floor.

Day had followed day in long succession since the indomitable "Organ Johnny" had started upon his groping search for his enemy, when, late on a rainy afternoon—in this dreary Spring of 1857—he recognized the man and the voice, issuing from an open shop-door, in the crowd: "Two dollars a month, in advance."

He stopped instantly, for in his vast, lone land he seemed very near the one object of his life; yet, he knew quite well that should his enemy elude him, a lifetime might be exhausted in again striking the trail.

The thoroughfare, usually so crowded, was almost deserted, but the beggar stopped the first man who passed, and asked the street and the number of the shop. Then lowering his hat, he opened a place of business near the door. He began asking alms. From afternoon until nearly midnight—his hunger feeding upon the hope of revenge—the beggar lingered.

The clerks in the adjacent shops pitied the mendicant's blindness, which prevented him from seeing how ill-chosen was the locality for alms-gathering; but they reasoned that he would not annoy their vision a second day.

"Organ Johnny" heard the shutters going up on the windows. The man with the voice, having given some directions to his employes, left the shop.

The mendicant suddenly put on his hat and followed the slouchy footsteps.

Through all sorts of crowds the groping beggar traced the slipping gait. Incredible as it may seem, the possibility of recognition by his enemy did not occur to him.

In a narrow and deserted street, the pursued suddenly turned upon his pursuer, and, clutching him by the arm in a familiar way, invited him to his house.

So unlooked-for was the proposal that, before the mendicant could stammer out a refusal, he felt himself hurried onward. Between surprise and indecision, he kept silent.

A short walk and a climb up four flights of stairs landed the couple in the attic of an old brick tenement, in a rear court near Cherubim Square.

Although the act was performed never so craftily, the acute ear of the mendicant detected the locking of the door.

At once the horror of his situation burst upon the prisoner, and feeling along the wall for a window, out of which he might shout for assistance, he found one heavily barred within, and closed by a solid wooden shutter without.

For a few moments the host was busied with some occupation at the end of the room. The blind man heard him strike a match, and knew that a lamp was lighting by the noise made in attaching the glass chimney.

Then approaching his guest, the treacherous host hissed, in accents full of rage:

"You'll beg no more, you dog!" A moment of silence passed. "No, nor follow me, you imp of darkness!" as he kneaded his hands.

The blind man seized a broken stool which he had encountered in his gropings about the apartment, and described with it a radius about his head. Now he heard his foe cunningly crawling toward his feet, and with irresistible force he flung his weapon down in front. Again his antagonist essayed to get behind him, but the thoroughly desperate beggar retreated against the wall. Then an awful reality burst upon his senses, for he heard slowly approaching—pushed by his enemy's hands—a heavy object, seemingly a chest. With his legs pinned against the wall, he would be an easy victim.

"Ha! the light!" exclaimed the mendicant, realizing that it was an unequal combat.

Remembering that the lamp stood near at hand, actuated by this sudden impulse, he bounded to the left, and with one blow dashed it in fragments upon the floor. There was only an instant of darkness—in the next the bed and the floor were a mass of flame.

The man of the voice and the slouchy gait unlocked the door and stepped without. Before closing it for ever he called to his victim:

"You'll beg no more, you dog!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

THERE was a fire at night in the most densely populated district of the city.

The engines were hurrying to the scene, and the firemen were preparing the attack; but, fed by dry and crumbling woodwork, and fanned by a strong breeze, the fire defied its assailants. Crackling, roaring and hissing, it poured its burning passion forth, and piled up dense clouds of smoke between itself and the cold, sombre sky above. Out of every window it showed its lurid visage until even the walls glowed in its fierce embrace.

The small court swarmed with men bearing coils of hose with which the fire was to be beaten down; but it only roared louder, as if it would have said, "I only mock you!"

The landings were thick with smoke and the stairs were ablaze, when down and out of the house fled a frantic child, pursued by a wrinkled, white-haired man. In words of fierce invective, the man denounced the girl as the author of the conflagration. It was in vain that she protested her innocence and begged release from the two policemen who seized her. She seemed frantic with grief as, again and again, amid her sobs, she entreated, "I didn't do it; please let me go back into the house!"

The fire raged on. Brave men swarmed up ladders to attack the rampant monster from without—all efforts to curb its fury from within proving futile.



A TRADITION OF ELBOW LANE.—"THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN STOOD OUT IN THE CENTRE OF THE COURT."

A simultaneous shout from the ground to the men aloft, and from those upon the ladders to the crowd below, was heard. Reluctantly, it seemed, the men obeyed the command and descended to the ground.

Crash after crash was heard within the blazing pile. The firemen fled before the portent, only in time to see the walls crumble inward as the floors went down. In the naked majesty of hell the fire leaped forth—a defiant but vanquished Lucifer.

Prostrate, its assailants only mocked it, and the captain of engine "Big Six" dispatched a messenger with the usual memoranda, written on a printed form:

"Fire in Cow Lane, Cherubim Square, now under control. House a total loss; two inmates perished."

Inside the police lines a fire inspector had just arrived, and was engaged in gathering data for his report to the Board of Commissioners and Underwriters.

"'Tis a pity you couldn't have saved the two men, captain," said he to the commander of the fire-squad.

"It was impossible," replied the captain of "Big Six." "I'll summon the hose-man who was on the ladder."

into the cellar, the whole inside of the house. Following the descending mass with my eyes, I saw the living and the dead man swallowed up together."

"A dreadful death," remarked a reporter, as he worked away at his "copy," which a boy stood waiting for.



"REMEMBERING THAT THE LAMP STOOD NEAR AT HAND, ACTUATED BY THE SUDDEN IMPULSE, THE MENDICANT WITH ONE BLOW DASHED IT INTO FRAGMENTS."

A smoke-begrimed man, whose clothes were dripping wet, soon made his appearance, and was asked to tell his story. Touching his hat, he addressed the officer:

"There must have been two persons burned, although I saw only one. From the attic I heard a loud and piercing scream; but before I could reach the place the blazing shutters fell off, and the flames burst out of the window; I heard no more. It seemed as though the wretched victim had hid or covered himself in a closet or chest, thus escaping, for a short time, the flames in the room, only to be driven out into certain death at last. As I descended the ladder I saw through a third-story window an old man kneeling upon the floor, while the smoke issued through the burning woodwork above him. I called to him twice, and had just kicked out the window to enter the room when the ceiling and roof came crashing down, carrying with it,



THE LAND OF THE PERI.—MOSQUE AT SERINAGOUR, CASHMERE, INDIA.—SEE PAGE 599.

"We get used to such things," said a policeman, who formed a part of the cordon. "It's fully as bad to think that a girl like that one could commit such a crime."

"What does he mean?" the reporter asked of the inspector.

"A child has been charged with setting fire to the house, because the landlord had threatened to charge her father rent. The father was burned, and the child is now in custody," concluded the inspector.

"Them's the things we has to get used to," repeated the policeman; then, pitching his voice in a louder key, he shouted: "Make room for the hose-cart. Move on there, I say!"

* * * * *

There was a trial. The evidence seemed conclusive against the girl, although no one in the court-room, outside of the jury-box, could believe the child guilty.

The statement of the owner of the building—a small, white-haired man named Shadrach Pilesor, who bore a good reputation in the neighborhood—was clear, circumstantial and positive, and the young lawyer who had volunteered to defend the prisoner could not shake his testimony upon the cross-examination.

The prisoner's story was said to be very brief and incomplete. The lawyer for the State even went so far as to insinuate that the testimony was evidently manufactured by "his young and inexperienced friend, the attorney for the defense." The girl simply denied the charge, and said:

"I was returning from begging in front of Burton's Theatre, when, on entering the courtyard, I saw that our house was on fire. I rushed up the stairs, and reaching our landing, saw that man" (here she pointed out the Jew) "turn the key in the door of my father's room. He saw that I detected him, and seizing me by the arm he dragged me down the stairs." Then bursting out in tears, she concluded: "I am sorry that he didn't push me into the room."

In short, the attorney for the State disposed of her testimony by saying: "The flimsy trick of recrimination cannot avail the prisoner." The weight of testimony was wholly against her, three witnesses, in addition to the one before mentioned, swearing positively that they had seen her in the act of pouring lamp-oil upon the attic-stairs, and afterward lighting it.

The final record of the case, as found in the newspapers of the time, is as follows:

"Before Recorder Nogood: Nannie Moran, aged fourteen, charged with setting fire to the house in which she lived, in a court near Cherubim Square, by which conflagration, two lives were lost, was yesterday brought to trial. . . . The verdict of the jury, without leaving their seats, was, 'Arson in the first degree.' His Honor, the Recorder, then sentenced the prisoner to prison for life, at the same time remarking that her youth and sex alone had saved her from the gallows."

There never was another session of the Council of St. John, and to this day there exists a tradition that, in the year 1855, its treasurer, whose name is forgotten, proved unfaithful to his trust by appropriating the bank account.

THE EPILOGUE.

TWENTY years have passed.

Last Winter I was a newspaper correspondent at Albany. One morning, as I was paying my daily visit to the Governor's room, three blind men were led into the Executive presence by a boy. They bore a petition with the signatures, by mark, of half a hundred blind beggars in the City of New York, praying for the pardon of one Nannie Moran. Every year, during the last two decades, has this

same pardon been asked, but the result has been always the same. Consulting the record, the Governor finds that the prisoner was convicted of burning to death her father, and shuddering, refuses his assent. Counter-affidavits, establishing the woman's guilt, are always presented by a quiet old gentleman, who, grown no whiter as to his hair, may be found to-day behind the counter of a pawnshop in Chatham Street, robbing, by his ruinous bargains, those who see.

The ruined woman, haggard and prematurely aged, friendless yet uncomplaining, wears a felon's garb.

Unaffected by her surroundings, she is pure at heart even now. A good old lady, kind to a fault, occasionally visits the prison and leaves a tract, or drops through the grated door of poor Nan's cell a card inscribed:

"Virtue has its own reward!"

CURIOSITIES OF WILL-MAKING.

The journals of a year past have mentioned an extraordinary number of queer or contested wills. Are people becoming more disposed to draw their own wills without employing lawyers? There is no reason why any one should not draw a will who has fair business-like ability to write out the gifts. Common sense suggests that the paper ought to be headed as a will, and it is not difficult to learn by inquiry how many witnesses are required in the particular State; this, by-the-way, is the State where the testator resides (at his death); a will drawn for a man on a journey should follow the law of the State where he has his home. Neither bad grammar nor misspelling in a body of a will vitiates it; if the judges can understand what the paper means they will order that done. Wills having nearly every important word misspelled, and almost destitute of all punctuation have been accepted. Maine papers say that a court has lately taken proof of a will made in pantomime by a man who was deaf and dumb, and could not write or use the manual alphabet. But mistakes which obscure the meaning make trouble. A story last Summer was that Mr. Matthew Vassar, when drawing his own will, meant to leave \$7,000 to seven churches—i.e., \$1,000 apiece—but in copying his rough draft he inadvertently inserted the word "each," giving the churches \$7,000 each, or \$49,000 in all. The general rule as to mistakes is that if the will is lucid and intelligible, and can be carried into effect as it reads, this must be done; the language cannot be altered because witnesses say that the testator meant something different from what he wrote. But if what is written cannot be performed the courts will then take proofs of what the man meant to write.

Curious conditions are sometimes imposed. One testator declared in his will that if any legatee should attempt to break it he should be debarred from all share. Another cut off any heir who should wear mustachios. Another said that each legatee must take the pledge before receiving his share, and should forfeit a half-year's income for every breach of it. Another left to his family physician \$10,000 if testator should live two years, or \$15,000 if he should live five; but, unluckily for the doctor, the patient lived only a week. Whether conditions of this kind are operative depends on the circumstances; if they are lucid and practicable the courts will enforce them, but many are so expressed that they amount to nothing. If you wish that your legatee should not receive the property unless he complies with a condition, if not contrary to law, it will probably be enforced. But to make him give back the legacy because of breaking the condition after it has been paid may not be so easy. And do not mention

the request at all in the will, but write them in a letter, separately, unless you mean that, if they are not obeyed, the legacy shall be forfeited. Requests which are not peremptory conditions often make trouble.

When Heller, the magician, died, he bequeathed his apparatus to be destroyed. In some instances a testator has directed that a favorite horse or other pet should be killed, "lest it fall into unkind hands." It is doubtful whether a court would compel an executor to destroy property because the will so desired. Wills are allowed for giving one's property; that useful animals or articles should be destroyed is not for public benefit. Directions given in a will as to mode of burial, or for cremation, are also subjects of the sanitary law of the place.

It is only when one designs to give his property outright in simple ways that he should draw his own will, for complicated trusts, endowing new institutions, or tying up property for a future time, a lawyer's aid may be very needful. Every lawyer sometimes makes mistakes. A New York lawyer named Rose drew his own will, leaving about \$2,000,000 to be held for five years, to see whether other givers would add \$300,000; if they would, the whole to go to endow a "Rose Beneficent Association"; if they would not, then his money was to go to other charities. Now the law does not allow property to be held in suspense for a definite term of years; therefore his gift was pronounced void. Some most absurd blunders have been made by lawyers in drawing wills for themselves. It is not obligatory to appoint an executor, but doing so is wise, and if a testator has enough confidence in the person named to direct that "he shall not be required to give security," this may prove a great convenience.

As respects signing and witnessing, wills often fail for some informality in these, especially in New York, where the form is stricter than in most States. A story of last Summer was that a will was presented written partly in black pencil, partly in blue (a will is not void because in pencil, though ink is far better); about half was written on one page, and the witnesses signed on the other page, and then came the testator's signature. This instrument was discarded because the witnesses did not sign at the end of the will.

Common sense ought to tell any one that any important paper ought to be completed before the signatures are affixed. The New York rule as to signing and witnessing is that there must be two witnesses; the testator must sign in their presence, inform them that the paper is his will—he need not tell them what is in it—and ask them to witness it; and they must sign their names and residences at the end of the will. They usually sign below a brief memorandum certifying that these things were done, but this memorandum is not strictly essential. Keep the will when completed in a safe place.

In Massachusetts, lately, a will was contested because rats had eaten the signature. Lord St. Leonard's will was lost, and was established only by the fortunate fact that his daughter was able to repeat the substance of it from memory.

WHAT THEY KNEW FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

From one of these books, compiled after the manner of encyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 2,000 years B.C., it has been ascertained, which has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found from this compilation, and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constel-

lations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months, and years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor, and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we have derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan.

The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down and a connection detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the change of the moon.

They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun—a fact they only could have known by the aid of telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Tenu and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh.

The "bricks" contain an account of the deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased, and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares"; that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found; and, to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks of this library, in the form of a note, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give to the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult, and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun."

THE LAND OF THE PERI.

A SKETCH OF LIFE AND SCENES IN THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

BY M. F. VALLETTE.

"Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over the wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a Summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!"

—Lalla Rookh.

Thus sang the bard as his imagination wandered along the banks of the Indus, among Persian bowers and through the delightful Valley of Cashmere. Who can wonder that his soul went out in rapture over the scenes that met his bewildered gaze within this mountain-walled region? Its history goes back, through colossal monuments, chiefly of marble, beyond the dawn of authentic annals, and the envy that history has excited, like that of beautiful queens, wrought its destruction. Thus the beautiful Vale of Cashmere did not escape the fate of Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette.

Nearly five hundred years ago Cashmere, then an independent country, was the scene of a religious and political struggle, which resulted in the triumph of Islamism. It was at this time that Shah Mir, a Mohammedan, probably of Persian origin, dethroned the Hindoo prince whose minister he had been, and reigned in his stead under the title of Shams-uddin. This new Mohammedan dynasty lasted for more than two hundred years, and during that



THE HARI-PARBAT BRIDGE.

period Cashmere enjoyed independence. One of its princes, Sikandor, surnamed Butshikan (the Iconoclast), and whose accession dates as far back as 1396, distinguished himself, as his name implies, by the merciless destruction of the idols and temples of the ancient worship. One of his successors, Zainulab-uddin, the Solomon of Cashmere, left happier memories after him, for he built a number of beautiful edifices, some of which are still standing.

In 1588 Cashmere was delivered into the hands of the Mogul Emperor Akbar, by one of its last princes, who, far from defending his realms against the invader, facilitated his coming. From this time forth the country entirely lost its autonomy. It was for more than a century the favorite *sanitarium* of the Grand Moguls. In 1752 it fell a prey to the merciless Afghans, and remained under their sway until 1819, when it was rescued by Runjit Singh, founder of the mighty but ephemeral empire of the Sikhs. Eleven Sikh governors succeeded one another between 1819 and 1846, the period when the British Government obtained control of it.

The Vale of Cashmere, properly so called, is still, as in the seventeenth century, the most beautiful and picturesque landscape in the world—a vast park, some ninety miles long by from thirty to forty wide. Everything appears arranged by a superhuman hand to delight the eye;

fair fields and habitations; rivers and lakes interspersed with verdant and flowery isles; "the low whispering in boats," of all shapes and sizes, plied by *hanjis* with intelligent countenances, shapely forms and costumes harmonizing most beautifully with that enchanting prospect; countless streams and canals winding along through waving rice-fields, and green banks, whose limpid and rippling waters glisten in the sun like bands of silver.

The greatest attraction of this fairy region is the happy arrangement of the vast amphitheatre of mountains by which it is surrounded, and forming a sort of elongated oval around it. In this respect it excels the celebrated basin in Mexico. In most valleys thus surrounded by lofty summits these latter are often so arranged that the effect of the tallest is impaired by the interposition of the crest of the nearest, which appear to overtop them, while in reality they are much lower. This optical illusion, well understood by all who have journeyed in very hilly lands, suggested to John Paul Richter, the celebrated German writer, one of his most ingenious comparisons: "It is

thus," says he, "that amid its contemporaries the verdant hill of learning eclipses the bald Alps of genius."

In Cashmere there is nothing of the kind; here everything appears to have been planned and calculated to produce the grandest effect, the gradual transitions from pleasing to grandiose, and



VIEW OF SERINAOUR.



A BAYADERE, OR DANCIN'-GIRL.

from *grandiose* to terrible. Above the first undulations, covered with habitations and orchards teeming with all the fruits of Europe, rise pasture hills, on which feed countless herds, such as the goats whose wool is used in the manufacture of those cashmeres so famous in the annals of the world. Above these first elevations rises a chain of hills, surmounted in their turn by one, and sometimes a series of circles of higher mountains, above which loom up, here and there, summits which belong to the regions of perpetual snows. These lofty peaks look down complacently upon the smiling valley below. One would almost imagine they sought to impart greater force and attractiveness to the landscape by lifting their lofty, snowcapped heads to be lighted up by the sun, and decked out with all the rich hues of the rainbow. Hence it is that Mogul despots, so fierce elsewhere, seem to melt into human beings during their sojourn in Cashmere. These tyrants, like Nero, had artistic aspirations. Enchanted with the beautiful land, they took pride in embellishing it still more, by erecting palaces and mosques, arranging terraces and laying out parks in the most picturesque sites, and by liberally rewarding poets for singing the delights of that enchanting abode. No wonder the Moguls called it the earthly paradise of the Indies, and that Akbar strove so hard to wrest it from its lawful kings. It is related that Jehan-Guir, his son and successor, took such a fancy to this beautiful region that he could never leave it, and that he declared that the loss of his crown would affect him less than that of Cashmere.

Serinagar is the ancient Hindoo name for the capital of Cashmere; it was resumed after the conquest of the Sikhs in 1819. The appearance of this city of chalets has not materially changed since the seventeenth century. Although stone is by no means scarce in that region, the inhabitants still find their building material in the cedar wood which abounds upon the neighboring declivities, and which can be obtained at little cost, because of its easy transportation on rafts. The Jhelam, which is very broad at this point, divides the city into two unequal parts, and is spanned by seven bridges.

Viewed from the lake, Serinagar delights the eye by the capricious irregularity of the dwellings along its shores, some being built out over the water on piles, and others almost lost in the surrounding verdure. The more humble dwellings, too, with their thatched and boarded roofs, suggestive of the Jura, are truly picturesque. The city itself is nestled away in a vast amphitheatre, and flanked by two isolated hills, surmounted by fortifications and temples of worship. On one of these elevations—the *Takht*—may still be seen an old mosque, but no trace remains of an old Hindoo temple, which the inhabitants claim was built by Solomon. The other elevation—Hari-Parbat (the mountain of verdure)—was some two centuries ago the site of another mosque, “accompanied by a hermitage and a number of beautiful green trees which overshadowed it.” That mosque is now replaced by a fortification. Upon the sides of this hill may be seen a number of cottages built for English tourists.

Of the many beautiful gardens to be found in this vicinity the best preserved is the Shalamar Bagh, situated at the base of an amphitheatre of wooded heights rising gradually to an elevation of some fourteen thousand feet, between the valleys of Jhelam and Seind, and overtopped by one of the finest mountains in Cashmere. This garden was the work of the unfortunate Shah Jehan, father and victim of Aureng Zeb. It was magnificently laid out, and was entered by a grand canal bordered with greensward and rows of beautiful poplars. This led to a large bungalow in the centre of the garden. Here was

another canal, far more beautiful, leading to the extremity of the inclosure. Along its banks were numerous fountains and jets playing in the sunlight. It terminated at another bungalow, more beautiful than the first, quadrangular in shape, and surmounted by a dome. It consisted of a central building and four smaller ones at the corners, all ornamented with gildings and inscriptions. There were four doors, two of which opened upon a noble flight of steps leading into the canal, and the other two opening upon bridges spanning the canal and connecting with side avenues. On every side may be seen columns of a black and gray marble, supposed to have been brought from an ancient Hindoo temple destroyed by Shah Jehan.

The Cashmerians are a stout, well-formed people, of Hindoo stock. Their complexion is brunette, and the women are very handsome. The Mohammedan women are seldom seen abroad, and then so closely veiled are they that it is almost impossible to get even the slightest glimpse of their hidden beauties. The Hanji women, on the contrary, never cover their faces, and are remarkably handsome in childhood; but as they soon share their husband's occupation (that of boatmen), and live mostly in the open air, their beauty fades very rapidly, but their features never cease to be attractive. The Cashmerians, as a rule, are brave, active, and industrious, and fond of music, literature and art. Their language offers many curious analogies with the Sanskrit, but their songs are in Persian.

The Hanji class is that with which tourists are brought most in contact. They are, perhaps, the best of the Cashmerians, and their disposition is not unlike that of the Venetian gondoliers. There is the same charm about them, the same vivacity, the same wealth of imagination. If they do not sing the *barcarolis* as they ply their boats they are never at a loss for stories about their beautiful home with which to entertain their passengers. Their calling develops their muscles, and makes them more vigorous than the upper classes, but it does not make them more courageous, as they sometimes become demoralized when caught in a gale upon their lakes, which, however, is rare enough. They use a sort of paddle, shaped like a heart, which they handle with extraordinary dexterity in fine weather. Women, and even children, lend a hand in rowing. In the Valley of Cashmere, as in Venice, water is the chief and nearly the only means of communication.

This will account for the numerous boats, of various shapes and sizes, that are found constantly plying along its rivers, lakes and canals. Of these the *bangala* is the largest. It is a veritable floating palace, used by the sovereign or his representative, the governor. The *parinda* is another boat of vast proportions, with cabin and deck forward, and only used by persons of distinction. These large boats require some twenty oarsmen, at the very least. Besides these, there is the *bahl*, used for the transportation of grain; the *dungas*, for lighter merchandise and for passengers; the *skiraris*, a light craft plied by six oarsmen, for day travel, and the *bandugir*, the lightest of all, used for hunting wild fowl on the lakes.

The Cashmerian nobles find much pleasure in their boats, and on pleasant evenings may be heard

“Sounds from the Lake, the low whispering in boats
As they shoot through the moonlight, the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats
Through the groves, round the island, as if the shores,
Like those of Kathay, uttered music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.
But the gentlest of all are those sounds full of feeling
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing—
Some lover who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.”

The marriage observances of the Cashmerians are not devoid of interest. Up to the time of the marriage of one of the Maharajah's daughters, in 1871, there has been no such solemnity celebrated for nearly a century, as the custom of destroying female infants at birth prevailed to a very recent period among the upper classes.

Many opinions have been advanced as to the origin of this barbarous custom; but the most probable, odd as it may appear to us, is economy. Girls were done away with to avoid, in future years, ruinous expenses which pride and custom exacted in "setting up" a young married couple. It is also probable that this practice prevailed among the *Mians*, or military nobles, devoted exclusively to the profession of arms. Gulab-Singh was the first to lead the way toward a return to a more humane manner by betrothing his grandchild, the daughter of the present Maharajah, to the son of a neighboring Rajah. The two *fiancés* were yet quite young—the groom only twenty-one and the bride but fifteen, which is rather old for these regions.

The Maharajah did things on a grand scale; the dower, in money and vessels, jewels, trousseau, herds, camels, cows, elephants and superbly caparisoned horses, amounted at least to \$350,000, exclusive of the presents made to the young couple by the officers of the sovereign. The jewelry, and vessels of massive gold and silver; the money in gold and silver; the footwear of cloth-of-gold, set with precious stones; the fans of every style and shape; the wearing apparel of rich materials—brocades, silks and linens, trimmed with gold—filled several rooms in the palace. Another room contained objects of saddlery, which were no less richly ornamented than the apparel of the bride, for collars, saddles and bridles abounded in massive silver ornaments, and little silver bells of the same material. Then there was the *Dhola*, or palanquin, for the young couple, all covered with gold brocade; any quantity of beautiful tapestry, splendid arms, and even cooking utensils and a supply of horseshoes.

This wedding lasted three days. On the first there was a general public parade of the groom and his father, who repaired to the Maharajah's residence, attended by a brilliant escort. They were received with great ceremony by Renbir and his chief officers in the finest hall in the palace—the *Shish-Mahal*, or the Hall of Mirrors. During this visit of ceremony, as well as in going to and from the palace, there was a grand display of fireworks. It was on the following night that, according to custom, the celebration of the marriage ceremony, properly so called, took place. This is done with great privacy, even the groom's father being excluded. The only persons present besides the contracting parties were the Maharajah, father of the bride, two of her nearest relatives, and the *Pundits*, or officiating priests. The *Maharani* (the bride's mother) was also present, concealed behind a curtain, but connected with her husband by a scarf, each of whom held one end.

The ceremony, the rites of which are very complicated, lasted over two hours, at the end of which the groom returned to his father's, as if nothing had happened. The only pleasure accorded him on this wedding-night is that of being overwhelmed with abuse on his arrival and departure by the women of the bride's house, who sing all manner of the most insulting songs to him. This abuse, be it well understood, is of strict etiquette. Indeed, in some parts of India the poor groom fares far worse than this.

On the second day the rejoicings were all confined to the groom's house. At the bride's the greatest silence prevailed, and the Maharajah gave his usual audiences of

state. On the morning of the third and last day a solemn banquet for seven hundred persons was given in the inner court of the palace, over which the Maharajah presided. Each guest was served with fifteen different courses, finishing up with an ample portion of rice. There was nothing to drink but water, and everything was conducted with becoming dignity.

This day was signalized by the departure of the bride, and the *moving* in procession of all her possessions, animate and inanimate, which made up her dower. This is the last and most curious episode in these pompous nuptials. All the sovereign's officers were assembled at the palace-door; next came the inhabitants of Jummoo, who formed a line on either side through which the procession passed. First came fifty-one (a sacred number) cows, and as many bulls with red and yellow trappings and silver collars; then fifty-one choice camels, likewise covered with red and yellow, which were followed by 300 Cashmere sheep and goats. Next came the bride's trousseau, in covered baskets carried by coolies, who walked two-by-two. These were followed by 100 guards in full uniform, each carrying a purse of 1,000 rupees, which formed the total amount of the dower money (one lac or 100,000 rupees, or \$150,000) promised by the Maharajah. Next, came the horses and three elephants, richly caparisoned, and forming likewise a portion of the dower.

At last there appeared, not the bride and groom, but the sumptuous palanquin in which they were, and so carefully was it closed on every side that it was impossible to get the slightest glimpse of them. It is during this procession that the young couple first see each other, for they have, up to this time, been kept sedulously apart. Not even during the marriage ceremony were they permitted to get so much as a peep at each other, for they were both veiled from head to foot. The Maharajah accompanied the palanquin to the threshold of the palace, but not a step further, and immediately repaired to his own apartments, where he remained. This sudden disappearance of the bride's father is of the strictest etiquette. A brother of the groom walked after the palanquin, his hand resting upon it. The procession was closed by a troop of singers and musicians, beating furiously upon tom-toms and other instruments, and by the treasurers of the Maharajah, mounted upon an elephant, whence they scattered an occasional gold and many silver rupees among the people.

Through the influence of the British Government young married ladies have no longer before them the horrible prospect of being burned to death upon the funeral pile of their husbands. This inhuman custom, so long prevalent in this region, only began to disappear quite recently, for in 1843, on the death of Soonchet-Sing, uncle of the Maharajah, the *five hundred wives* which constituted his principal harem were burned alive with his body at Ramnagar, and twenty-five others, that he had at Jummoo, shared the same fate. In 1863 another similar immolation took place at the violent and mysterious death of Jowahir-Singh, the Maharajah's cousin. Thirty-two of his widows were consumed with the remains of their late husband. On another occasion a solitary widow is described by an English tourist as sitting on a funeral-pile with her husband's head upon her lap. Seized with terror at the approach of the hissing flames, she sprang from the pile and sought to escape, but the attending priests, horrified at her scandalous conduct, caught her and threw her back upon the burning pile, where she perished, uttering screams that would have moved the hardest hearts. In our day the custom of incinerating widows (*sutty*) has entirely disappeared from the states of Renbir-Singh.

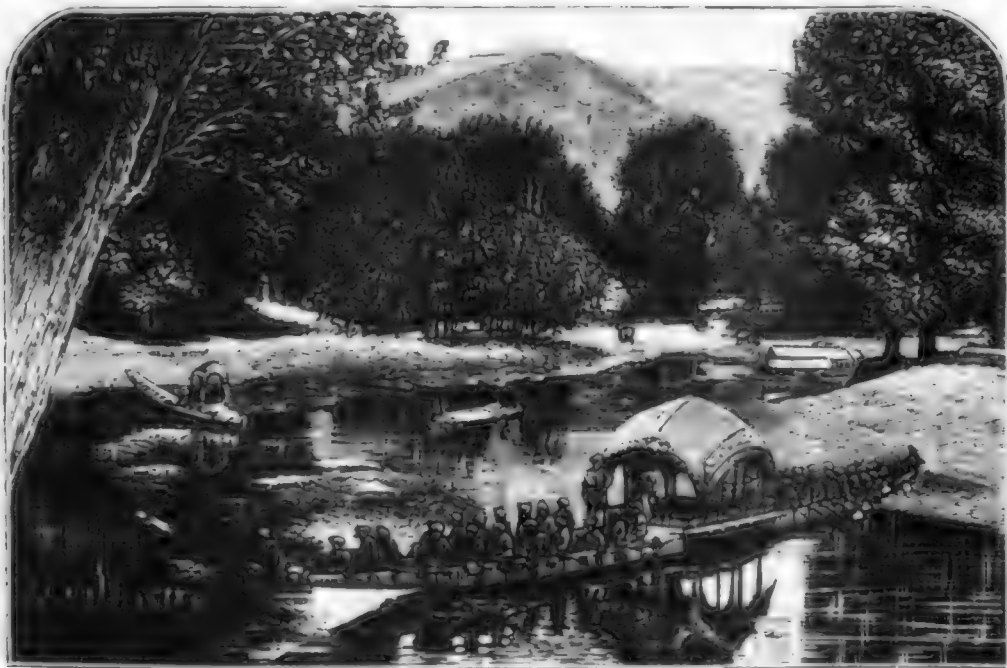


THE PLANETREE ISLE IN THE LAKE OF CASHMERE.

The funerals of persons who had attained to an advanced age are attended with manifestations of great rejoicing among the Dogras, as if congratulating them on being relieved from the burden of a life already too prolonged. When the father or mother of a family dies, leaving grown-up sons, they shave off their beards and hair as a sign of mourning. In conformity with this custom all the men shave at the death of the King or Queen, who are regarded as the father and mother of their subjects. This took place notably at Jummoo, in 1865, on the occasion of the death of the Maharani, the wife of Renbir-Singh.



AN ORPHAN-HOUSE AFTER A FAMINE.

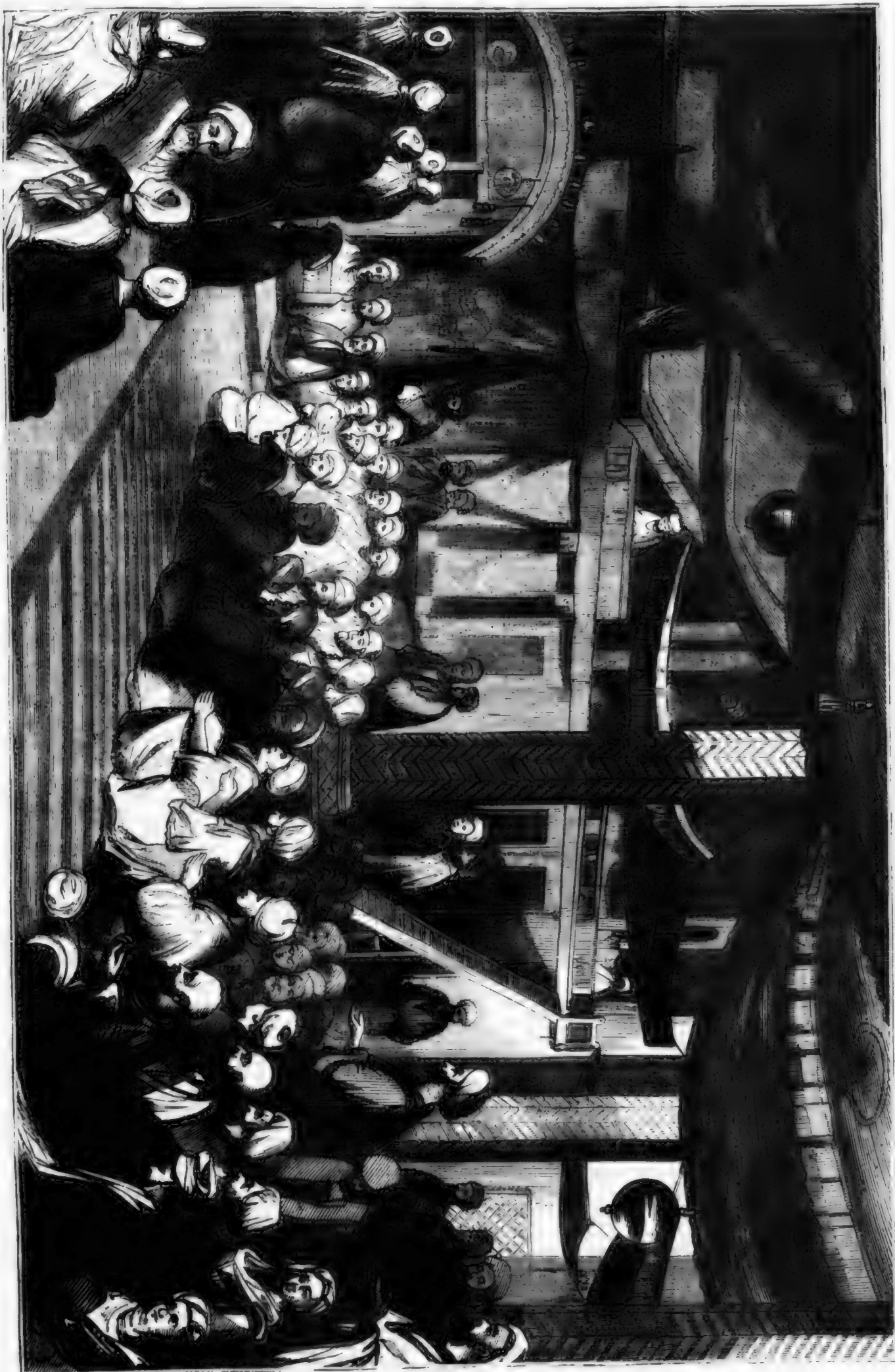


A FESTIVAL ON THE LAKE OF CASHMERE.

In considering the different castes which make up the population of Cashmere, we must not forget its race of outcasts. Among these may be mentioned the Batals, who engage in none but the lowest occupations. Nor is this miserable class without its degrees. Some are Mussulmans, and are so recognized by their co-religionists; others, rejected by the Mohammedans as Hindoos, have no religious observances, and live in the most abject misery, being compelled to subsist upon the flesh of animals that have died from disease. They occupy a similar posi-

tion to the *caquins* or *cagots* of Europe. A close study of the various types of these despised people reveals the fact that, while they differ essentially from other people in physiognomy and complexion, there is a strong resemblance among themselves. This would seem to indicate that the Batals of Cashmere, the Dums of the Dogras, and the Dardis, and others spring more or less directly from an aboriginal race, dispossessed and destroyed by the conquering Aryans.

It is from this class of people that musicians and dancers of both sexes are recruited. The dancing girls who figure prominently in all public festivals belong to this



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE AT SERIMACH.

class of outcasts; and these women, naturally exempt from all manner of prejudice, are the only ones whose photographs it has been possible to obtain. It would be well, then, to guard against judging of the moral and physical condition of genuine Cashmerians by this proscribed class, as superficial travelers are very apt to do. There are, however, many beautiful forms and faces among these dancing girls, if we can judge from an English engraving representing an entertainment given to the Prince of Wales, at Jummo, by Renbir-Singh, in 1875.

The foregoing sketch of life and scenes in Cashmere undoubtedly leaves much to be desired. We might have taken the reader through the Valley of Roses, and described the festivities that enliven that "wilderness of flowers," or through the fairy land of Candahar, or to those enchanting "waters of Cashmere," from which Cashmerian maidens are supposed "to drink beams of beauty"; but to do this would have taken us far beyond our limits, and we prefer to let the reader disposed to visit these enchanting scenes accompany Tom Moore through the pages of his inimitable "Lalla Rookh."

LOVE AND AGE.

FROM MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

WHEN young, I lov'd. At that enchanting age,
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;
And when I reach'd the time for being sage,
Still I lov'd on, for reason gave me right.

Snows come at length, and livelier joys depart,
Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim;
For still I love, and love consoles my heart;
What could console me for this loss of him?

A YOUNG WOMAN'S STORY.



MOUNTAIN road, shrouded in sudden, driving Summer rain, as the evening sky was veiled in huge masses of inky clouds, ruby-veined with tongues of lightning. The maddening, exhilarating rush of the welcome rain—blessed rain after a lengthening drought—mingling with the grand roll of thunder beating in huge cascades of stirring sound from the rocky sides of the mountain, and with the rhythmical clang, clash, clamor of a wayside forge, nestled under a jutting cliff on the lonely road leading across the moun-

tain from one quiet hamlet to another.

From the open door of the forge a cheery glow flooding the outer darkness, as the sparks flew and the fire leaped up the vast chimney, eager, it seemed, to join the revel of the elements outside.

At the forge a colossal young figure with bare chest and naked, mighty arms, swinging his smithy hammer lightly as Vulcan himself might have done when he welded thunderbolts on Lemnos—the fierce red glow of the glaring iron and leaping fire bringing out every line of a bright, dark face, full of restless energy, and every cord and muscle of the vast chest and arms.

The echo of the thunder rolled about him, the lightning struck in at him, paling the smithy fire with its brief glare; the storm dashed and howled and roared about the forge, and his face literally blazed as he clashed and clamored in concert at his anvil.

The wild electricity of the tempest poured along his veins, and found something akin to itself in his soul.

A lengthened diapason rolled across the sky, and thundered away in majestic salvos amongst the crags.

He flung down his hammer, and smote his mighty hands together exultantly.

"Good!" he cried. "Such a night! A real good thunderstorm for my money, say I!"

"I hate the din," said a finer, more musical voice, fretfully, and a young lad, who had been working the bellows, looked shrinkingly toward the door, and cowered back as another yellow glare and rattling peal chorused his words.

Given the most ordinary advantages of refinement and culture, this smithy boy would, in face and bearing, have graced any court under the sun, but his eyes were those of a young Judas.

The thunder went leaping "the rattling crags among," down to the wooded valley, and the other swung up his hammer with a pleased face.

"It's better than a score of your poetry-books," he said, good-humoredly. "It's real, Altie."

"Much you know!" said Altie, with bitter disdain, tugging again at the bellows. "You! a poor grubber, trying to scare up enough to eat, and without a second idea in your skull, to talk like that! You!"

The disdain in his voice and face was bitter, with a touch of something more malignant still in it.

"Well, and supposing it's my taste?" said the young smith, with imperturbable good humor. "When I'm a rich man, if God prospers me, you'll let a fellow speak his mind, I dare say."

"You rich!" with the same disdainful emphasis. "Pah! Is it by swinging that hammer in this mountain-hole you expect to be a millionaire?"

"I expect to work it somehow," said the elder, a fine glow in his eyes and cheek, "and you'll have your share, Altie. You can be a gentleman, then, to your heart's content."

"And be sneered at as the blacksmith's brother!" said Altie, indignantly. "I'd rather live and die the pauper I am than—"

"If you please, you two boys," said a voice like a "falling star," so silvery, sweet and clear amid the tempest was it, and the two lads started and turned—the light of the smithy fire streaming over the classic perfection of one face, the mighty, if latent, power, and ineffable rude grandeur of the other, and over a little form standing just within the door; a form that might have been a spirit driven on the tempest, but in reality was a little girl, her clothing saturated with rain, her drifts of pale hair torn by the wind—the loveliest of all created things—a beautiful and pure-looking child.

Her grave eyes looked seriously from one brother to the other, and her slender arms hugged tightly to her bosom a stout Scotch terrier, as rough and hairy as a Kelpie. The warm smithy light bathed her from her pure brow to the dainty feet, and behind her loomed the pall-like sky with its veinings of sudden fire.

"If you please, you two boys," said the sweet child-voice again, "I and Kelpie are lost. You'll get money if you find us."

Lyon dropped his hammer, and Altie stopped the bellows, amazement in every feature.

"Well, here's a sight!" said Lyon, slowly, pushing his obon curls until they stood erect all over his round head. "Who are you, anyway, you little innocent?"

She came a step nearer, and, alas! the angelic beauty was marred—touched by human imperfection. She was very lame.

She looked at Altie, frowned; looked at Lyon, and smiled.

"I'm a lady," she said, "and my name is Dorothea Vance, and I'm *nobody's business*!"

Altie's keen, calculating eyes roved over her as she spoke, and he pushed past Lyon and went to her.

"I'll take you home," he said, "if you'll say where you came from."

"I live at the hotel in the valley," said Dorothea, haughtily; "but I don't want *you*. You other boy."

"Yes," said Lyon, looking pitifully down at her as she limped toward him.

"Take me home, directly," commanded Miss Vance. "Kelpie is hungry, and so am I. You're a good boy, aren't you?"

"Tolerable," said Lyon, smiling. "Now, miss if it weren't that your people would be frightened about you, there's mother, she'd dry your things, and give you some supper."

"I'm nobody's business," said Dorothea, "and I'll go to your mother."

Lyon lifted the fairy mite in his great arms, and carried her out of the forge into the driving rain, while Altie followed, doggedly.

Beside the forge stood a little yellow cottage with a light in the window, and into it strode Lyon, and set Dorothea Vance, in her dripping finery, at the feet of a grave, noble-looking woman in widow's weeds, who was knitting by the lamp.

"Here's a half-drowned little stray, mother, dear," said Lyon, as she looked up.

"Mercy on me!" cried Mrs. Grey, and gazed in astonishment at the weird child looking solemnly at her from the misty veil of golden hair.

There was a fragrant smell of tea and hot biscuit, and Kelpie's black nose became moist.

A faint, wondrous rose came into Dorothea's exquisite little face, and she laid a fairy hand on Mrs. Grey's.

"We're tired and hungry, Kelpie and I. We came away from the hotel up the mountain after dinner, and the rain caught us, and we lost ourselves."

"You dear little soul!" cried Mrs. Grey. "What a state your mother will be in! Oh, Lyon! go down at once and let them know!"

She was down on her knees now, busy about the child.

"I never had a mamma or papa," said Dorothea, gravely. "There's only Sue down there, and I'm a rich person; but I'm nobody's business."

"Nobody's, indeed, I should think!" cried Mrs. Grey, indignantly. "French kid shoes, and pink silk stockings, and a low-necked silk dress, and no hat. Did you leave home like this, dear?"

"Yes; Sue went out, and I was lonesome. I'll stay with you to-night. I like to be here," said Dorothea, looking about the homely but cheerful room.

She did stay for that, and many others, for the morning found her in a raging fever, and it was Christmas before she left that humble roof which had given her such loving shelter.

A lovely friendship had blossomed up between the little Dorothea and Lyon Grey; on his side, an untaught reflex of the pure and beautiful chivalry of Arthur's Knights; on hers, a loving tenderness—an affection almost divine, because of its innocence.

With Dorothea's nominal guardian, an old bachelor cousin, who was only aware of her existence in a monetary sense, gold was no object, and the check placed in Mrs. Grey's hand the day Dorothea Vance was carried to the sleigh waiting for her was princely in its amount.

Lyon's mighty arm carried the child on to the vehicle, and when her pearly little face shone up at him from amongst the rich furs with a wistful look, not the less touching for that the great eyes were tearless, he took the little hand and kissed it, and a hot tear burned on the tender flesh.

She looked at him in surprise, and caressed his face with her fairy fingers.

"Why do you cry?" she asked, wonderingly. "I am not going away for ever, you know."

"They won't let you back, I'm afraid," said Lyon, ruefully. "You'll be a great lady, you know."

"Yes," said Dorothea, with perfect gravity; "I'm a rich person, and I'll soon be grown-up. I am eight now, and when I'm a woman, I'll come and live here."

"They won't let you," repeated Lyon, not so sadly because of an undefined hope which brightened on him.

"I shall do as I please," replied Miss Vance, decidedly. "I intend to come back and marry you, for I'm nobody's business but my own."

Lyon watched the gay sleigh dash round the curve in a whirl of foamy snow, and a blithe pealing of fairy bells, and then, with a smile and a sigh, turned and faced Altie.

Faced him, and started as though struck by an iron hand.

Such a face might Lucifer, "the son of the morning," have worn when he toppled from his starry throne, as beautiful as horrible in its malignity. He smiled as his eye's met Lyon's, and, turning slowly, walked into the forge.

* * * * *

A certain man had become famous in a certain district in California for his luck as a miner. Whatever claim he worked yielded its thousands, and as he spent but little, his store increased rapidly.

He lived alone, and no one knew anything of him, save that the hours not spent by him in physical toil were mostly devoted to mental toil as earnest and energetic.

He lived his life of isolation amongst the wild dwellers of the Water-hole Gulches for three or four years, and then one night he was shot down from behind like a dog, and his gold-dust stolen.

The wild spirit of justice was aroused amid the community, and search was made vigorously for the cowardly assassin, who had not dared to face his man in fair fight. But the search burned vainly, and then died out, no man having swung for the crime; for, though suspicion pointed to several, there was no proof, even what little those wild miners required. And so another man took his claim, and the Water-hole murder took its place as a mysterious annal of the past.

This occurred ten years after the opening of our story, and the name of the murdered man was—Lyon Grey.

* * * * *

He was dazzlingly handsome, and had as bad a reputation as any man in New York for every vice that a rich man has it in his power to be guilty of. Unlike the *laches* of most men of the world, his vices were neither the result of training, impulse or circumstances, but the growth of a malignant *diablerie*, such as was first brought to view in the Garden of Eden when the serpent whispered at the ear of Eve.

In that he was wealthy, young and handsome, society hoped against hope that he would reform, and decked her fairest and sweetest to lure him into matrimonial propriety. But in vain.

In vain, until one day, walking down Central Park, a young lady, accompanied by an elderly one, stopped before him, and, as he paused in surprise, put out a dainty



THE LAND OF THE PERI.—A WIDOW IN CASHMERE.—SEE PAGE 599.

came, as far as she would permit, her shadow.

This pale, radiant girl, with the fragile beauty of a spirit, attracted him as no other had ever done. Had his been in reality a noble nature warped, her pure hands would have touched to life the sleeping good. As it was, while ostensibly checked in his career of evil, more than ever, day by day, as he saw how hopeless his case was, he was whispering to himself, "Evil, be thou my good."

One day he went to her in her beautiful home outside New York, and found her in her rose-garden, like Tennyson's Maude, "singing alone in the morning of life," and clipping roses busily.

He came upon her through a tortuous alley hedged in with bloom, and his heart beat in savage, exultant bounds as she started, and blushed like ruby wine over her delicate face and throat down to the fingers holding the roses, looking at him with startled eyes, the morning sun bathing her in its fresh glory.

As they stood thus, it was hard to say which was the fairer creature of the two, the man or the woman; which the purer—for Nature, in

hand to him with a droll glance, and a sweet dash of rose in her pale, radiant face.

"Mr. Altamond Grey," she said. "You see, I recognize you."

He bent his imperial head and looked in the face of this radiant creature, who was stately and dainty as a lily in the sun, and then he bared his head while he answered, respectfully:

"I am sorry, indeed, that I cannot claim the identity of that gentleman. I am George Latten, at your service."

She looked at him and drew back. She might have felt embarrassed, but that his boyish beauty and crimsoning cheek disarmed her shyness at once.

"I beg your pardon," she said, sweetly and frankly. "You are very like."

Her companion had been looking with haughty disdain at Mr. Latten, and, with a frigid bow, drew the girl away.

George Latten turned and gazed after them, and he saw that the young lady was slightly lame, at the same time he said to himself:

"I have never seen such beauty."

The creole danseuse—a Cleopatra, with the eyes of a Circe—who drove by him in the exquisite park-phaeton he had presented her with yesterday, passed him unheeded, and her tawny eyes shot out lurid lightnings as she noted the circumstance.

After that, it really seemed as if George Latten altered. Of course, he met Dorothea Vance in society, and he be-



A GIRL OF CASHMERE.



A YOUNG WOMAN'S STORY.—"LYON LIFTED THE FAIRY MITE IN HIS GREAT ARMS, AND CARRIED HER OUT OF THE FORGE INTO THE DRIVING RAIN, WHILE ALTIE FOLLOWED, DOGGEDLY."—SEE PAGE 606.

some grim mood, had dowered George Latten with the boyish, spiritual beauty of one of Correggio's creations—the fresh, sparkling beauty of warm blonde tints of hair and skin; the sudden, sensitive ebbing and flowing of the rich hue in the oval cheeks. He wore a heavy imperial of dusky gold.

He came toward her through the roses, the sensitive color rising and dying in his face, the wind—frolicsome from the sea—blowing the rich curls from his full round brow, his brilliant eyes darkening to jet, his lips eager and smiling.

Some sudden agitation paled her to snow as he bent over her hand, and she looked hurriedly behind her at the villa—a fairy gleam of purest marble from darkening laurels—and turned toward it, he carrying her roses, and studying her downcast face.

"Come!" she said, "we must adjourn to the villa. The heat is insufferable."

"Be it so," he said, and then suddenly, closely questioning her with his eyes: "Miss Vance, will you hear me for a moment?"

"There, not here," she cried, trembling and shrinking from him.

Triumph sprang to his face and eyes, and to hide it he looked away from her out to the ocean—a Summer sea of calm and beauty. The sky above it was an unbroken blue, with one cloud springing from the horizon like an eagle from its nest—a dense black cloud—on which his glance fell.

The wind grew no colder; but as he gazed at it marring the perfect sapphire of the high-lifted dome, he shivered, and the words rose on his memory, "A cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

The words were so distinct in his ear that he started and looked at Dorothea. Had she spoken them? It would seem so, for she, too, was looking at the cloud, and her lips moved.

She ran up the steps of the villa, and he followed her across the marble-paved hall into the dainty drawing-room, all creamy-white and gold, and opening into a tiny conservatory, where a fountain played amongst the blossoms, and where some one was moving to and fro, busy amongst the plants, but indistinct through the stained-glass panels of the arched door separating the apartments.

Dorothea dropped into a low chair of azure velvet, suddenly arch, suddenly blushing.

"Come," she said, coquettishly, "you may speak."

He spoke to her in words of fire, which at length moved her strangely—moved her until she trembled like an aspen in his arms, for she whispered "Yes" to him, and he caught her to his heart.

She sprang as suddenly from him, and stood breathless, looking at him. There was a heavy fall and a faint cry in the conservatory, but unheeded by him as he faced her, overwhelmed by the sudden change in her face.

It was white as marble, the fine fair features nearly as rigid; the eyes dazzled and scorched him until he shrank back from her cowering, spellbound, the freshness of his beauty marred and dimmed by some inexplicable terror of her.

The cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" had flown up the sky, and the mellow light in the pretty room was falling into gray—a sunless shadow.

George Latten spoke, absolutely because the weird silence was maddening him.

"Dorothea, are you ill? My love, speak to me!"

She was herself again now, and more than herself.

It had never dawned on him before how vivid she might become under the influence of strong emotion,

what possibilities of fire and fervor lurked under her sweet maiden reserve. And he had deemed his case hopeless!

She came out on the marble steps with him, and clung to his arm there for a moment.

"See!" she said. "The cloud has spread. It was so little but half an hour since."

She drew her arm away and pointed upward; and, with a rapid wave of her hand to him, fled into the house; and he went his way back amongst the roses, his boyish face paling to as ashen a tint as the sky to which his eyes were raised, his steps faltering and stumbling.

Across the leaden sea lay a band of lurid light, which fell upon it in a track of ominous hue. A kind of cry forced itself from George Latten, and he dashed his hand across his eyes. When he looked up the blood-red track was gone, and the sky and sea were an uniform and melancholy gray.

So sped and prospered his wooing.

* * * * *

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said George Latten. "I did not expect to see Dorothea until to-morrow, at church."

"Frankly," said Mrs. Dunscombe, Dorothea's resident *chaperone*, "if I had my way you should not be here. It is altogether out of the proper course of things; but Miss Vance's favorite axiom is, that she and her affairs are nobody's business but her own. Consequently, Mr. Latten, she does as she pleases."

Mrs. Dunscombe was the very ideal of a *chaperone*—her morals, manners, dresses and opinions being perfectly unexceptionable. She had tremendous black eyebrows, and made up effectively in ruby silk and white point.

"Until after to-morrow," said George, smiling. "I see you are all ready here."

Yes, they were prepared.

The pretty rooms formed a gay vista. Banks of bloom rising to the domed ceiling, with great mirrors between, supported on light Eastern pillows of fretted gold. Here and there, uprising from the flowers, nymphs in bronze, bearing airy candelabra of frosted silver, aglow with great waxen tapers. Wreaths of tuberose clinging to the archways leading from room to room, falling against the pale-blue draperies like snowwreaths against an azure sky. Through the great open windows, moonlit glimpses of the garden, a statue gleaming here and there, and the glitter of the ocean beyond. The quiet of a Summer night over all.

"Another whim of Miss Vance's!" cried Mrs. Dunscombe, rising in astonishment, while George Latten followed her glance.

Dorothea Vance was coming toward them, through the radiant vista, slowly, and holding an antique silver lamp in her hand, in such a position that the light fell fully over her. She was in bridal dress. A robe of white lace, delicate as foam, fell around her; but, literally, she blazed like the sun with diamonds. Her priceless veil fell from a starry wreath of them; a collar and stomacher of them refracted the light blindingly, and her slender arms were bound with them. Her eyes, her scarlet cheeks, her crimson mouth, outshone the cold splendor radiating about her. She seemed to thread on air, as she came down the scented, brilliant silence, her eyes fixed, luminous and burning, on her lover.

George Latten started to meet her, and then—paused, uncertain, confused, once more the terror of her fell upon him. There was an awful, spiritual air about her as she swept on, bright and silent, which the gross nature of the man shrank from, cowering. Her face was aglow with a

light he could not read, and in which he trembled. He was scarcely reassured when she touched his hand in greeting.

"The last of Dorothea Vance's caprices!" she said, placing the lamp on a small malachite stand, and facing George Latten, with a dazzling and bewitching smile, her pretty hands clasped, her bright eyes shining on him.

"All your caprices are as beautiful as yourself," he managed to say, mechanically, through dry lips, for the intangible terror was closing in upon him, whence or how he knew not.

"Even to my whim of visiting hospitals, and bringing my dainty raiment in contact with my fellow-pieces of clay, whom we call the poor?" said Dorothea Vance, with a sudden flash of mockery in her eyes. "Your conversion, *parole d'honneur*, is sudden!"

"I loathe the poor and poverty," he said, looking coolly away from her and gnawing his full underlip.

And Dorothea Vance, the angel of consolation to the starving, the lame, the blind, the halt, was going to marry this man! Were not her first pure instincts of terror of him true and faithful witnesses?

The glamour of his beauty was upon her; she would awake, and—too late—words of anguish! Intolerable death of Hope, the flame of Life!

"George," she said, looking with arch eyes at Mrs. Dunscombe, "my last escapade is my worst. Will you marry me this evening, instead of to-morrow at church? All is prepared. The clergyman and witnesses are here, and I—I am ready!"

"Dorothea!"

"I am in earnest," she said, looking at him seriously.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Dunscombe, "think of what people will say! In your position, too! and the guests invited!"

Dorothea caught her hands in hers affectionately.

"When I was a queer little elf of a child, you dear old goose!" she said, "I used to introduce myself as 'nobody's business. I am in the same predicament yet!'"

As in a dream, George Latten found himself standing with Dorothea before the clergyman, in the wide, bright silence of those rooms, with the first words of the marriage-service falling on his ears, as if from some high-lifted shore among the stars.

Then he heard Dorothea whisper to him, "Have you a ring?" and he began, mechanically, to remove one from his finger; but, in a sudden, silver, shrill voice, she said:

"Stay! I will furnish one!"

With a hasty movement, she started from his side, and stretched out her white arm to him, dropping into his hand a bruised ring of gold, a ruby heart dropped upon its shining circle.

She was facing him now, pale as some wondrous statue of ivory, her eyes outflashing the diamonds blazing about her—beside her a man with a haggard face and an almost skeleton frame, even yet magnificent in its colossal proportions—the miner of Water-hole Gulch, Lyon Grey!

The devil did not desert his angel. Altamond Grey flung the ring at his feet, and faced them, grand in his young beauty as some star-crowned creation of mythology.

"So!" he said, "the game is up! I thought when I stole on your solitude, you thinking me thousands of miles away, at the college at which your bounty kept me, that I had rid myself of you for ever, Lyon. That is the traitor;" and he kicked the ring at his feet. "I lost it in your shanty. Well, how is it to be?"

The young villain saw the unutterable anguish of compassion and hopelessness of him in that dark, kingly face,

and he knew he would pass free from among them. He laughed bitterly, and looked from Lyon to Dorothea.

"And you!" he said—"you knew me from the first?"

"Yes," said Dorothea, fierce and beautiful as an avenging angel. "I knew you. I brought your mother here to identify you. I had you dogged by night and by day; and in my visits among the hospitals, I found your brother, who had come in pursuit of you—Cain, that you are!—lying, stricken down by an accident; and this is the result!"

"Very effective!" said Altamond Grey: "but you seem to forget that you are my promised wife, Miss Vance."

Dorothea turned to Lyon, and laid her hand in his.

"I was married to Lyon Grey an hour ago."

"Well," said Altamond Grey, coolly, "I suspect I must be rather *de trop* here, so I shall make my adieus. It is not likely we shall meet again!" and, with a wave of his hand and a smile, he left the room, and within an hour had left the city, with all the available funds he could collect.

Well, so the affair ended, except that it left Lyon an aged and melancholy man, to whom the wifely affection of Dorothea was as a glimpse of heaven, and yet had no power to blot out the memory of the past.

A man with the glorious face of Altamond Grey was swept away with yellow fever, during a terrific visitation of the scourge to New Orleans, and was huddled, a nameless pauper, into a common pit, with scores of others.

On his finger was a worn gold ring, with a ruby-heart dropped upon its circle.

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.

BY T. F. THISTLETON DYER.

AS AN act expressive of endearment, kissing would appear to be the most natural. "'Tis certain," says Steele, "Nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." Although, however, the first symbol of affection throughout the civilized world, yet in days gone by it was entirely unknown to many races, such as the aborigines of Australia, the New Zealanders, and the Tahitians. Sir John Lubbock, in his "Prehistoric Times" (1878, p. 440), speaking of the various ways by which the feelings are expressed in different countries, has shown that by the Esquimaux kissing was formerly unknown, and remarks that the Hill tribes of Chittagong do not say "Kiss me," but "Smell me." Indeed, the circumstance that certain rude tribes have no knowledge of what may be regarded as one of the very earliest forms of primitive culture may be considered as a proof of primeval barbarism. The fact, too, is all the more remarkable because of the earliest ages in the world's history—from its very infancy—the act of kissing has been handed down as the natural expression of affection. And so one would have imagined that slightest intercourse of cultured races with uncivilized communities would at once have taught them almost intuitively to embrace so simple an exponent of feeling. Without, however, further discussing this subject, which is rather one for the student of anthropology, there can be no doubt that the custom of kissing is of all acts the most universal, and in the present paper we propose to give a brief survey of the numerous rites and ceremonies with which in the course of history it has been prominently associated.

In the first place, then, as a mode of salutation, we may trace the custom of kissing to a very remote period, numerous instances occurring in the Sacred Writings. Thus we read how men saluted the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand, a superstition of which Job says he was



THE KISSING BRIDGE, FIFTIETH STREET AND SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK.

never guilty—the same honor having been tendered to Baal. But, apart from such references as these, abundant evidence of the universality of this practice in past and modern times is to be found in the writings of most countries.

The Greeks, we know, were in the habit of kissing the lips, hands, knees, or feet, in salutations, according as they considered the person worthy of more or less respect.

In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles while he supplicates for the body of Hector. The custom also prevailed in ancient Rome, and Mr. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," referring to it, remarks how "the great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, or dictators obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves." The Carthaginians, as a mark of love and sign of friendship, were in the habit of kissing their right hands each together, and then would kiss one another. Indeed, under a variety of forms the act of kissing has entered largely in most countries into the ceremonies of salutation; and, at the present day, many of the kissing customs kept up, apart from their social usage, are interesting in so far as they have been handed down by our forefathers from the distant past.

Another important use to which kissing has been applied has been termed "the kiss of ceremony." Thus, in our courts of law and other places, the form of kissing the New Testament, as an acknowledgment of the juror's faith therein, in support of the sacred nature to him of the vow he has just taken, is an old-established usage. Indeed, there is a popular notion that if "kissing the Book" in

taking an oath can by any means be avoided, the false witness escapes the risk of incurring the charge of perjury. "It has occasionally been advanced," we are informed, "as a plea of legal non-liability in actions for false swearing, that the accused kissed his or her own right thumb which held the volume, and never touched it with the lips at all."

Then there is in England the kissing the sovereign's hand at court, in connection with which may be related the following anecdote. In China, it appears, the person admitted to the presence of the Celestial Emperor prostrates himself nine times, each time beating his head against the ground. This act of ceremony is to be performed to the emperor's place, throne, or chair of state even though he himself should be absent. In the year 1816, when Lord Amherst went as ambassador to China, an imperial banquet was given to him and his suite; but when he was called to pay the usual mark of respect as though the emperor was present, he refused. When Napoleon at St.

Helena heard of this, he said, "the English minister had acted wrongly in not ordering him to comply with the customs of the place he was sent to, otherwise they ought not to have sent him at all." He further added, "Different nations have different customs. In England you kiss the king's hand at court. Such a thing in France would be looked upon as ridiculous, and the person who did so would be held up to public scorn; but still, the French ambassador who performed such an act would not be considered as having degraded himself. In England, some hundred years back, the king was served kneeling; the



THE YOUNG MOTHER'S KISS.



certain woman, when making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but committed the terrible outrage of squeezing it. The Pope, seeing the danger to which he was thus exposed, cut off his hand, and by this means escaped the contamination to which he had been rendered liable. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the

same ceremony now takes place in Spain. A man who goes into a country must comply with the ceremonies in use there. And it would have been no degradation whatever for Lord Amherst to have submitted to such ceremonies before the Emperor of China as are performed by the first mandarins of that empire."

In Théophile Gautier's "Constantinople of To-day" there is an account of the ceremony of



THE KISS OF CHILDHOOD AND OF YOUTH.

kissing the Sultan's toe, an honor which is reserved for the vizier, ministers and certain privileged pashas. This act of homage is performed with the utmost solemnity, and is marked by every sign of respect worthy of so important an occasion.

Referring, in the next place, to the custom of kissing the Pope's toe, Matthew of Westminster thus explains its origin. Formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but toward the close of the eighth century a

historian argues that the hand, which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, still existed at Rome—a standing miracle, since it was preserved in its original state, free from corruption. When the ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe takes place, he wears on the occasion a slipper with a cross. We may note here that kissing the foot is a common Oriental sign of respect, and is said to have been introduced into the West by the later

Roman emperors, whose court ceremonies were mixed with so many servile customs.

Among other ceremonious acts in which kissing holds the prominent place may be noticed that of kissing the hand—an act supposed to indicate extreme gratitude; this custom, too, is still kept up amongst the lower orders, who often show their sense of thankfulness to a benefactor by kissing his hand. Then there is the practice of kissing one's hand as a mark of courtesy, to

which we find an allusion in Howell's "Familiar Letters" (1650)—"This letter comes to kisse your hands from fair Florence, a city so beautifull." In a less refined form this custom was termed "kissing the claws," to which Taylor refers:

"These men can kisse their claws, with—Jack, how is't?
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,
And put me off with dilatory cogges."

In former years the practice of saluting ladies with a kiss seems to have been very general, and many amusing anecdotes of this social custom are on record. It was, however, occasionally severely censured as being open to abuse. Thus, for instance, John Bunyan, in his "Grace Abounding," speaking of it, strongly condemns it. "The common salutation of women," he says, "I abhor; it is odious to me in whomever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have made my objections against it; I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made bawks?—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go?" In spite, however of the censure poured on this old fashion by even conscientious moralists of the time, there can be no doubt that it found favor in the eyes of most of the ladies of our own and other countries.

It has been often remarked, with more or less truth, that there are few of the fair sex who are, in their inmost heart, indifferent to the admiration paid to them in daily life, and who would regard with disfavor a kiss politely offered to them from some gallant swain whom, it may be, they have captivated by their countless charms. History, we know, is daily repeating itself, and it is difficult to believe that human nature is different nowadays from what it was in years gone by, although the manners of society may have undergone certain changes. It is easy to criticise in unmeasured terms the social usages of our predecessors, but, after all, it must not be forgotten that in the present age the same customs are often as popular as ever; the only difference being that, instead of having public recognition, they find a tacit acceptance.

Returning again to some of the famous instances of salutation by kissing, it may be remembered how Cavendish, in his "Biography of Cardinal Wolsey," dwells on this custom, when describing his visit at Monsieur Crequi's castle: "I being in a fair, great dining-chamber," he tells us, "where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of gentlewomen. And when she, with her train, came all out, she said to me: 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offense, and although it be not so in this realm (France), yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her maidens."

Chaucer frequently alludes to this old custom, and our readers may recollect how, in the "Somnour's Tale," he notices the zeal with which the holy father performs this act of gallantry. When the mistress of the house enters the room, where he is busily engaged in "groping tenderly" her husband's conscience, we are told how—

"He riseth up full curtilshly
And her embraceth in his armes narrow,
And kisseth her sweet, and chirkoeth as a sparrow
With his lippes."

Shakespeare, again, introduces it, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where to kiss the hostess is indirectly spoken of as a common courtesy of the day. In Lupton's "London," too (1632), an established attraction of a country inn, we are told, was a pretty hostess or her daughter to salute the guests, without which, it would appear, there was small chance of its becoming a popular resort for the customers of that period. Again, amongst some of the old customs, in which kissing held a prominent place, may be mentioned the ceremony of betrothing, where it served as a kind of seal. Thus, in "Twelfth Night" (act v. sc. 1), Shakespeare makes the priest say—

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact,
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony."

We may also compare the following passage in "King John" (act ii. sc. 1), where King Philip says:

"Young princes, close your hands."

Whereupon the Duke of Austria says:

"And your lips, too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured."

A very early instance of this custom occurs in the "Life of St. Leobard," who flourished about the year 580 (written by Gregory of Tours), and who is related to have given to his affianced a ring, a kiss and a pair of shoes. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare" (1839, p. 69), quotes a curious anecdote from the "Miracles of the Virgin Mary," compiled in the twelfth century by a French monk.

It appears that a young man, falling in love with an image of the Virgin, inadvertently placed on one of its fingers a ring which he had received from his mistress, accompanying the gift with the most tender language and mark of affection. A miracle instantly took place, and the ring remained immovable. The young man, greatly alarmed for his rash conduct, at once consulted his friends, who advised him by all means to devote himself entirely to the service of the Madonna. Unable, however, to relinquish his love for his former mistress, he married her. But, alas! on the wedding-night the newly betrothed lady appeared to him, and urged her claim with so many dreadful menaces that he felt himself compelled to abandon his bride, and that very night to retire privately to a hermitage, where he became a monk for the rest of his days.

Not only, too, did the kiss form a part of the old ceremony of affiancing, but it even constituted a portion of the marriage service itself, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury missals. It may be remembered what an excellent use Shakespeare has made of this custom in the "Taming of the Shrew," where he relates how Petruchio (act iii. sc. 2):

"Took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That at the parting all the church did echo."

Again, in "King Richard II." (act v. sc. 1), where the Duke of Northumberland announces to the King that he is to be sent to Pomfret, and his wife to be banished to France, the King pathetically exclaims:

"Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made."

Marston, too, in his "Insatiate Countess," says:

"The kisse thou gavest me in the church, here take."

At the present day there is a popular notion in some parts of the country that it is the privilege of the parson who ties the knot to be the first to kiss the bride on the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties" (1879, p. 39), relates how a clergyman, a stranger in the neighborhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something. "What are you waiting for?" he asked, at last. "Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "ye've no kissed Molly."

Not many years ago, we are told how a fair lady from the County of Durham, who was married in the South of England, so undoubtedly reckoned for the clerical salute, that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative and bestowed a kiss on the much-amazed South-country vicar. The practice, too, was in years past much kept up in Scotland, as is referred to in the following old song, in which the bridegroom, addressing the minister, says:

"It's no very decent for you to be kissing;
It does not look weel in the black coat ava,
'Twould have set you far better tae hae gi'en your blessing
Than thus by such tricks to be breaking the law.
Dear Wattie, quo' Robin, it's just an old custom,
And the thing that is common should ne'er be ill ta'en,
For where ye are wrong, if ye had na a wished him,
You should ha' been first. It's yoursel' is to blame."

It has been suggested that this custom may be a relic of the *osculum pacis*, or the presentation of the Pax to the newly married pair. Mr. Henderson also informs us that some years ago it was customary in Ireland for the clergyman to conclude the marriage ceremony with the words, "Kiss your wife," and occasionally "the bridegroom was hard put to prevent one or other of his companions from intercepting the salute designed for himself."

Again, in years gone by, a kiss was the recognized fee of a lady's partner, and as such is noticed by Shakespeare in "Henry VIII." (act i. sc. 4):

"I were unmannerly to take you out
And not kiss you."

In an old treatise, too, entitled the "Use and Abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie," we read:

"But some reply, what foole will daunce,
If that when daunce is doon;
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he wooon."

The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom. "When," says Brand ("Pop. Antiq." ii. 140), "the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument squeak out the notes which all understand to say 'Kiss her!'"

In the sixteenth century it appears that English balls were usually opened with a kissing-dance entitled "A Brawl," to which Shakespeare refers in "Love's Labor's Lost" (act iii. sc. 1), where Moth asks:

"Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?"

The performers, we are told, first united hands in a circle, and then, after the leading couple had placed themselves in the centre of the ring, and the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his fair partner each gentleman;

the figure continuing until every pair had followed the example set them.

The Puritans of the Elizabethan age strongly condemned this dance, and Stubbes exclaims, "What clipping, what culling, what kissing and bussing, and monching of one another!" In spite, however, of all opposition, a writer in the "Graphic and Historical Illustrator" (1834, p. 183) remarks that this kissing-dance "ran a career unparalleled in the history of salutation. It spread from land to land: and everywhere, from the court to the cottage, was enthusiastically welcomed." Wraxall, also, relates in his "History of France," how the Duke of Montpensier, only a few days before he expired, was removed from his bed purposely to witness "one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace by some of the young nobility."

In modern days we may compare with this once fashionable dance that popular game known as "Kiss in the Ring," which is kept up with so much enthusiasm amongst the lower orders. Once more, to quote another scene of merriment in which kissing constitutes the chief attraction, we may mention that Christmas gambol known as "Kissing under the Mistletoe," for, in accordance with an old notion formerly prevalent, the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year.

This custom is said to have originated thus: Balder, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Höder, by Loki, the God of Mischief. Balder was, nevertheless, restored to life, but henceforth the mistletoe was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it touched the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it is always suspended from ceilings, and so whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that this plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

Lastly, of the many kissing terms employed at different times, there was one formerly in use termed "Kissing the hare's foot," applied to those who came so late that they lost their dinner or supper; the meaning probably being that those who came too late to partake of the hare had no better chance than to kiss the foot, and get nothing to eat. In Browne's "British Pastorals" we read:

"'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unless we mean to speed
With those that kiss the hare's foot. Rhumes are bred,
Some say, by going supperless to bed,
And those I love not."

"To kiss the post," meant to be shut out, and occurs in Pasquil's "Night Cap" (1612):

"Men of all countries travel through the same
And, if they want money, may kisse the post."

Again, the "Lamourette's kiss," which is a term used for a reconciliation of policy without abatement of rancor, originated in the following circumstance: On July 7th, 1792, the Abbé Lamourette induced the different factions of the Legislative Assembly of France to lay aside their differences; so the deputies of the Royalists, Constitutionalists, Girondists, Jacobins, and Orientalists rushed into each other's arms, and the King was sent for to see "how these Christians loved one another"; but the reconciliation was hollow and unsound.

Once more, the pansy, from its habit of coquettishly hanging its head and half hiding its face, has had many quaint names applied to it, such as "Kiss me behind the

garden gate," "Jump up and kiss me," and "Kiss me ere I rise."

Without adding further illustrations to show how numerous and varied are the associations which have in the course of years clustered round the act of kissing, we must not omit to mention the celebrated "kissing-comfits"—sugar-plums which were once extensively used by fashionable persons to make the breath sweet. Falstaff, it may be remembered, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act v. sc. 5), alludes to these, for, when embracing Mrs. Ford, he exclaims, "Let it thunder to the tune of green sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;" and in Massinger's "Very Woman" (act i. sc. 1) they are probably referred to:

"Faith, search our pockets, and if you find there
Comfits of ambergrease to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty."

EARLY DEVELOPED POWER TO COMMAND.

THE following list of great generals whose superior capacity was exhibited in early manhood was compiled by the late Brevet Major-General Emory Upton:

Philip of Macedon ascended the throne at twenty-two, was the conqueror of Greece at forty-five, and died at forty-seven.



THE HISTORY OF KISSING.—A MORNING KISS.—SEE PAGE 611.

Alexander the Great defeated the celebrated Theban band at Cheronea before arriving at the age of eighteen, ascended the throne at twenty, had conquered the world at twenty-five, and died at thirty-two.

Julius Caesar commanded a fleet before Mitylene and distinguished himself before the age of twenty-two; completed his first war in Spain and was made consul before the age of forty; conquered Gaul, twice crossed the Rhine, and twice invaded Britain before the age of forty-five; won the battle of Pharsalia and obtained supreme power at fifty-two. He died at fifty-six, the victor of five hundred battles and the conqueror of one thousand cities.

Hannibal was made commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army in Spain at twenty-six, and had won all his great battles in Italy, concluding with Cannæ, at thirty-one.

Scipio Africanus, the elder, distinguished himself at the battle of Ticinus at sixteen, and at twenty-nine overthrew the power of Carthage at Zama.

Scipio Africanus, the younger, had conquered the other Carthaginian armies and completed the destruction of Carthage at thirty-six.

Genghis-Khan achieved many of his victories and became emperor of the Monguls at forty.

Charlemagne was crowned king at twenty-six, was master of France and the larger part of Germany at twenty-nine, placed on his head the iron crown of Italy at thirty-two, and conquered Spain at thirty-six.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, had gained a great reputation and was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at forty-one.

Henry IV. of France was at the head of the Huguenot army



THE EASTER KISS IN RUSSIA.

at sixteen, became King of Navarre at nineteen, overthrew his enemies and became King of France before the age of forty.

Montecuculi, at the age of thirty-one, with 2,000 horse, attacked 10,000 Swedes, and captured all their baggage and artillery; gained the victory of Triebel at thirty-two; defeated the Swedes and saved Denmark at forty-nine; and at fifty-three defeated the Turks in the battle of St. Gothard.

Saxe was a *maréchal-de-camp* at twenty-four, marshal of France at forty-four, and at forty-nine gained the famous victory at Fontenoy.

Vauban, the great engineer, had conducted several sieges at twenty-five, was *maréchal-de-camp* at forty-three, and *commissaire-général* of fortifications of France at forty-five.

Turenne, passing through the grades of captain, colonel, major-general and lieutenant-general, became a marshal of France at thirty-two, and won all his distinction before he was forty.

The great Condé defeated the Spaniards at Rocroi at twenty-two, and won all his military fame before the age of twenty-five.

Prince Eugene of Savoy was colonel at twenty-one, lieutenant field-marshal at twenty-four, and shortly after general field marshal. He gained the battle of Zenta at thirty-four, and co-operated with Marlborough at Blenheim at forty-one.

Peter the Great of Russia was proclaimed Czar at ten years of age, organized a large army at twenty, won the victory of Embach at thirty, founded St. Petersburg at thirty-one, and died at the age of fifty-five.

Charles XII. completed his first campaign against Denmark at eighteen, overthrew 80,000 Russians at Narva before nineteen, conquered Poland and Saxony at twenty-four, and died at thirty-six.

Frederick the Great ascended the throne at twenty-eight, terminated the first Silesian war at thirty, and the second at thirty-three. Ten years later, with a population of but 5,000,000, he triumphed over a league of more than one hundred million of people.

Cortes effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his military career before the age of thirty-six.

Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five, and died at forty.

Lord Clive distinguished himself at twenty-two, attained his greatest fame at thirty-five, and died at fifty.

Wolfe was conqueror of Quebec at thirty-two.

Napoleon was a major at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six; achieved all his victories and was finally overthrown before the age of forty-four.

A BOHEMIAN PRESENT.

LA BRUYERE, the classical author of the time of Louis XIV., was in the habit of dropping in, during his strolls about Paris, at the house of Michallet, the printer and



A KISS ON THE SLY.

bookseller. There he would poke among the old and new books and romp with Michallet's little daughter, a pretty child, to whom he had taken a fancy. One day in the year 1686 he took a roll of manuscript from his pocket and handed it to her father, saying:

"See here, will you print this? I cannot say if it will be worth your while, but should it produce anything, it will be my contribution to your little daughter's dowry."

In 1687 the "Caracteres de la Bruyere" was published. Half a dozen editions were snapped up, yielding a profit of over one hundred thousand francs. The honest bookseller went to the author, begging him to share the money with him. The generous author laughed at him.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "It is no business either of yours or mine. It is your child's property. I am only glad it has turned out so well."

So little Mlle. Michallet remained in possession of her fortune.

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, for ever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.

Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Though the dark low winds are complaining,
Yet the sunrise glids the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

HAREMS.

OWING to the nature of the institution, our knowledge of harem life is entirely derived from the visits of European ladies. The Turkish authorities, it must be confessed, are very amiable in this respect, and little difficulty is experienced when the introductions are good. The Turk is commonly believed to be a sort of Bluebeard. It is not so. The lower classes never have more than one wife, and it is only in the case of wealthy Pashas that there are three or four wives, the latter number being legally allowed to every Mussulman, according to the Koran; this is exclusive of almost any number of slaves and con-

cubines. The husband must have no acquaintance, however slight, with women other than those of his own harem, and should he observe slippers outside of the harem door, he knows that ladies are visiting, and therefore cannot enter his own house. Then, again, if perchance he strolls through the bazaar, there must be no recognition of any of his own women, although they may be throwing away his money right and left in a most lavish way on silks and jewels. He must not say a word, and so strokes his beard and passes on with an "Inshallah" ("Please God"), or "Allah kerim" (God is great and merciful); for now he knows only too well how the money goes!

European ladies are the objects of much attention and curiosity on the part of the women of a harem. Their dresses are felt, they are pawed all over and asked childish questions incessantly; for it must be remembered that a large harem consists of wives and domestic slaves, the latter counted by hundreds. A young English lady, seventeen years old, of great personal attractions and engaging manners, some time back visited a harem, accompanied by her mother and friends. The women questioned her, and would not believe that she had no children, or even a husband. One of the wives, who took a great fancy to her, threw her arms round her neck and entreated her to stay with them for ever. She could have any husband she liked; and even was so kind as to especially recommend her own, adding that she was sure he would soon want another wife, and that she, the real wife, would much rather it was this nice English girl, as then there would always be the pleasure of having her as a friend and companion. Here was a most decided offer. A firm refusal, however, of these honors caused much surprise and disappointment.

A CURIOUS SNUFF-BOX.

SHORTLY after the breaking-out of the French Revolution its advocates denounced William Pitt as "an enemy to the human race," that man, "so easy to live with," who sang the song about himself, called "Billy Pitt, the Tory." His secretary one day told him that a foreigner who spoke English tolerably well had twice or thrice asked to see him, but not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away, the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger who on frivolous pretenses might seek to gratify an idle curiosity. This person, however, had said he should return in an hour; the secretary therefore thought it his duty to inform Mr. Pitt of such intention, and asking his further orders in the affair. "Have the goodness," said the Minister, "to open that top left-hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents." These were a pair of pistols and a morocco case. Opening the letter, he produced a snuff-box, in which was set a portrait. "Is that like our visitor?" asked Pitt. "It is the man, sir," answered the secretary. "Ha, I have expected him for some days! He is sent over to assassinate me; so, when he calls again, let him be shown up." "Sir," exclaimed the attached retainer, "will you expose to danger your life on which so much depends?" "There will be no danger, I thank you, but you may be within call, if you please." Accordingly, the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone, a loaded pistol in one hand, the miniature in the other.

"Monsieur Mehée de la Touche," said Pitt calmly, "you see I am in every way prepared for you, thanks to an agent employed by our Government. Attempt my life, and you shall instantly pay the forfeit. In any case I

shall have you secured and given over to the law." The intended assassin stood paralyzed and dumb at this cool reception. "But," continued Pitt, "there is another alternative—personal safety and high rewards are in your power. Sell your services to Great Britain; make your market of whatever secret information you can procure that may guard us against the machinations of your country; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases; do what no honorable man could do to save yourself from speedy death; your conscience is stained by purposed murder. Comply perforce with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid as you must, by all parties, be justly despised." The secretary used to repeat his illustrious master's words, which were, as nearly as possible, to the foregoing effect. The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms, and for many years earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.

A FORTUNATE CURE.

PERHAPS the most fortunate cure ever performed by a physician, pecuniarily speaking, was that performed by the English surgeon Broughton, on the nabob's daughter. In the year 1636, Broughton was sent from Surat, on the Bombay coast, to Agra, an important city in the heart of India, to treat one of the daughters of the Emperor Shah-Jehan; and, as good fortune and his own skill would have it, the princess was cured. By way of recompense, the Emperor, among other favors, gave him the privilege of a free commerce throughout his dominions. A

Broughton immediately repaired to Bengal, there to purchase goods; and scarcely had he arrived when he was summoned to attend the favorite of the nabob of the province, who was suffering under a dangerous and distressing disease. This patient, also, he restored to pristine health and vigor, whereupon the nabob settled a pension on him; and not only confirmed to him the privilege of the empire, but promised to allow the same to all the English who should come to Bengal.

Broughton communicated this to the English governor at Surat, and it was by the advice of the latter that the Company, in 1640, sent two ships from England to Bengal. Such was the origin of a commerce and of territorial acquisitions little dreamed of in Broughton's time.

A MECHANIC'S REAL WEALTH.—The mechanic may imagine that, when he had added together the amount of his savings, the value of his home and of his tools, he has accounted for all his wealth. But how much he has omitted! His strong arm, his expert hands, his knowledge of his trade, his physical endurance, his reputation as a superior and faithful workmen—these are of more worth to him in the future, even from a money point of view, than all his material possessions. With them he can repair losses and make good deficiencies, and, if need be, with good heart and courage begin the world anew; but, rob him of these, and he is poor and pitiable indeed.

It is eminently desirable that the practical and the speculative powers should be united as far as possible in every individual. He who can see both the near and the remote, who can take a comprehensive grasp of a subject, and yet arrange in every detail with precision, has a great advantage over him who can do only one. The very first step to supplying such deficiency is to be conscious of our own lack, and to respect and appreciate the needed power as soon as we discover it in others.

WARNING AGAINST HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

SOME years ago, a poor woman was discovered lying dead on the floor of her room in a low part of Westminster, with such marks of violence upon her body—notably a deep longitudinal cut on the head, which had incised a bone of the skull itself—as to point to the conclusion that she had been the victim of foul-play. Her husband was taken into custody, and put upon trial for murder. In making his defense, he accounted for the bruises, blood-stains, and other collateral evidence in various plausible ways; and for the scalp-wound by showing that the room was an attic with a broken skylight in the roof, and insinuating that a sharp-edged piece of glass must have fallen on his wife's head as she stood underneath. The surgeon who had been called in to view the body, in giving his evidence, expressed his opinion that a piece of glass in falling would not have sufficient force to cut into a bone. Notwithstanding this and other facts tending to prove that there was no moral doubt as to the guilt of the accused, the balance of legal testimony against him was not strong enough to convict, and he escaped. The surgeon—long since risen to the top of the professional tree, and now a man of European reputation—was at that time curator of an anatomical museum, where, in the department devoted to zoology and comparative anatomy, stood the skeleton of a cow. A few weeks after the trial above quoted, a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by hail, burst over London one night, and much damage was done; amongst other things, the museum skylights were extensively shattered. When the curator arrived next morning, he found a spiculum of broken glass actually sticking upright in the very edge of one of the sharp prominences of the bone—technically, the *spinous processes*—projecting from the vertebrae of the cow! I have often heard him narrate the incident at lecture, as a warning to young men against conclusions jumped at on the strength of preconceived ideas instead of patient investigation and experience. The wound in the woman's skull *might*, after all, have been produced by falling glass.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

ONE of the most eccentric wills of modern times was lately quietly set aside by Vice-Chancellor Bacon, in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, England. The document in question was executed in May, 1868, by a Mrs. Anne Burdett, of Gilmorton, in Leicestershire, and her leading testamentary dispositions were made in a codicil, which directed certain appointed trustees, immediately after her funeral, to cause the windows and doors of every room in her dwelling-house to be bricked up in a solid and substantial manner, thus immuring all the goods and chattels in the house, even to the clock on the mantelpiece, and to continue the bricking-up for a period of twenty years. The kitchen only was to remain unsealed; and in this apartment some respectable married couple were to be installed, at a peppercorn rent of one halfpenny per week, their duty being to take care of the premises, and, in particular, to see that no attempts were made to raise the brick blockade of the doors and windows. In order that her directions should be carried out to the letter, certain benefits under the will were given to the trustees, which benefits they were to forfeit if the house ceased to be in a strictly bricked-up and barricaded state.

By another codicil this lively and genial testatrix directed that the windows should be boarded up and nailed with good long nails, bent down on the inside, and then



THE HISTORY OF KISSING.—THE KISS THAT WAKED THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND HER COURT.—SEE PAGE 611.

covered up with sheet-iron and tin. Of the property thus hermetically sealed up no effectual devise was made. This extraordinary will was disputed in the Probate Court, but probate was eventually granted. Then the parties who were dissatisfied took the case into Chancery, and no fewer than eight counsel learned in the law appeared before the Vice-Chancellor, those who supported the validity of the devise quoting Pope's well-known lines, in which the poet says that a testator may "endow a college or a cat," and seeking to draw therefrom the inference that Mrs. Burdett was entitled to dispose of her own precisely as she liked, even though her testamentary injunctions were of the most capriciously grotesque nature. Sir James Bacon, however, very cogently pointed out that, in the case before him, the testator had endowed neither a cat nor a college; and he directed the trustees to unseal and release all this hitherto useless property, and distribute it as the undisposed residue of real and personal estate.

AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE FROM A FIJIAN CYCLONE.

SAVU SAVU BAY, THE FIJI ISLES,
15th December, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I arrived here only yesterday morning from Levuka, and very, very glad I am to get safe home at last, for we were shipwrecked on the way, and had to swim for our lives; it was a terrible time. I suffered all the awful horrors of a death by drowning, but my life has been preserved, I may truly say, in a wonderful manner. I don't know how to write about it; I am so full of thankfulness that you have been spared what I know would have been a great sorrow to you all; just simply rejoice that I am still to the fore, a good deal battered about, but safe and sound, and as well in health as ever, thank God for that. But I had better begin at the beginning, and give an account of the whole affair. I left Levuka last Tuesday morning, the 9th, at daylight, in a cutter of nine tons, the owner and captain in charge, his name H—, a man of few words, a quiet, honest, trustworthy fellow, for whom I have a great liking, thoroughly up to his work. As crew we had a half-caste and two strong Fijians, only one other passenger besides myself.



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"I HEARD H— PLUNGE INTO THE SEA BEHIND ME."



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"I CLUTCHED AT IT IN A HELPLESS KIND OF WAY, AND, MOST MERCIFULLY, THREE FINGERS OF EACH HAND STUCK IN TWO SMALL NICHES IN THE ROCK."

This man, A—, was formerly captain in some merchant service, a very rough diamond, but at bottom a very good fellow; he came to Fiji about ten years ago, and is now a gray old fellow, with a wife and a large family of children. H— is in partnership with C—, in Savu Savu Bay, brother to the one you know. They bought this cutter a few months ago, and have been running her regularly ever since.

We left Levuka, as I have said, at daylight last Tuesday, with a very light breeze. We made very little way that day, and anchored for the night close to an island. Next morning at daylight we started again; what little breeze there was, was in our favor, but by evening it had died away, and left us out in the open sea. All that night we kept bobbing on. As soon, however, as day dawned, we saw at once we were in for something hot—at all events, a very heavy squall was coming on—so we took in all our extra sails, and reefed close down, not a bit too soon. A terrific storm of wind and rain struck us, sending the cutter almost over on to her beam-ends; we feared our two small sails would be blown clean away, but being new and strong, they held, to our great relief. At first we thought we were only in for a very heavy squall, which would not last more than two or three hours, but instead of that, it increased in fury, and so rapidly, that within half an hour it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and as we have since found out, a regular cyclone. I have seldom seen such a sight; I never wish to experience it again in such a small craft. Our cutter of nine tons, in ordinary sailing weather, always boasted of five sails—a mainsail, square sail, gaff topsail, stay sail, and jib. We took in everything except the mainsail and jib, both of which we shortened as much as possible, and yet we lay over with our lee gunwale under water the whole time. At first the sea was comparatively smooth, for the wind was so strong that it literally prevented the sea from rising; it seemed at first that it was impossible for the waves to lift, or if one attempted to do so the wind caught it and sent it hissing along in spray; we were almost blinded with the heavy rain and spray; and although seven o'clock in the morning, it became quite dark, and we were enveloped in a thick fog, and could only see a few yards ahead.

The storm came up from the eastward, but soon shifted

round to the N.E., right dead ahead in our teeth; we then decided to try and make for the shelter of a small rocky barren islet, for we were out in the open sea, and this was our only refuge. We steered by compass, for we could not see any distance ahead. H— steered, A— went to the masthead, and Lui, the half-caste, and the two Fijians stood ready. As there were plenty of men to do what was wanted, I remained close to H—, to lend him a hand if necessary. We were of course drenched all the time with the heavy rain and spray, but that was nothing. To reach the island we had to pass through some dangerous reef patches, lying a mile and a half from it, the passage through the reef only a very narrow one, being but a few yards wide. Not one of us spoke a word; I knew afterward that we were all thinking the same thing, that it was indeed very doubtful whether any of us would see land again. We were close-hauled to endeavor to get as much as possible to windward of the passage, and we were anxious to get through before the wind shifted round any more. After a long time, A— cried out that we were close upon the reef; there it was, a white seething mass of huge waves and foam. I looked at H—, his honest brown face as white as a sheet, and with such a desperate look upon it; we all saw at once that it was impossible to make the passage, close-hauled though we were, on that tack. There was not a second to be lost; we were almost on the reef; H— tried to put the cutter about; she missed stays; we could not get her round; and the next moment we were broadside on, among the huge waves and white foam right on the reef, which here is some fifty to sixty yards wide; an awful sea was running, and we were tossed up and down like a cockleshell. A— at the masthead roared out his orders in a hoarse voice of agony, "Luff, luff! keep her full!" and in that way we literally dodged between the huge rocks until we reached the deep water beyond. Our escape was a most miraculous one; at one time if we had been in the trough of the sea instead of on the top of a huge wave, we must have all lost our lives. When we were safe in the open sea again, A— came down from the masthead, his face very white, and said to me, "Sonny, I would not have given five cents for any of our lives a minute ago." I looked on old H—; he was nearly crying with thankfulness.

That danger over, we had another difficulty before us—how to reach the island; for the wind was gradually hauling round, and was again blowing dead ahead, and a tremendous sea was running. After tacking and tacking with the greatest difficulty, we reached holding-ground on the lee side of our barren island, and threw out both anchors and sixty-five fathoms of chain. Lui and the Fijians went ashore in the boat to cook; she returned for A—, who also went ashore. H— and I remained on board, not anticipating any danger. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after A— left us the wind went round to the northward, and instead of our being on the lee side of the island, we were now on the windward side, exposed to the full fury of the gale; it was impossible then for the boat to return to us; the sight was a grand one, and believing that our chains would hold, and not dreaming that there was any danger, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Where the boat had gone ashore was a narrow strip of white sand, with a background of trees, the rest of the island nothing but bluff barren rocks, rising straight out of the water; a tremendous sea was rolling in, and dashing furiously against these rocks, striking them and rising high in the air a mass of white foam; the trees on the island in their new Spring foliage forming a beautiful contrast. H— said to me, "What an iron-bound coast."

I made some remark, I think, that it was very grand; and H— said, "Yes, old man, but I pity the poor fellows who got dashed up against those rocks."

Meanwhile, the storm was increasing rapidly in fury, the cutter dipping bows under to every wave, the spray flying clean over us. We went down below into the little cabin and had something to eat, a biscuit and salt beef. It was impossible for the boat to come out to us; nothing could have lived in the heavy sea, so we were obliged to remain on board, the storm raging worse and worse. A little before three o'clock in the afternoon I went down below, for I was very cold and wet. I was down but a few minutes, when H— called to me, "Old man, stand by to swim; one chain has parted!"

The tone of his voice was quite enough. I did not say a word; I *felt* the worst had come; I went on deck at once; there was H—, with nothing but his shirt on, his face very white, and with the same look on it that I had noticed when we were on the reef. I went to the bows, and, of course, saw at once that one chain had gone. I said to H—, "Let us lash two oars together and get ashore on them." He said, "Not a bit of use; you will only be drifted upon those rocks; your only chance is to swim, and try and make for that bit of sandy beach. It is your only chance, old man; if you get upon those rocks you will be dashed to pieces." Now, in order to reach that sandy beach we had to swim in a great measure against wind, waves and tide. I merely said, "I suppose we had better go before the other chain parts." He said, "Yes, if you wait till then you will have less chance." I did not say another word. I stripped my clothes off. As I was taking my shirt off, H— said, "You had better keep that on; you will want something on shore." But I took it off, for I knew I could not swim in it; I, however, kept my jersey on, and there I stood ready.

We both stood together hanging on to the shrouds, both of us silent, for a minute or two, very quiet, and our faces—for mine must have been the same as H—'s—very white. I looked at the huge breakers, at the rocks, at the distance from the strip of beach, and I felt my heart sink terribly. I did not say a word, but I felt I could not reach the shore; there was no time for any cowardice. H— told afterward that I did not show the slightest fear, that he never saw any one behave in such a cool manner as I did. Just before I jumped into the sea I turned round to H— and said, "Old man, I can't do it." The next moment I was among the waves, swimming for the shore. I kept up my presence of mind grandly. I swam slowly and deliberately, for I knew I stood a poor chance if I flurried myself.

I heard H— plunge into the sea behind me; he soon passed me, swimming with far greater ease than I did; he is much more powerfully built than I am, stronger in every way, and has led a very rough life since his boyhood; he stood a far better chance of reaching the shore than I did. It was terrible work amongst those huge breakers; they followed each other in such quick succession, that when you did manage to rise to the surface after being overwhelmed with one, you had not time even to breathe before the next huge wave was upon you. I was getting very exhausted, my arms and legs so tired that I could scarcely move them, and I found it more difficult to rise from under the waves. I saw A— (who cannot swim a stroke) on the beach, gesticulating and running about frantically. I saw H— far ahead of me, still making good way; then I saw Lui, the half-caste, a perfect Hercules in strength, and a splendid swimmer, dash into the water followed by the two Fijians. I saw them reach H—; one Fijian remained with him to help him,

and Lui and the other came on toward me. It seemed child's play to them; the breakers were rolling in toward the shore; as they met each one they dived under it, and so they came on to me. I was afraid they would not reach me in time, for I was completely exhausted. I had no strength left in me, and I gave an awful yell, and sank before they reached me. When I came to the surface I found myself almost unconsciously between them, my left hand on Lui's shoulder, my right arm held up by the Fijian. We made for the shore; in a second a huge breaker was upon us, and separated us.

A—, who was watching from the beach, says he thought none of us would come to the surface again, we were so long beneath the waves; however, we came to the surface again, and Lui and the Fijian grasped me again; a huge wave separated us again, again we came together, and made a vain attempt. Lui said, *Sa cti* ("It is finished"), shook me off and made for the shore, followed by the Fijian. I then heard a yell from H—, the Fijian who came out to help him had deserted him also. When Lui said *Sa cti*, and the two men left me, the agony of mind I suffered is something indescribable; I gave up all hope of life, I was utterly exhausted, and down I sank. I heard the breakers roaring above me, I could just see my arms moving feebly about, my stomach began to swell most painfully with the amount of salt water I was swallowing, and then, in the most unaccountable manner, I came to the surface again, and saw them dragging H— ashore.

Down I sank again, and so on, until at last I felt dashed against the rocks. I grasped at them, but they were smooth and slippery, and back I was sucked again by the waves; the next wave threw me up again, and I felt a hand clutch hold of me and drag me higher up; I fully realized then how a drowning man grasps at every straw; the wave flattened both of us against the rock, which rose sheer above us; I clutched at it in a helpless kind of way, and most mercifully three fingers of each hand stuck in two small niches in the rock; I could only get them in as far as the first joint, no more; how I held on is a marvel to me, a marvel to every one who saw the place afterward. The next wave lifted me clean off my feet, and towered high above us; how my fingers retained their hold I cannot tell, it was pure desperation; as the wave receded the suction was very great; it washed the Fijian, who had saved me, back again, amongst the breakers. I looked round for an instant, and saw him struggling in the water, but the next wave was upon me, a huge body of water, and I held on again like grim death; my strength was gone, my arms and legs numb, but I did not leave go. The wave washed the Fijian into a small hole in the rock hollowed out by the action of the water; into this the waves swept with fearful force, but the Fijian was fresh and stuck there.

After a while he clambered round the rocks, how I don't know, and went for help; he saw A— and shouted to him for a rope, he (A—) chopped off the boat's painter with an ax, and sent Lui and the Fijians over the rocks to me. They came down from above, and let the rope down to me in a noose; it was too short—they called and yelled to me to catch hold of it, but I could not, I had no strength left; they let it down a little lower, it was now about two feet above me; I waited for the next wave, it lifted me up, I made one desperate effort and caught hold of the rope; they dragged me up to a small ledge, where there was just room for me to stand; they seized me by the wrists and legs, and there I vomited a quantity of blood and water; after a while they dragged me up higher to another ledge; as they were doing so the cutter,

which had in the meantime parted the remaining chain, was dashed against the rocks, her topmast striking the rocks within a few feet of me. Well, they dragged me up from ledge to ledge, until we got to a safe place, and there I lay and vomited bucketsful. The Fijians, seeing I was numb with cold, lay upon me with their naked bodies like blankets until I had got some warmth into me; they then, between them, carried me down to the beach, into a sort of cave. A— came up, and never shall I forget the rough fellow's tender kindness to me. "Old man, old man, I never thought I should see you again. I told H— long ago that you were cooked. Lui and the Fijians when they came ashore said it was impossible to save you, that you were a drowned man, that it was written on your face; that they themselves were nearly drowned; that the sharks were already at you."

A— fortunately had brought a rug ashore with him in the boat; he stripped off my wet jersey, took off his own dry fisherman's blue jersey, made me put it on, and wrapped me in his rug, and made the Fijians light a fire, and I lay close alongside. It was quite dark then—just think how awful it would have been if the storm had come upon us during the night. The shake of the hand old A— gave me when he first saw me I shall never forget. Soon H— came limping up; we said nothing at first, but just looked at each other in quiet thankfulness. He then told me he had never had such a narrow squeak for his life before, that he also gave up all hope, and yet I saw him dragged ashore. A— told me that they all rushed into the water and dragged him ashore, and that when he saw his face he gave up all hope of ever seeing me again, for H—'s face was like a corpse's, his lips livid.

That night, when the tide went down, A—, Lui, and the Fijians went to the cutter to get some food and water, for we were on a barren island without either; although the waves were dashing over the cutter, they pluckily dived into her hold and brought up a box of tinned meats and a bag of flour belonging to me; they also secured a keg of water, so we were fortunately provided with provisions for a week. This was all that could be done then; the seas had broken open the hatches, and were washing the cargo out in the most merciless way. That night the wind went right round to the southward, and then gradually to the eastward, proving that we had experienced a regular cyclone. The gale raged all night, and we never expected to see the cutter in the morning. None of us slept that night, but we all lay down; an oar served us three for a pillow. A— and H— put me between them; no clothes had been saved from the wreck. A— had fortunately his rug; we lay as close to each other as we possibly could, I close up to H—'s back, and A— close up to mine with his arm round me. How bitterly cold it was, how the wind did roar! I could not sleep, my chest was paining me too much; I said, "I can't breathe." H— said, "I am just the same, every breath I take pains me." I suppose this was the result of the quantity of salt water we had swallowed. We were very thankful when morning at last dawned. H— and I could not move; his legs were much cut about, but I was in a far worse state. When they hauled me over the rocks I was bleeding, I may truly say, all over; it was a great mercy no limbs were broken. I was cut all over, my feet and legs terribly; when H— and A— looked over me next morning they said, "By Jove, old man, you would make a splendid zebra." I was afraid at first that my left knee was seriously damaged, for I could not move it; my feet were much swollen, and I had an ugly cut in my groin. My wounds were all full of dirt; there was no water to wash in, for we had but very little for drinking



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"THE FIJIANS, SEEING I WAS NUMB WITH THE COLD, LAY UPON ME WITH THEIR NAKED BODIES, UNTIL I HAD GOT SOME WARMTH INTO ME."

purposes, and it was necessary to husband that very carefully, for we did not know when we might be rescued. However, I bore all with the greatest cheerfulness—everything seemed so utterly trivial when I thought how mercifully my life had been spared. That night as I lay awake, a feeling of utter horror came over me when I thought of what I had gone through, and then it would change to intense thankfulness that I was still safe and sound in limb. A—— told me that I was at least three-quarters of an hour in the water, and two hours upon the rocks, so you can imagine what I endured.

When I gave up all hope in the water, I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is drowning all his past life comes before him, and he suffers horrors of conscience; it was not so with me. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then, strange to say, I thought how people do lie; I have always been told that death by drowning is the easiest death, and yet here I am suffering agonies of pain, and I remember wishing, If I am to be drowned, let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, and I felt the same feeling of shyness and dread come over me that I have felt so often, and never could conquer, when I was outside a drawing-room door, and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say that they never entered my head; if I had remembered them I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.

Next morning the cutter, to our great surprise, was still there; when she had drifted ashore it was high tide, and the waves wedged her in between the rocks most securely; twenty yards beyond the place where she struck, and she would have missed the island altogether, and been driven clean away; she came ashore at the very place where I did, thus showing how helplessly the wind and waves had driven me; twenty yards more and I should have been lost.

During the day the wind and waves went down; the trees, whose tender foliage I had admired the day before, looked as if a severe fire had passed through them, the

leaves were all black and withered. I was bringing up a large stock of stores and necessities for the plantation; remnants only saved, a quantity of silver for plantation use gone, my good heavy coats that are invaluable on these voyages all washed away, cases broken by the waves, and some of the contents washed ashore; even tinned meats strewn about on the reefs; sulus (cloth for plantation use)—found in strips all over the reef; my belt was picked up three days afterward. I cannot tell the extent of my loss at present, but I look upon it as nothing when I think how wonderfully my life has been spared.

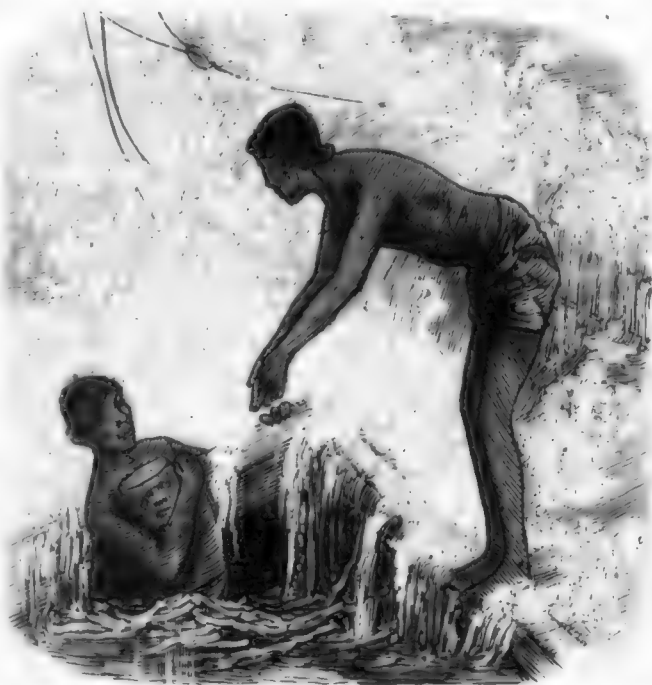
The third day the sea was almost calm. On Saturday a schooner came in sight; we hailed her and she lent us men. All ballast was taken out of the cutter, two strong tackles rove to the reef, the holes in her were then patched up, and at high tide she was hauled into deep water, and by constant pumping kept afloat. The schooner lent her an anchor and chain. Then it was decided that I should go on in the schooner to Savu Bay to break the news to H——'s partner, and send down a letter to A——'s wife to tell her that her husband was all right, for we knew that everybody would be very anxious about us. So I came on in the schooner and reached this full of thankfulness.

My wounds are showing no signs of festering; they cannot look more healthy. How I relished my first wash! My feet are so much cut about that I cannot do much walking at present, but I am in perfect health; the difficulty I suffered at first in breathing has entirely left me, so do not be in the least alarmed about me.

I shall give the Fijian who saved my life a handsome present; he indeed deserves one, although he did not come with the intention of saving my life; he said to A——, "I must go and see the white man die," and ran to the top of the rocks to get a good view. He saw I had life in me yet, and pluckily clambered down the rocks. How he found a footing I don't know, but Fijians are as sure-footed as goats; but at all events he got down in time to seize my hand and save my life.

I have written this letter in a great hurry, and at one sitting, so I am pretty well tired out; but I have a chance of sending to Levuka to-morrow; possibly I may not have another before the mail leaves.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON.



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"ALTHOUGH THE WAVES WERE DASHING OVER THE CUTTER, THEY PLUCKILY DIVED INTO THE HOLD AND BROUGHT UP A BOX OF TINNED MEATS AND A BAG OF FLOUR BELONGING TO ME."



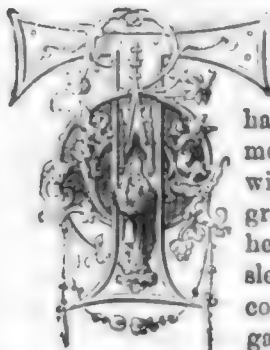
WHY FETHERSTONAUGH PUZZLED HIM. — "‘THIS IS SERIOUS,’ THOUGHT THE LITTLE AMATEUR, AS SHE WATCHED HER VISITOR BEGIN TO NERVOUSLY STROKE HIS HUGE BEARD.” — SEE NEXT PAGE.

FLORA.

O ran that afternoon, that lane
Where I pick'd flowers! Never again
Will common wild-flowers look so well
So freshly blush the pimpernel,
And modest blue and simple white
Stand in the grass to such delight!
I pick'd my flowers for Flora's sake,
Happy to have a chance to make
A nosegay she might chance to see,
And know that it was made by me.
I found a baby oak-leaf, too,
So I had green, white, red, and blue.

WHY FETHERSTONAUGH PUZZLED HIM.

BY COLLINS SHACKELFORD.



HEY had traveled together on the morning express for thirty miles, seated side by side, and neither had spoken. She was a small woman, moving timidly, dressed in black, and with a sweet but sad face. He was a great hulk of a fellow, with a long, heavy, sunburnt beard, with an empty sleeve on his left side, and his eyes concealed by green goggles. His garments were coarse, ill-fitting, and

with the store-creases embarrassingly conspicuous.

She had shrunk into her corner of the seat, and he hearing the rustle of her garments, had obligingly contracted the compass of his burly form.

She had, woman-like, studied him curiously out of the corner of her eye, while he, unconscious of revision, gazed stolidly ahead. She graded him as an unfortunate laborer whom accident had disabled. He, sensitive as a woman, was thrilled by a woman's presence, and manifested it by his continual changes of position.

So they rode in unsociable silence, both nervous, both uncomfortable, both glad when the journey was ended, and the train rolled into the echoing depot.

In the aisle the woman, halting for a second, looked backward. She saw her recent companion blindly groping in the rack overhead for a small package. His helplessness went to her heart. It was pitiful to see such a huge fellow unable to help himself.

"I will get it for you," she said, going back to him. "It has fallen down," and she placed it in his hands.

"Thank you, ma'am. I'm sorry to be of trouble, but I'm a'most blind."

The voice surprised her. It was a deep, liquid base, so sonorous that passengers hearing it turned, surprised, to look at him. If there was anything beautiful about the man it was his voice.

"Blind!" exclaimed the little woman, with a sudden feeling of compassion for his infirmity. "Blind! How very sad! And have you no one to lead you out?" gently catching hold of the empty sleeve.

"Wal, no! I spoke to the brakeman, but I guess he's forgotten me. But I can feel my way along, ma'am."

"I will lead you," was the reply, in a determined voice. "The idea of your trying to find your way out alone! Trust to me a minute. I'm the lady who sat in the same seat with you."

"Indeed!" in a tone of astonishment, as he slid along the aisle. "Why, I thought it was a small girl, 'cause there was so little fuss."

Her only response was a laugh, and a brief warning to be careful in going down the steps.

"I wasn't always blind," he said, apologetically, as he stumbled a bit. "I was blowed up out West in the mines, ma'am, while firing a blast. I've come here to see Dr. Ottorb."

"I've heard of him," she said. "He has a high reputation as an oculist. Will you have a carriage?"

"Of course, ma'am. I can afford it, for I've had good luck in the mines—struck it rich. This isn't said to brag, but because I am afraid I don't look like a man who can pay his way."

"That is pleasant to know. You'll need money more than if you were not injured. The best of people have to pay their way nowadays. Even civility has to be paid for. I'm going to pick out a hack for you."

And she beckoned to an honest-looking driver, to whose care she confided the miner.

"I don't know how to thank you——" he began.

"I'm glad you don't, sir, for it is not necessary. It has done me good to be of some service. My kindness is nothing to speak of."

"To me it has been something wonderful," he declared. "Why, it's the first I've known since I left Denver, and I'd like to prove that 'tain't lost on me. Won't you give me your name? I'd like very much to have it to remember."

She blushed a little, hesitated, and then replied, with a smile that lighted up her face until it looked beautiful:

"Fetherstonaugh."

He said it over several times, as if to fix it in his memory, and then inquired:

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs.;" and the weary, sad look came back again.

"Widow?" he queried.

"Yes, a widow."

"I thought so. Your voice sounds full of sorrow—sort o' choked. I wish I could see you. What're you like? It's a long time since I've seen a woman's face. We didn't have 'em up there in the mountains. Must you be going? Wait a second," settling back in the carriage and putting his hand to his head, as if in thought. "One question, ma'am. Can't I help you some way?"

From any one else the interrogation might have been considered an insult; but she saw he was honestly earnest, and wanted to be of service.

"Oh, dear me, no!" she exclaimed. "I work. I get my food and clothing. That is a great deal; most women do not succeed that well. I might do better, and it would not be difficult to do worse."

"But what do you do? I'd like to know?"

"I write letters."

"Letters? What do you mean?" pulling perplexedly at his tawny beard.

"Why, letters—business letters, love-letters, letters for people who cannot or will not write, confidential letters—in fact, all sorts of communications."

"Oh, I see!" and he began to laugh, his deep, musical voice rolling out like a song of joy—"I see! I see! There's fun in the business, isn't there? You have lots of secrets to keep, haven't you?"

She did not answer him. She was not sure but that in her effort to be of assistance she had talked too much to a stranger. Then, too, his stentorian voice attracted an unpleasant amount of attention. He shouted as if he were back in his mine.

"You will have no difficulty in getting to your hotel now," she said; "and I hope your eyes will speedily get well. Good-by, sir."

"Well, if you must say it, good-by, though you seem like a friend. Good-by, ma'am, good-by!" Then, to himself, as the carriage moved along, "That woman's true metal. Think of her helpin' a rough-looking cuss like me! And what a sweet voice she has! Sounds like one I used to hear years ago. 'D'rather hear it than the minstrels. Bet she's homely, of course, for a pretty woman would never help a man like me. 'Tain't in 'em. p'raps it's just as well, in this matter, that I can't see. An' her name's Fetherstonaugh. She never asked mine, an' I never thought to tell it. Granby—Fetherstonaugh; Fetherstonaugh—Granby. Not a bad sound together. But, bless my soul! that's the way marriage-notice begin. Odd, very odd, I should put those names together in that way."

After which he fell into a train of meditation that was ended by his arrival at his hotel.

* * * * *

The oculist's remedies were slow in effecting a cure, and Granby, who at first fretted like a caged animal, gradually descended to a condition of profound despondency.

Confinement, to a man who had lived for years in the purest of open air, was like a quick and subtle rust. Solitude and a virtual imprisonment in his room bore heavily upon his spirits.

Weary at last of moping in the dark, he came to the sudden resolution one day of making a call upon Mrs. Fetherstonaugh. He did not believe she would take him to task when she knew how lonely he was in the great city.

After some searching by the hotel-clerk, the address of the little woman was found, a carriage obtained, and with childish delight the miner hastened to the home of the woman who had been so kind to him.

The house was a small cottage on a by-street, but close to a business artery of the city. Everything about it was neat and trim. On the side of the door was a little black sign on which was placed, in gilt letters, this announcement:

"MRS. FETHERSTONAUGH,
Letter-writer."

Mrs. Fetherstonaugh herself answered the summons of the bell, and her face was lighted up with a pleasant look as she recognized her visitor.

"This is a surprise," she exclaimed, in a cheering voice. "I never thought to see you again, sir," shaking his hand, heartily. "I hope you will come in."

Mr. Granby said he would be delighted to do so, as he had come for that very purpose, because he was afraid he would go mad with lonesomeness at his hotel.

"And your eyes, are they getting better?" she asked. "It's a month since you came to the city, and there ought to be an improvement in them by this time."

He shook his head, sadly.

"I'm just downright discouraged," he said. "I drag along, drag along. There's just a little change, enough to show me I can't see. I hope, ma'am, you're not displeased with my coming. I was hungry for some kind-hearted person to talk to me, and so hunted up your name in the directory."

"Displeased! Not in the least. Let me seat you in my business-shair. You are in my office now, the place where I transact business—write letters, you know."

"And do you have much to do?" he inquired, believing at the same time that though she might say Yes, it would not be exactly the truth, for he could not comprehend how there was to be any money made in writing letters.

But she not only said "Yes," but went further, and described her labors, and told what her profits were, and how she composed letters for all sorts of people, from the servant who could not write up to the lady or gentleman who did not care or dare to write, and who paid quite handsomely to have a discreet person to do it for them.

"It would surprise you to see my customers, the differences in them socially, and the variety of matters I am called upon to write about. I am making a profession of the work," she continued, "because I hold my tongue;" her voice had a tone of satisfaction as she said this.

"I came partly on that sort of business, Mrs. Fetherstonaugh," remarked Mr. Granby, after a little while. "Ye see, I can't write. An' I've no family an' no friends. But since I've been shut up in this city, I've come to the conclusion to try something—an experiment, so to speak, and to get you to help me as a matter of business, an' because I can't do it myself."

Mrs. Fetherstonaugh at once pulled pen, ink and paper toward her.

"I am prepared for business," she said, speaking with the penholder in her mouth, woman fashion.

"But I ain't," declared Granby. "I ain't writ a letter since I was a boy, an' though I feel what I want written, it's mighty hard for me to say it—you don't know how hard."

"I think I do. If there weren't a good many people in a fix like yours about writing, I would not have anything to do. They'd write their own letters. But let us begin before we're interrupted! Is the letter to be on love or business?"

Granby let loose one of his laughs, a fragment of his base voice, on a frolic up and down the gamut. Quieting down, he said:

"That did me good—asking me whether we should should write on love or business. How should I know until after it's written?"

"This is serious," thought the little amanuensis, as she watched her visitor begin to nervously stroke his huge beard. "That laugh wasn't natural. The man is trying to deceive me." Then, aloud: "Give me the name, please."

"The name? Oh, yes, yes. It is——"

He stopped, and began to drum with his fingers upon an arm of the chair, while his chin sank slowly down upon his breast as he became lost in a reverie.

The lady waited patiently, her pen poised like a lance between her fingers.

"The name, please. We must begin if we are to finish," she spoke at last, in a tone of slight impatience. "One of my regular customers may come in at any minute."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said Granby, coming back with a nervous start from his brown study, and beginning to smooth out the wrinkles in his empty sleeve. "I had gone back fifteen years in my life. The name—oh? Well, perhaps you might begin, 'Dear Martha——' Wait, though. That's too affectionate, considering the years that hev gone. Let me think."

She had instantly penciled the words he had given her; but she crumpled up the sheet, and tossing it into the waste-basket, waited.

"Write, please," he said. "'Dear Miss Inman.'"

Her pen was in the inkstand as soon as he began to speak.

At the utterance of the name a violent tremor convulsed her, and the outstretched arm overturned the ink. A little womanish cry, partly of alarm, partly of emotion, escaped her, and she began to soak up the fluid.



SHOCKING!

Mrs. B. (lately bitten)—“Fond o’ bric-a-brac? No—h! No—fly. Brown says I’m becoming quite an atheist!”

PHILISTINE VISITOR (under his breath)—“Geracious Heavens!”

“What is the matter, ma’am?” asked Granby, morbidly sensitive to every noise, and partly rising in his chair. “Have you hurt yourself?”

“It was nothing,” with a forced laugh. “I tipped over the ink.”

“Tipped over the ink! A bad omen for me, and I believe in omens. But why are you so still?”

Still! Why, the man would have been frightened if he could have seen the pallid face, the trembling hands, the quivering lips, and the eyes, fierce with a questioning gaze, fixed upon his unconscious features—a gaze whose purpose was to read his very heart.

She was leaning forward, a wild expectancy in her attitude and apprehension in every motion. His question startled her into self-possession. Without a word in reply she picked up her pen and began to write, repeating aloud as she did so the words: “Dear Miss Inman.”

“There, they are written,” she said. “What next?”

The question perplexed him. He stroked his long beard slowly and deliberately.

The great green goggles, like lidless green eyes, gazed unwinkingly upon the little woman. Then a long-drawn sigh escaped him.

“I give it up, Mrs. Fetherstonaugh. I don’t know how to fix up the rest. I can handle the pick and the pan better’n the pen, and I ain’t used to stringin’ words together to read like a poem. I kin give you the ideas, ma’am, and you must dress ’em up so as to tech the heart, eh? Money’s no object to me in this matter.”

“I guess we shall not have any trouble,” said Mrs. Fetherstonaugh, once more composed.

“Tell her—I was dead in love with the girl then—that when I went off mad fifteen years ago—she’ll know why I went—I was mighty sorry the next day, but too proud to give in. Tell her I went West, that I lived like an Indian an’ starved like a white man until I struck it rich in Nevada; an’—put this just as strong as you know how—tell her that in all these years, day an’ night, I’ve thought of her, an’ been sorry for what I said an’ did. Write that I loved her then, an’ I love her now, an’ that I’m rich—I don’t know how rich. But I want to be fair with her, ma’am, an’ to give her the truth. Say I’m a wreck and spoiled. Give her the facts as you see ’em. Put ’em strong. Then, when you’ve done that, ma’am, write that if she can be my wife, an’ will have me, I’ll be one of the loveliest husbands as ever was. There!” with a deep-drawn breath of relief, and wiping his forehead on his coat-sleeve—“that’s what I want written. It ’aint as much as I feel. There’s

allus been a something about her pulling at my heart. Fix the ideas up nice, jest as if you was me, or as if you was the woman, which is better.”

He waited. There was a dead silence. The pen had fallen from her hands. Down her face ran tears. Her handkerchief was over her mouth. She was staring at him with a despairing look.

But, in spite of her struggles to repress her feelings, a moan escaped her. The miner’s ear caught the sound. He rose to his feet, and, with outstretched hands, began to move toward her.

“What does this mean?” he exclaimed. “You are cryin’. I can’t stand that. Please, don’t. If I’d a-thought there was anything about my story as would a-made you feel bad, I’d—”

He drew back his hand as it almost touched her. He felt as if a coal of fire had fallen upon it. It was only a

tear, but it burned. His attitude became one of irresolution. This result of his narrative astounded him. A tear, and for him, a mutilated, helpless creature! No wonder that, accustomed for years to only the roughest phases of life, he could not comprehend an emotion so strong as to give this tribute to his misery.

The woman recovered her composure. Whatever the cause of her agitation, her will became supreme.

"There! Don't mind me. I'm nervous, half-sick. A kind word sometimes breaks me down. The letter is written. What is the address?"

"Send it to Greenpoint, Connecticut. She was there fifteen years ago." There was a sharp noise. Mrs. Fetherstonough had broken the penholder—had snapped the fragile thing between her fingers. But her voice was even in its tones as she quietly said:

"Fifteen years? She may be dead; had you thought of that?"

"Often. But I'm going to chance it. Have you signed my name?"

"Your name? I forgot that!" with a forced laugh. "What is it?" The question was almost a whisper, and so low that she had to repeat it to him.

"John Granby, ma'am."

"John Granby!" she echoed, as if writing it down.

Yet, if John Granby could have seen that woman's face then he would have been frightened. It became suddenly blue-white and pinched, and the lips began to quiver as if the poor thing were going to cry out. But again, after a struggle, she conquered her weakness. Granby, already made suspicious by her quietness, became uneasy.

"I don't quite understand your ways," he said. "You were to write a letter for me. I don't believe you have written a dozen words. Now that ain't business, and I leave it to you if it is."

"You are mistaken," she said. "I have written more than you say. I have not put down all that you have said, because it was not necessary."

"Not necessary?" exclaimed Granby. "An' why not?"

"Because—well, because I know a part of your story; and, perhaps, when I have told you something, you may not care to send the letter. Miss Inman was a dear friend of mine. She had spoken to me of you very often. She waited for six years for you to come back, or for you to write to her, but you did neither."

"I did neither," said Granby. "You are right."

"After the poor girl had waited those long six years, and nothing came from you, she married."



A BUTTERFLY.—THE PAPILIO MACHAON—CATERPILLAR AND CHRYSALIS.—SEE PAGE 691.

At this announcement, John Granby sprang up from his chair, exclaiming :

"I never thought of that. Another man's wife ! What a fool I've been !" and in his agitation he began to try to pace to and fro in the little room, stopping only after stumbling over a chair and against the table at which she was sitting. "But tell me the rest," he pleaded. "Don't keep me in suspense. There is something more—something very sorrowful, for you have been crying. Was it because she, Martha, is dead ?"

His clear, sonorous voice became choked as he asked the question, and his hand upon the little table caught the wood in a vise-like grasp.

"Dead ?" asked the woman. "No ! no ! It was her husband who died."

"Ah ! his name—what was it ?" his voice and form showing the revival of hope. "Why do you hesitate ! Tell me his name ?"

She did not answer on the instant. Her eyes were studying his face ; they were bright with a strange expectation. Her face was aglow with a joy of the sight of which he was robbed. At last she spoke.

"Fetherstonough," she said, solemnly.

"Why, that—that is your name."

"Yes."

Then she stopped. The reply puzzled him. His fingers knit his beard with a nervous energy. His doubting and hesitancy were painful to the little creature who was watching his every motion.

"It's years since I've seen her face or heard her voice," he said, talking to himself, "but it seems to me that for the past hour I've been listening to tones I've heard before. But then—pshaw, it isn't likely. Mrs. Fetherstonough !"

"Yes !"

"Perhaps you are her sister-in-law ?"

"No ! But I almost wish I were. Martha is a poor woman, faded in looks, and broken-spirited. Perhaps if you could see her as I know her, you would not send that letter."

"I would—I swear I would," was Granby's vigorous response. "I know we've both changed. I'm as miserable a wreck as anybody can see. But I love her, an' if she can be found, I'd like her to get that letter. I know it's selfish to want her to like me, but I can't help it. That letter contains my sentiments," bringing his hand heavily down upon the table.

"It has not been written," said the woman, decisively.

"Not written ?" he cried, in astonishment.

"Not written," she echoed.

"Ah ! why not, ma'am ?" his voice angry and his form tremulous with passion. "Why not, I ask you again, ma'am ?"

A transformed woman was now little Mrs. Fetherstonough. A glad light danced in her eyes ; her sad face glowed into a look of joy beyond description ; the timid creature became bold. As she rose to her feet she pushed back her hair, her hands shaking as with an ague fit.

"Why don't you answer ?" the man asked, once more, emphasizing his demand with a rap upon the table with his knuckles. "Why hasn't that letter been written ?"

"Because—because, John Granby, it would come back to me as you have come," and she burst out into a glad laugh.

"Come back to you, ma'am ? I don't understand you. Who are you ? You surely don't mean that—that—"

"I mean, John," interrupting him "that I am, or was, Martha Inman."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before

Granby's arm made a sweep through the air and caught the woman, who, half-laughing and half-crying, surrendered herself to his embraces.

"I thank the Lord for this—indeed, I do !" he cried, pressing her cheek to his, as if she were a little child. "What a fool I was not to understand all this ! Now—well, now I'm half-crazy. But you know what I want to say, Martha ! You've written it on your heart if not on paper. But wait !" seating her in the chair from which he rose—"wait, Martha. Perhaps I'm in too much of a hurry. You see me," standing erect and slowly turning himself around so that she might view him from all points. "You see me, a fellow all splintered to pieces. I ain't good for much. But my heart is sound. You know it wants you for my wife. What's my answer ?"

"But you haven't seen me yet, John," she replied.

"No matter. Give me my answer."

"Better wait until your eyes are well, and you can see how I've changed. The years have made me old and homely."

"Never mind that. I know what I'm asking, and it is not beauty, but goodness. My answer—yes or no ?"

He stood determinedly before her. There was no escape from a decision. She softly stepped up into the chair. Then she put her arms about his neck."

"John—dear John," she whispered, "if you will have me—yes !"

MEASURING THE SUNSHINE.

WE all know how much our crops depend for prosperously maturing their seeds or their roots upon a good average display of the sun's rays. A correspondent has sent us the accompanying account and cut of a very pretty little instrument, by which any one can for himself keep a record of every ray of sunshine which falls upon his house.

One of the most powerful agents in nature for the maintenance of life, both animal and vegetable, on this earth is undoubtedly rain. This has been most carefully registered by meteorologists, and its ever varying quantity noted with great precision ; but another powerful agent, perhaps even more varying, viz., sunshine, has not, until lately, received that attention which it equally deserves.

Mr. John Campbell, of Niddry Lodge, Old Kensington, London, the author of "Frost and Fire" and that charming book, "Circular Notes," was the first person to systematize the due observance of the amount of sunshine, and to make regular observations of its duration and intensity, and for this purpose invented in 1853 what he called Campbell's Registering Sundial, described in an instructive and amusing article in "Good Words" for October, 1879. His instrument consisted of a glass sphere standing in a hollow semi-sphere of mahogany, at a distance from the internal surface of the wood equal to the burning focal distance of the ball. Mahogany was chosen for this "wooden bowl," as it does not ignite, but smolders away as the burning point moves over it, leaving unburnt those portions on which the sun did not shine, and so ridges of wood were left during passing clouds, and the wood was more or less deeply burnt as the sun's heat became more or less intense. Thus very interesting results were obtained, but in a comparatively rude manner, not suited to the precision of the more modern modes of registering such phenomena.

Mr. Campbell's invention was succeeded by the adoption of a grooved semi-hoop, containing a straight parallel strip of card, this hoop being fixed on a slide, so as to be set daily to the varying declination of the sun. This plan

has been in use up to a recent period at Kew and elsewhere, and is correct in theory when the sun is on the equator, but grievously wrong, however it may be set, at all other times. This was so apparent that the Meteorological Council (Royal Society) took the case in hand, and adopted the form of instrument of which a print heads this article. Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, a member of the council, turned his attention to its proper construction, and retaining a straight parallel card for a short time at the Equinoxes, he introduced curved cards to be used for the months nearest to the Summer and Winter solstices, which cards, varying only in length for each solstice, are curved in consequence of their forming the basis of cones, the apices of which fall on the axis of the sphere, thus giving the power of having them marked with correct converging hour lines, and so converting the instrument into a useful sundial.

Mr. Campbell's form of instrument is theoretically correct, and mounted in a bronze "bowl," is now in use at Greenwich; but the mode of inserting the cards for daily use is only adoptable where special hands can be spared to cut and mark them, which is done by templetts varying with the time of year.

The Meteorological Council has adopted Professor Stokes's form at all their first-class stations, and it has been furnished to a large number of observatories in England, on the Continent, Australia, India, etc. Most of these have been made for specified latitudes, but they have also been constructed so as to be used in any latitude, by the very simple addition of a graduated arc on which to set the frame to the required latitude.

The results obtained by these instruments in different parts of the country are very interesting, some places being more liable to haze and clouds, not to say fog, than others, but the difference between one year and another is more striking.

The sun is above the horizon, during the year, in the latitude of London for 4,455 hours; and if we take the years 1879 and 1880 as respectively typical years of a wet and dry season, the difference is very apparent. At Kew in 1879 there were 974 hours of sunshine, or 22 per cent.; and in 1880, 1,364 hours were registered, or 30½ per cent.; at Greenwich the numbers were in 1879, 983 hours, or 22 per cent., and in 1880, 1,217 hours, or 27½ per cent., and in no instance during these years was there in any one month 50 per cent. of sunshine, the only instance of this amount being reached was last July at Kew, when the register gives 50½ per cent.

The cards in Professor Stokes' instruments are colored a light-blue, adopted after a large number of experiments with different colors; the intensity is well shown, from a mere hair-line trace on the surface to a broad burning right through the card in a hot sun, the time being shown with great accuracy, and the observations and registry being accompanied with useful and most interesting results.

THE SAFEST SEAT.

The frequency of collisions on railroads has raised the question, which is the place of greatest security in a railroad train? The *Railroad Journal* gives the following as an answer: It is very well known that the car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and that the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front one. The safest is probably the last car but one on the train of more than two cars; that is, there are fewer chances of accidents to this than any other. If it is a way train, at moderate speed, or any train standing still, a collision is pos-

sible from another train in the rear, in which the last car receives the first shock. Again, the engine and the front cars of a train will often run over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without detriment, while the last car, having nothing to draw it into line of the train, is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car but one.

A BUTTERFLY.

BY ARTHUR G. BUTLER, F.L.S., F.Z.S.

THE life of a butterfly is a continued series of changes, from the time when it leaves the egg until it arrives at its perfect condition, not merely in the gradual acquisition of new organs, but in the shedding of the larval or caterpillar skins, at intervals before it attains its full growth. In most moths and butterflies these changes of skin are said to occur about five times, but in some species this number is known to double itself.

The eggs of butterflies vary considerably both in form and sculpture, being in some species more or less pear-shaped, in others spherical, cylindrical, or barrel-shaped, with concentric, longitudinal, or netted lines and ridges; the apex being frequently more or less depressed. When first deposited upon the food-plant they are usually of a pale-yellow color, which gradually deepens as the young caterpillar is developed within, so that just before hatching they are of a dark purplish or blackish tint.

Almost immediately after exclusion the caterpillar attacks its food, generally beginning upon the empty shell from which it has emerged. Its size at this time is very small, the common silkworm being then, according to Count Dandolo, scarcely a line in length, and weighing not more than the hundredth of a grain; whereas, at the end of thirty days, when it has attained its full size, its average weight is about ninety-five grains, and its length occasionally forty lines, so that its weight in the course of this time has increased nine thousand five hundred-fold.

The body of a caterpillar is composed of thirteen distinct segments or rings, the first of which constitutes the head. It is strong and horny, furnished with a complete mouth and powerful jaws. The antennae are extremely minute, and the eyes are represented by a small group of ocelli placed on each side; the labium is furnished with a short tubular protuberance, into which the silk glands open; these consist of two elongated, flexuous thick-walled sacs, situated at the sides.

The second, third and fourth segments represent the thorax of the future butterfly, while the others form the abdomen. The thoracic segments are provided with short curved legs, the rudiments of the future limbs; and the seventh to the tenth with pairs of false or abdominal legs, consisting of processes from the exterior covering of the insect, furnished externally with developments of the cuticle, in the form of hardened spines or hooks. The form of these feet usually resembles an inverted cone, with its apex truncated to form a flat sole, upon which the caterpillar walks. This sole can, when necessary, be rendered concave in the middle, and the minute hooks round its margin, when the foot is pressed upon a convex surface in walking, are necessarily directed inward, and thus secure a firm attachment (Fig. 1). A still stronger hold is attained by a pair of somewhat similar feet, or claspers, upon the anal segment.

The muscles of the larva are extremely uniform in their size and distribution in each segment, the principal difference between them existing in the first four segments,

composing the head and thorax of the perfect insect. In the head, for instance, there is necessarily a greater number of muscles than in other segments, owing to the number of organs requiring them;

but the form and position of these muscles differ from those of the other segments. The muscles of the mandibles are large, and occupy the greater part of the side and hinder region of the head; the extensor muscles being attached to the side and hinder surface of the cavity, like the extensor muscles of the legs in the chest segments, and the flexor more internally to parts corresponding with the *laminae squamosae* in the head of the imago, or perfect insect (Newport).

The muscles of the three "thoracic" or chest segments are more numerous and complex than those in the abdomen, or belly, because the true organs of locomotion belong to these segments, as well as the rudiments of the muscles for the future wings. Those muscles which form distinct layers, or act in concert with each other, are inserted into slightly raised ridges of the tegument. Three

of these ridges are situated between two abdominal segments, from the middle or largest of which the longitudinal muscles originate, while the oblique muscles start from the two others.

The nervous system is represented by two longitudinal cords extending along the centre line of the under surface, and possessing in the more advanced stages of growth a series of ganglia, or knots, corresponding with the segments in which they are placed,

the pair situated in the head representing the brain of higher animals.

The development of the brain and nervous cord alters remarkably in character during the metamorphoses. These

changes have been studied most carefully by Newport and Herold in the case of *Pieris* and *Vanessa*. In the imago, or perfect condition, the ventral (or under) cord consists of seven ganglia, while in the larva there are eleven. This decrease in their number is due to the coalescence, during the pupal condition of the first, second, third and fourth ganglia of the larva, exclusive of those which are situated in the front part of the head; these form the two thoracic ganglia, which distribute nerves to the legs and the muscles of the wings. The fifth and sixth ganglia of the larva have, in the meantime, either entirely disappeared or been united with the others (Figs. 2, 3 and 4).

The alimentary canal commences with a somewhat elongated "oesophagus" (gullet) opening into the stomach; the "ileum" (small intestine) is long, and frequently forms several convolutions; the "colon" (or large intestine) is often dilated into a "caecum" (pouch) in front. The salivary glands consist of two large and simple tubes extending into the abdomen. The breathing system is well developed; the stigmata are wanting on the second and third thoracic (chest) and the last abdominal (belly) segments.

Before changing to the chrysalis, pupa, or second stage, the larvæ of butterflies become uneasy, leave off feeding, and wander about seeking a place in which to secure themselves in anticipation of the event. The disinclination for food is often apparent a day or two before the metamorphosis takes place; but some species continue to eat up to within a few hours of pupation. This crowning

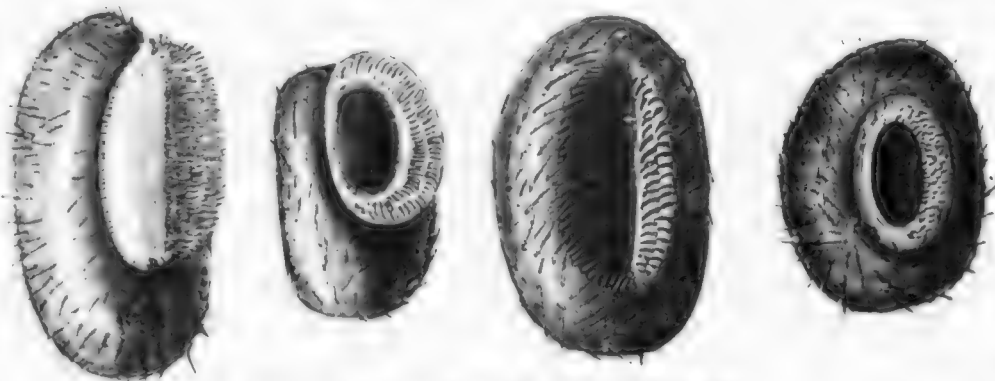


FIG. 1.—MEMBRANEOUS FEET OF CATERpillARS.



FIG. 2.—METAMORPHOSES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF *VANESSA URTICAE*.

(1) Nervous System of full-grown Larva; (2) Half an hour before changing; (3) Immediately after changing into a Pupa or Chrysalis; (4) One hour after changing.



FIG. 3.—METAMORPHOSES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF *VANESSA URTICAE*.

(5) Twelve hours after changing; (6) Eighteen hours after changing; (7) Twenty-four hours after changing; (8) Thirty-six hours after changing.



FIG. 4.—METAMORPHOSES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF *VANESSA URTICAE*.

(9) Forty-eight hours after changing; (10) Fifty-eight hours after changing. [More highly magnified than in Figs. 2 and 3.]

event in the life of the caterpillar may be best illustrated by quoting Mr. Charles V. Riley's admirable description of the putation of the North American butterfly, *Danaus plexippus* (Linn.):

"As soon as the larva is full-grown it spins a little tuft of silk to the under side of whatever object it may be resting upon, and after entangling the hooks of its hind legs in this silk it lets go the hold of its other legs and hangs down, with the head and anterior joints of the body curved. In this position it hangs for about twenty-four hours, during which the fluids of the body naturally gravitate toward the upturned joints, until the latter become so swollen that at last, by a little effort on the part of the

larva, the skin bursts along the back behind the head. Through the rent thus made the anterior portion of the pupa is protruded, and by constant stretching and contracting the larval skin is slipped and crowded backward, until there is but a small shriveled mass gathered around the tail.

"Now comes the

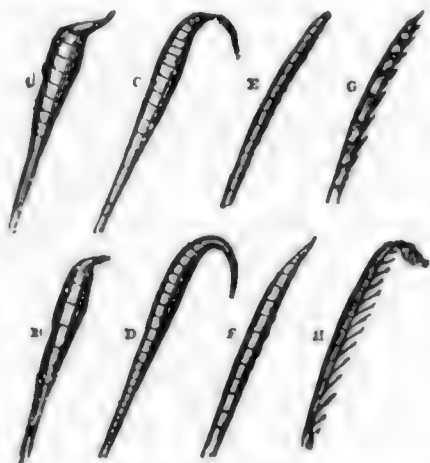


FIG. 5.—ANTENNAE OF BUTTERFLIES (A, C, E, AND G), AND OF MOTHS (B, D, F, H).

critical period—the culminating point. The soft and supple chrysalis, yet showing the elongate larval form with distinct traces of its pro-legs, hangs heavily from the shrunken skin. From this skin it is to be extricated and firmly attached to the silk outside. It has neither legs nor arms, and we should suppose that it would inevitably fall while endeavoring to accomplish this object. But the task is performed with the utmost surety, though appearing so perilous to us. The supple and contractile joints of the abdomen are made to subserve the purpose of legs, and by suddenly grasping the

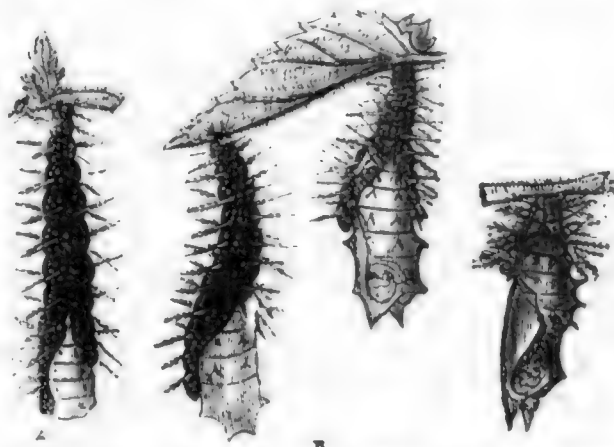


FIG. 6.—LARVA AND PUPA (CHRYSAIDES) OF *VANESSA URTICAE*.

Three Stages of Chrysalis development:—(A, B) The Larva-skin gradually separating; (C) Perfect Chrysalis.

shrunken larval skin between the folds of two of these joints, as with a pair of pincers, the chrysalis disengages the tip of its body and hangs for a moment suspended. Then with a few earnest, vigorous, jerking movements it succeeds in sticking the horny point of its tail into the silk, and firmly fastening it by means of a rasp of minute claws with which that point is furnished. Sometimes severe effort is needed before the point is properly fastened, and the chrysalis frequently has to climb by stretching the two joints above those by which it is suspended, and clinging hold of the shriveled skin further up. The moment the point is fastened the chrysalis commences, by a series of violent jerkings and whirlings, to dislodge the larval skin, after which it rests from its efforts, and gradually contracts and hardens. The really active work lasts but a few minutes, and the insect rarely fails to go through with it successfully.

"The chrysalis is a beautiful object, and as it hangs pendent from some old fence-board or from the under side of an *Asclepias* leaf it reminds one of some large ear drop; but though the jeweler could successfully imitate the form, he might well despair of ever producing the clear pale-green and the ivory-black and golden marks which so characterize it. This chrysalis state lasts but a short time, as is the case with all those which are known to suspend themselves nakedly by the tail. At the end of about the tenth day the dark colors of the future butterfly begin to show through the delicate and transparent skin, and suddenly this



FIG. 7.—CHRYSAIDES OF THE *PIERIS BRASSICAE*.

skin bursts open near the head, and the new-born butterfly gradually extricates itself, and, stretching forth its legs, and clambering on to some surrounding object, allows its moist, thickened and contracted wings to hang listlessly from the body" (Figs. 6, 7).

We now come to the imago, or perfect state; and before proceeding further it is advisable to ask and answer the oft-repeated question, "How may a butterfly be distinguished from a moth?"

To answer this question satisfactorily one might search in vain through the text-books of science. The answers given are plausible enough, but are contradicted by the subsequent statements of the very authors who advance them.

A careful study of the whole of the Lepidoptera, indigenous and foreign, will be sufficient to convince any candid student that the division into butterflies and moths is an arbitrary one, having no existence in nature.

The fact that in the early days of science the Lepidoptera—that is, the moth and butterfly order of insects—were separated into two groups by the form of the antennæ, or "horns"—those with clubbed horns being called Rhopalocera, and those with other kinds of horns Heterocera—has been sufficient reason to induce over-conservative naturalists to squander valuable time in seeking for other differences wherewith to strengthen the widespread belief in this unnatural division, but up to the present time no character without an exception has been brought to light.

As the fallacy respecting the antennal differences is the most widespread and the most boldly asserted, even by the best modern teachers, I shall not here tax the patience of my readers by disproving the correctness of all, but shall confine myself strictly to this one point.

In order to do this I will first quote a few passages from one of the most frequently consulted of modern works, showing their contradictory character, and then I will proceed to adduce fresh evidence, obtained by a personal study of the order.

Dr. Packard, in his well-known "Guide to the Study of Insects," makes the following orthodox statements: "Butterflies are easily distinguished from the other groups by their knobbed antennæ. In the Sphingæ and their allies the feelers are thickened in the middle; in the moths they are filiform, and often pectinated like feathers.

"The butterflies, or diurnal Lepidoptera, are at once distinguished from the moths by their knobbed antennæ, though they are sometimes nearly filiform.

"The Hesperians, or Skippers, are a large group of small dun-colored butterflies, whose antennæ have the knob curved like a hook, or ending in a little point bent to one side reminding us of the antennæ of the Sphingæ.

"*Zygænide* (Latreille).—This interesting group connects the diurnal with the nocturnal Lepidoptera. Some of the forms (*Cistia*) remind us strikingly of the butterflies. The group may be recognized by the rather large free head and the simple antennæ, which are slightly swollen in the middle, or partially clavate, as in *Zygæna*."

So far Dr. Packard; but it will be easy to show that a closer investigation will entirely set aside the antennal character. However, not to multiply instances unnecessarily, we will simply ask the reader to compare with us the following genera, and judge for himself (Fig. 5).

The most satisfactory instance of a decidedly knobbed antennæ among the moths occurs in the family *Sphingidæ* and has received the name of *Rhopalopsychæ* (Fig. 5, n). This genus, in the form of its feelers, so perfectly agrees with the butterflies of the genus *Pamphila* (Fig. 5, a) that it alone would be sufficient to set aside the distinction be-

tween the Rhopalocera and Heterocera; but in the next place, if we take the genera *Zethera* (Fig. 5, e) and *Rothia* (Fig. 5, r), the butterfly has no perceptible club, whilst the moth shows a trace of one. If we take *Platingia* (Fig. 5, c) and *Cocytia* (Fig. 5, n) we again find the moth more Rhopalocerous than the butterfly; finally, in the Heterocerous genus *Synemon* all the species have distinctly clubbed antennæ, in which the clavus is more abruptly formed even than in *Cyclopidæ* or in most of the species of *Pamphila*.

The only instance known of a butterfly exhibiting a tendency to pectination (like the teeth of a comb) in the horns occurs in the genus *Barbicornis* (Fig. 5, a) of the family *Erycinidæ*. The species of this group have thickened moniliform (bead-like) antennæ, from the joints of which, by the help of a good lens, one can distinctly see little bristles projecting.

As it must be admitted that the separation of the order into butterflies and moths is a convenience to collectors, there is not the slightest reason why this arbitrary division should not be maintained in the cabinet; but in order to do this satisfactorily the collector must study the characters of the families until his eye becomes accustomed to their peculiarities, or he will be certain to make mistakes. The butterflies constitute the first five families of the Lepidoptera, and as no two families can be identical in structure and habits, it will only be necessary for the student to understand the peculiarities of these five large groups to enable him to discriminate between butterflies and moths.

The following classification of the so-called Rhopalocera is that proposed by Mr. H. W. Bates, and now almost universally adopted by lepidopterists.

Family 1. NYMPHALIDÆ.—Front legs imperfect in both sexes, in the female wanting the tarsal claws; in the male the fore tarsi quite rudimentary, consisting of one or two spineless joints. Pupa suspended freely by the tail.

a. Lower disco-cellular nervule of the hind wing perfect.

Sub-family 1. *Danainæ*.—Larvæ smooth, with fleshy processes. Fore-wing sub-median nervure of the imago double at its origin. (This sub-family includes the greater part of the *Heliconidæ* of authors.)

Sub-family 2. *Satyrinæ*.—Larvæ with bifid tails, spineless. Palpi of the imago generally compressed and fringed with long hair-scales.

Sub-family 3. *Brassolinæ*.—Larvæ generally with bifid tails, spineless. Hind wing of the imago furnished with a pre-discal cell.

Sub-family 4. *Acraeinæ*.—Larvæ studded with branched spines. Palpi of the imago thick and scantily clothed with hair.

Sub-family 5. *Heliconinæ*.—Larvæ studded with branched spines. Palpi of the imago clothed with fine scales, and hairy in front.

b. Lower disco-cellular nervule, at least of the hind wing, more or less atrophied.

Sub-family 6. *Nymphalinæ*.

Family 2. ERYCINIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in female; four in male; the anterior tarsi consisting only of one or two joints and spineless.

Sub-family 1. *Libytheinæ*.—Pupa suspended freely by the tail.

Sub-family 2. *Stalactinæ*.—Pupa secured rigidly by the tail in an inclined position without girdle.

Sub-family 3. *Erycininæ*.—Pupa recumbent on a leaf or other object, and secured by the tail and a girdle across the middle.

Family 3. LYCENIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in female; four in male; the anterior tarsi wanting one or both of the

tarsal claws, but densely spined beneath. Pupa secured by the tail and a girdle across the middle.

Family 4. PAPILIONIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in both sexes. Pupa secured by the tail and a girdle across the middle. (The true *Papiliones* have a leaf-like appendage to the fore tibiae—a character which approximates the family to the *Hesperidæ* and moths.)

Sub-family 1. Pierinæ.—Abdominal margin of the hind wing not curved inward.

Sub-family 2. Papilioninæ.—Abdominal margin of the hind wing curving inward.

Family 5. HESPERIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in both sexes; hind tibiae, with few exceptions, having two pairs of spurs. Pupa secured by many threads, or inclosed in a slight cocoon.

In order thoroughly to comprehend the above classification, it is of course necessary to study the external structure of a butterfly, particularly the veining of the wings, which is used more than any other character in the definition of sub-families and genera.

The body of a butterfly is divided into three well-marked regions—the head, thorax and abdomen. The head is comparatively small, and the mouth parts greatly specialized so as to serve exclusively for suctorial purposes. The mandibles, prominent in most orders of insects, are here reduced to the merest rudiments, and are hidden under the hairs which clothe the front of the head. Between them there is a rudimentary labrum, or upper lip, and below the latter the proboscis, or sucking-tube, formed of the maxillæ. Each maxilla is composed of an immense number of short, transverse, muscular rings, convex on the outer surface, but concave on the inner; and the tube is produced by the approximation of the two organs. When not in use they are coiled up in the form of a watch-spring between the labial palpi. In some species the extremity of each maxilla is furnished along its anterior (front) and lateral (side) margin with numerous little papillæ, or prominences. In *Vanessa atalanta* they are little, elongated, bell-shaped bodies. These papillæ are supposed by some authors to be organs of taste.

The labial palpi in butterflies are usually of moderate size; in some genera, such as *Libythea*, being well developed; in the sub-family *Papilioninæ*, on the other hand, they are quite small, and do not extend to the front of the head. They consist generally of three joints, of which the terminal one is most frequently small and pointed; very often they are re-curved in front of the head.

If we remove the scales from the head of a butterfly, we shall see that it consists of three principal parts—the clypeus, or front of the head; the epicranium, lying behind the insertion of the antennæ, and bearing the ocelli and eyes; and the occiput, or basal part lying behind the ocelli. The clypeus is larger in the *Lepidoptera* than in any other order of insects. The eyes are very large and compound, having numerous facets, each facet being the proper cornea of a distinct eye, and perfectly transparent; it is convex both on its external and internal surface, like a lens. Immediately behind each facet is a layer of dark pigment, which covers the whole of the inner surface, excepting in the centre, where there is a minute aperture to admit the rays of light. Between this pigment (which represents the iris) and the end of the cornea is a space filled with watery moisture, and behind the iris of each cornea is a little conical transparent body, with its apex directed toward the axis of the eye. This body, which is filled with vitreous fluid, receives the rays of light admitted through the cornea, and directs them upon the retina, or termination of the nerve. In addition

to these complicated eyes, many *Lepidoptera* also possess a pair of ocelli, but usually concealed amongst the thick hairs which clothe the head.

Of the form of the antennæ, or "horns," I have already spoken. Their function has been a subject for dispute amongst naturalists, some asserting that they are organs of feeling, others of smelling, and others, again, of hearing. The experiments of Dr. Clemons with some of the larger North American *Bombyces*, have proved that they assist in some way in guiding the flight of these insects; it is, however, quite possible that organs which vary so much in structure that they are constantly made use of in the discrimination of genera may have different functions, in accordance with the requirements of the various groups.

The thoracic segments form a compact ovate or roundish mass, generally well covered with rather long hair. The prothoracic ring is exceedingly small, the mesothorax, on the contrary, being enormously developed. The scutum is large, broadest behind the middle, and notched for the reception of the triangular scutellum, which is about one-fourth the size of the scutum. The metathorax is transverse, and much compressed; it is little more than half the width of the mesothorax.

The abdomen is generally more or less oval in form, the number of segments varying from eight to nine. The genital armor of the males varies greatly in different genera, and is frequently used in characterizing allied groups of species.

The wings are four in number, the anterior pair being most frequently of a triangular form, and the posterior pair pear-shaped, or sub-quadrate; but numerous and most extraordinary exceptions to this pattern occur. Their beautiful coloring is produced by multitudinous scales of various ornamental shapes, arranged in overlapping series, much after the pattern of Swiss tiles (Figs. 8, 9). These scales are inserted by means of a pedicle and bulb into little punctures in the membrane of the wing. This membrane, which is either colorless or of a horn-like hue, is composed of chitine (a substance consisting, according to Mr. Children, of a combination of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen). The scales are merely modifications of hair or bristles, as may be seen by studying the wing of *Callithea*, or other partially transparent genera under the microscope, when numerous bristles or hairs will be seen mixing with the scales, some of the latter, moreover, being imperfectly developed.

The surface of the wing is divided by five principal veins, with their branches, the vein nearest to the anterior margin being the costal vein (Fig. 10, A), which is usually simple, and joins the margin near its outer third. The second vein is called the subcostal (Fig. 10, B); it is always branched, the number of branches, or "nervules," seldom exceeding five, and reckoning forward from the base of the wing toward the apex. In the posterior wings these nervules vary from two to three in number, the third being produced by a displacement of the radial or discoidal vein. The radials are simple, and usually start from the cross-veinlets, which, in most genera, unite the sub-costal vein to the median, and are called the discocellulars; but in some instances the two radials of the anterior wings or the single radial of the posterior wings are abnormally situated, the upper radial being emitted as a branch of the sub-costal, and the lower radial as a fourth branch of the median. The median vein (Fig. 10, C) is placed almost in the central longitudinal line, and normally emits three nervules, which are reckoned in the order of their emission—that is, from the base toward the outer margin. The sub-median vein (Fig. 10, D) is usually

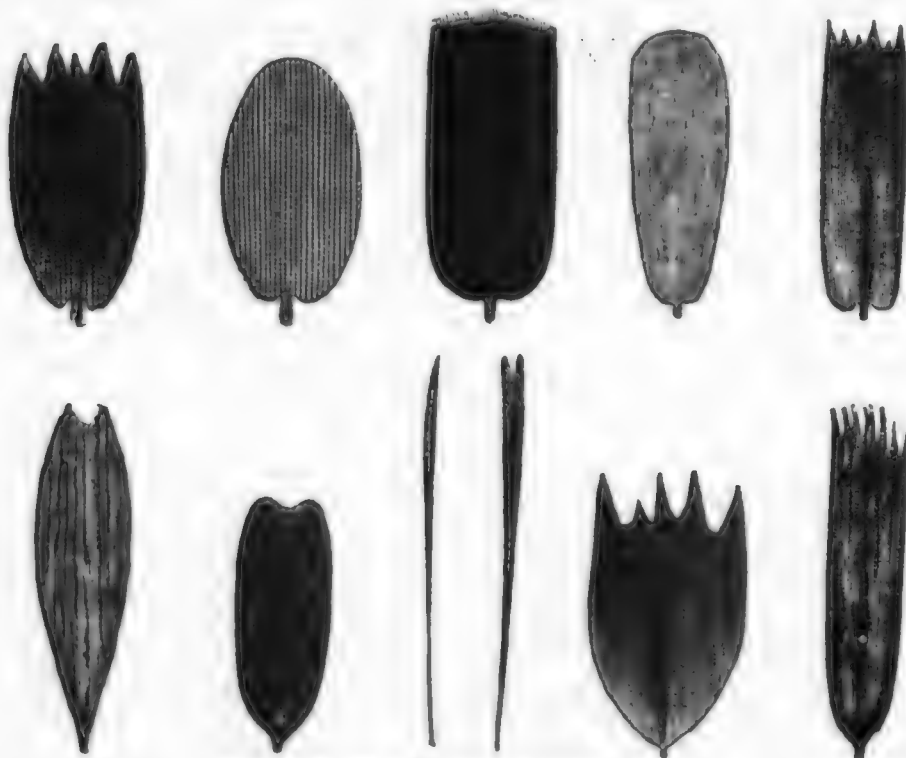


FIG. 8.—SCALES OF VARIOUS BUTTERFLY WINGS.

simple, but in *Papilio* that of the anterior wings is united by a spur, or cross-vein (*in*) with the base of the median. The internal vein is a short nervure, seldom seen in the anterior wings, and placed next to the inner or abdominal margin. The discoidal cell is the area inclosed between the sub-costal and median veins, and usually shut in by the disco-cellular veinlets.

In describing the wing of a butterfly it is convenient to divide it into regions or interspaces, named after the veins which inclose them. The wing, then, will be divided as follows: Costal region, sub-costal region, first to fourth sub-costal interspaces, first and second discoidal or radial interspaces, second and first median, interno-median, submedian, internal. It may also be separated into imaginary areas, such as, the basal, costal, sub-costal, discoidal, median, internal, discal, apical, external and anal: all these terms being valuable in indicating the general position of the markings.

The legs of butterflies, as in other insects, are six in number; but in the higher and consequently more specialized families, the anterior pair is more or less aborted, particularly in the male sex, where it frequently looks like a little tuft of hair rather than a limb. Their thickness, length, hairiness, the length, number

or absence of their spines, and their presence or absence of tufts or fans of hair are all characters sought for, and studied with interest by the student.

Of the number of butterflies existing upon this globe it is impossible at present to speak definitely. Up to the present time somewhere about twelve thousand species are known. One thing is, however, certain, that the more we see of these beautiful insects the greater difficulty do we experience in discriminating between the crowds of closely-allied forms which constantly arrive from all parts of the world.

It implies a want of feeling, amounting almost to baseness, to deride any one on account of bodily defects. Every generous man avoids even the slightest allusion to such misfortunes.

A RUPTURE in the friendship of sensitive and refined natures is generally serious in its consequences. Coarse stones, when fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones never.

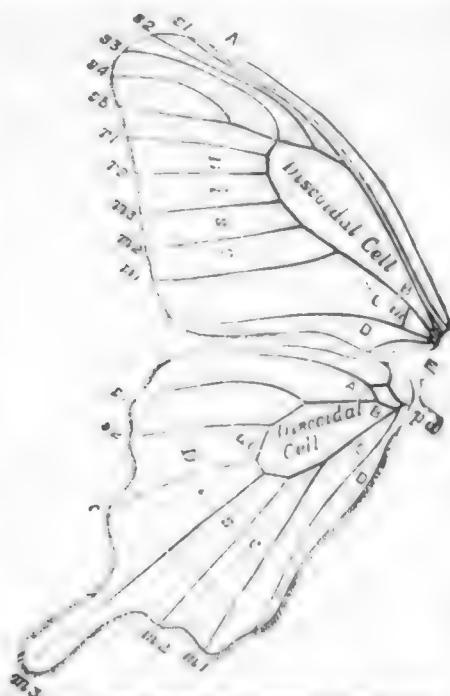


FIG. 10.—SKELETON OF BUTTERFLY'S WING.

(m1—m3) Median Branches; (r1—r2) Radials; (s1—s5) Subcostal Branches; (x) Internal Vein; (dc) Disco-cellular Veinlets; (in) Interno-median Veinlet.



FIG. 9.—PORTIONS OF THE WING OF THE ATTACUS.



FIG. 11.—THE OLDEST FOSSIL BUTTERFLY WING.

HOW RUSSIAN GIRLS ARE COURTED.

LOVE is the same the world over, but, "courting" is managed very differently in different countries. Russian courting, among the middle classes, is peculiar. The first Whit-Sunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable years, she is taken to the Petersburg Summer Garden, to join the "bridal promenade." This consists of the daughters of the Russian tradesmen walking in procession, followed by their parents. Up and down they go, pretending to chat with each other and to take no notice of the young men—the tradesmen's sons, dressed in their best clothes—who walk in another procession on the other side. However, every now and then, some young fellow slips out of his proper rank and adds himself to the line of girls on the other side, speaking to one particularly. The parents of the girl join in the conversation, and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the young man. Generally, the old folks have talked it well over before, but on this occasion every one pretends to be surprised. On the next day

a female *confidante* calls on the girl's parents and requests her hand. This granted, all the relations on both sides meet and argue about the portion to be given with the girl. If this is not satisfactory, all is at an end; if it is what is expected, the betrothal takes place.

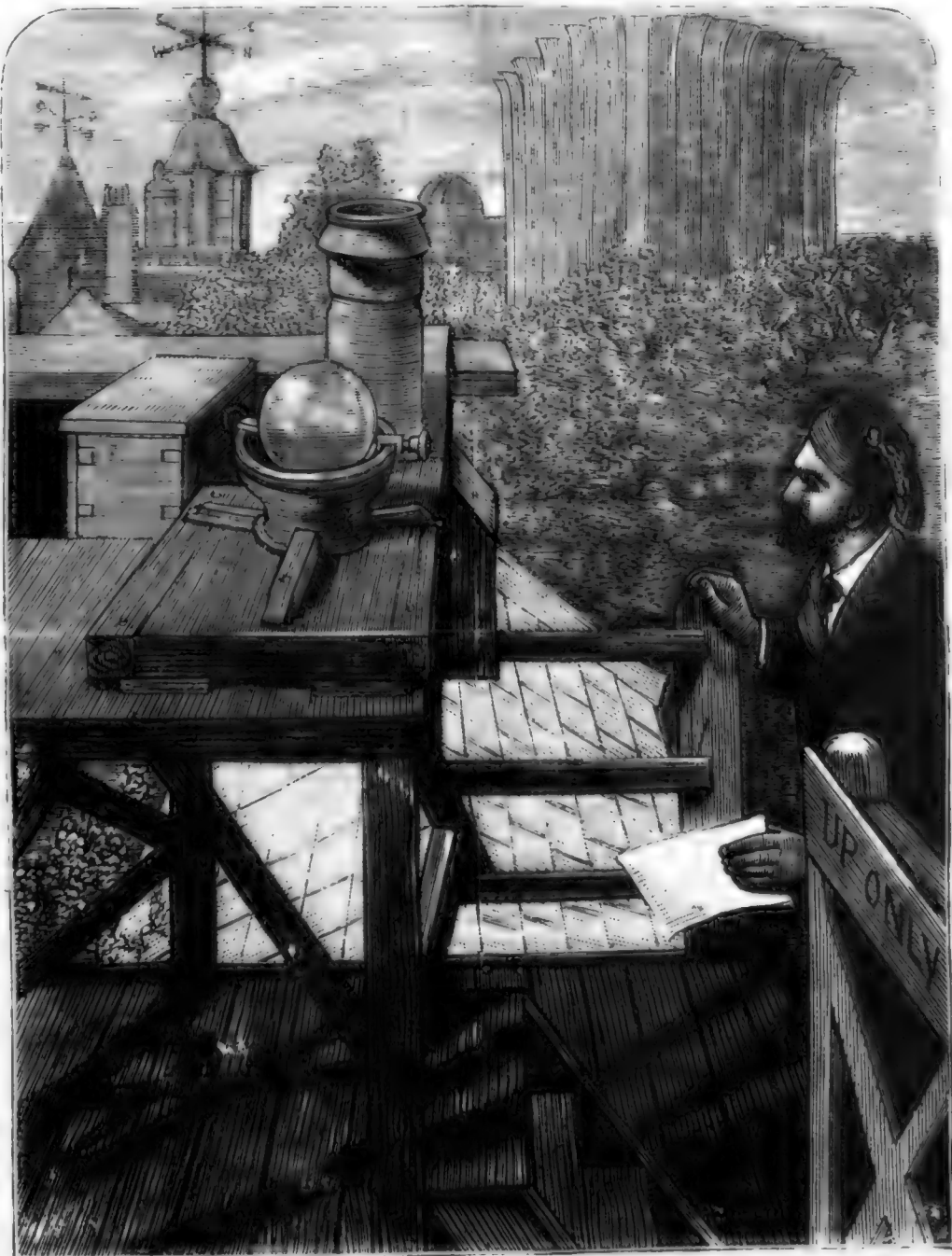
The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a great fur mat, and the bride takes a ring from her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another. The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head, and her father holds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well-brushed locks. As they arise the bridesmaids sing a

wedding song. The guests each bring forward a present of some sort. Wine is handed about, and some one says it is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweetness being supposed to be provided by this kiss—salutes the company and takes his leave, on which the bridesmaids sing a song with a chorus something like this:

"Farewell, happy bridegroom,
But return to be still more happy."

Courting-time has now begun. Every evening the lover comes to his lady's home with a present, which is always something good to eat—generally cakes or sugar plums. He makes love under rather awkward circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit about the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the gifts of the bridegroom, which must include soap, perfumery, brushes and combs. On receiving these, the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away to wash her, dress her hair, and perfume her pocket-hand-



MEASURING THE SUNSHINE.—SEE PAGE 630.

kerchief. Thus touched up, she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage portion, which he takes home with him in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the lady herself. She receives him with her hair unbraided and flowing down her back. They are married by the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and the old folks never go to the wedding-dinner.

Those eternal bridesmaids, whom they must hate by this time, are there, however, still on duty, and the evening closes by the bride kneeling down and pulling off her

husband's boots, to prove her intention to be an obedient and submissive wife.

Good-natured bridegrooms generally hide jewelry or money in their boots, which the bride may take possession of as balm for her pride.

After the wedding-day the parents begin to give feasts, and keep it up a week, and it is not until all this is over that the "young couple" see those blessed bridesmaids take their departure. They are then compelled to kiss them, thank them, and give each a present.

THE MYSTERIES OF SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

THROWING the shoe after the wedded pair was, no doubt, intended as an augury of long life to the bride. In Yorkshire the ceremony of shoe-throwing is termed "thrashing," and the older the shoe the greater the luck; and in some parts of Kent the mode of procedure is somewhat peculiar.

After the departure of the bride and bridegroom the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another. When thus arranged an old shoe is thrown as far as possible, which the fair sex run for, the winner being supposed to have the best chance of marriage.

She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, when the first who gets it is believed to have the same chance of matrimony. A somewhat similar custom prevails in Germany, where the bride's shoe is thrown among the guests at the wedding, the person who succeeds in catching it being supposed to have every prospect of a speedy marriage.

Many auguries are still gathered from the shoe. Thus young girls on going to bed at night place their shoes at right angles to one another, in the form of the letter T, repeating this rhyme:

"Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a T."

As in the case of the stocking, great importance is attached by many superstitious persons as to which shoe they put on first, in allusion to which Butler, in his "Hudibras," says:

"Augustus, having b' oversight,
Put on the left she 'fore the right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay."

An old writer, speaking of Jewish customs, tells us that "some of them observe, in dressing themselves, in the morning, to put on the right stocking and right shoe first without tying it. Then afterward to put on the left shoe, and so return to the right, that so they may begin and end with the right shoe, which they account to be the most fortunate.

A Suffolk daggel respecting the "wear of shoes" teaches us the following:

"Tip at the toe: live to see woo;
Wear at the side: live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball: live to spend all;
Wear at the heel: live to save a deal."

Among some of the many charms in which the shoe has been found efficacious may be mentioned one practiced in the North of England, where the peasantry to cure cramp or avert it, are in the habit of laying their shoes across.

A GENEROUS mind identifies itself with all around; but a selfish one identifies all things with self.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A NEW JERSEY MASTODON.—The discovery of a mastodon skeleton near Freehold, N. J., adds to the evidence that some of those huge creatures must have survived until a period geologically quite recent. The bones were found by a farmer while digging a trench for draining a swampy meadow, and examined by Dr. Samuel Lockwood. The tusks were nearly eight feet long, but too much decayed to be preserved. The bones of the head, which were lying within two feet of the surface, were so soft as to be easily cut with a spade. They were nearly the color of the black vegetable mold of the meadow, and therefore almost indistinguishable. But a careful inspection showed that the front part of the head was greatly similar to that of the elephant of the present day, except that the forehead was abnormally high. By a close investigation of the skull, numerous air-cells, some of them an inch in diameter, were found. The bone of the skull was of an immense thickness, but completely honeycombed with these air-cells. These cells had become filled with the fibrous roots of plants which extended through the entire skull. After digging through the skull and coming to the lower part of the head, three or four more teeth, similar in shape, size and weight to that already described, were found. The teeth, unlike the tusks and bones, were in a remarkably good state of preservation. The exploration was continued until the entire body was laid bare. Beneath the bones was found a bed of sand, upon which the animal had evidently lain down to die. The bones of the body, though greatly decomposed, were plainly distinguishable, and the position of the animal was ascertained. It was lying with its head to the northeast, and its legs stretched out at length at right angles to its body, and its head inclined toward its chest. The region about Freehold is believed by geologists to have been recently raised above the surface of the ocean.

THE RICHEST TIN-MINE IN THE WORLD.—Of the western half of Tasmania but little, comparatively speaking, is known. Intersected by lofty mountain ranges, split asunder in every direction by precipice-walled gullies; varied by wide-spreading heathy plains, the pasturage of which is generally inferior; or by vast forests of *eucalypti*, giant trees in many instances attaining an altitude of more than 300 feet, with a girth of sixty feet and upward; or, again, by undulating country, so densely covered with scrub as to be almost impracticable even to an experienced bushman, and subject to a rainfall estimated at 140 inches per annum; the far west of this lovely island has been explored and "prospected," but never settled. There are one or two camps of timber-getters on the coast, and in the northwest districts a few good bits of pasturage have been taken up for stock-raising, but evidence of regular settlement of the country exists not. To the westward of the Surrey Hills, however, in the County of Russell, and at a distance of 100 miles from Launceston, lies Mount Bischoff, and here a few adventurers found tin in 1872. A company was formed, and workings were commenced; an eminent mineralogist reported that the mountain was almost a mass of tin, the ore yielding from seventy to eighty per cent. of pure metal; large smelting-works were erected at Launceston, and in the year 1876 1,000 tons of tin were raised. Twenty-five shillings only have been paid up on each share, but the present market price is from £60 to £69, the company during the last four years having paid a dividend every two months of ten shillings per share. A fortunate gentleman in Hobart, who expended £875 in the purchase of 100 shares in 1873, now rejoices in the receipt of £2,100 a year as the income of his investment, and is, no doubt, thoroughly satisfied with his outlay.

EXTRACTION OF NICKEL.—The Thompson process consists essentially in first rendering the nickel magnetic, and then separating it from the materials with which it is mechanically mixed by a magnetic separator. In the case of oxidized compounds it is desirable to reduce them to the metallic condition. The compounds of nickel with sulphur would, in a number of cases, be best separated by bringing them into the state of sub-sulphide, in which condition nickel is also magnetic. When nickel occurs with heavy metals the magnetic separation should be done before fusion, as the nickel would then enter into alloys from which the magnet could not separate it. Where nickel occurs with iron, Messrs. Eastis and Howe have proposed to treat either natural or artificial oxides with a mixture of carbonic oxide and carbonic acid, or other reducing and oxidizing gases, in such proportions that they are capable of reducing the nickel so nearly to the metallic state as to render it magnetic, but still containing so much carbonic acid or other oxidizing gas as to be unable to reduce iron to that condition. Experiments made with Canadian nickel ores gave a concentrate containing over sixty per cent. of nickel.

MESSRS. H. Y. CASTNER & BROTHER, analytical chemists, of New York, have patented a machine for the manufacture of bone black and ammonia, which promises important results. The process consists in passing crushed bone continuously through a heated vessel or cylinder, charring the bone thereby; then conducting it without exposure to an air-tight receptacle, where it is cooled, and the gases subjected to such chemical action as to recover all the ammonia. By this process the bone black and salts of ammonia are produced continuously at a great saving of time, labor and heat. The patentees have erected in Jersey City, at considerable cost, an experimental machine, which has been visited by a number of chemical experts, all of whom unite in pronouncing it a great success, not only as a piece of ingenious mechanism, but for the superior quality of its products. With a consuming capacity of one ton of bone per day the patentees claim that they can effect a saving of over twenty-five per cent.

ELECTRICITY OF FLAME.—A contribution to the subject of the electricity of flame has been made by Elster & Geitel, who used a quadrant electrometer for measurement. They find the supposed longitudinal polarization of flame to be merely apparent, and consequent on the unequal insertion of the wires used as electrodes. On the other hand, the flame is strongly polarized in cross section, an electrode in the air about the flame being always positive to the one in the flame. The theory the authors adopt is that by the process of combustion, *per se*, free electricity is not produced in the flame, but the flame-gases and the air-envelope have the property of exciting like an electrolyte metals or liquids in contact with them. To this electrolytic excitation is added a thermoelectric, due to the incandescent state of the electrodes. The amount and nature of the electric excitation is independent of the size of the flame and dependent on the nature, surface, condition and glow of the electrodes, and on the nature of the burning gases. It is remarked also that flames may be combined in series of galvanic elements, and so form a flame battery.

TORNADOES IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Signal Service Office has made a study of the 600 tornadoes recorded in the United States during the past eighty-seven years, and finds that such storms occur most frequently in June. While they are liable to swoop down at any hour of the twenty-four, they generally do their work between five and six P.M.; tornadoes always move with an eastward motion, and their average path of destruction is only about a fifth of a mile; they prevail chiefly in the West, and Kansas leads the list among States in that section, having experienced sixty-two in the last twenty-three years. Although accurate statistics are still lacking, there seems no doubt that the month of June this year brought more serious storms than any previous one, the best estimates putting the loss of life by tornadoes during that month at 150, while about 400 persons were wounded, and the damage to property aggregated about \$5,000,000.

A VERY suggestive explanation—suggestive at least to those who enjoy the possession of valuable libraries—is given of the excellent condition in which the great Beekford Library is offered for sale, and of the high prices realized for it. The secret is said to lie in the fact that the books were specially protected by excluding all direct sunlight, the lighting of the room in the palace built for the Beekford collection being entirely from the ceiling and with double ground-glass windows. No gas has ever been permitted to be used, neither was the library ever lit up, being rarely entered but in the daytime. The bookcases were not glazed or closed up, having only brass wire trellis in front to admit of proper ventilation, the air of the room being carefully regulated both as to the temperature and dryness. To residents in the tropics these hints may be useful.

A HILL STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—During a heavy thunderstorm in the Shetland Islands recently, which lasted several hours, a hill, three miles from Lerwick, was struck by lightning, and huge masses of rock and debris were thrown down on the public road which the hill overhangs, filling up the road and the valley at the other side, and suspending traffic. The total weight of the fallen rock is estimated at 400 tons.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

GLADSTONE seems to be a bigger man than President Arthur. Arabi Bey isn't able to pass the canal bill over his veto.

It may seem a paradox, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that, hit a man upon whatever part of the body you will, the blow is sure to go against his stomach.

"MAKE hay while the sun shines" is a venerable old adage, but with the sun shining in the nineties, the man who makes hay is apt to get sunstruck.

A YOUNG man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing-class and been refused, said, "You're as full of airs as a musical-box." "Perhaps so," she retorted; "but if I am, I don't go with a crank."

"SEE here, why didn't some of you firemen save the piano that was in that burning house?" asked a gentleman of the engineer of the fire brigade, who replied, "We couldn't save the piano because none of us could play upon it."

A CERTAIN gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six years, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter, of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "but not till after the funeral!"

AN old lady, aged sixty, was seated mending her son's stockings in his house in one of the suburbs, when a tramp entered and asked for something to eat. The old lady went to the pantry, and when she came back her gold-rimmed spectacles were gone. She said to the tramp, "You've got my specs." He denied it. Quietly laying down the plate, she went to a bureau, took a revolver therefrom, pointed it at the tramp, and told him that if he did not lay "these specs" on the table she would shoot him where he stood. The tramp took the spectacles from his pocket and mildly laid them down. "Now," said she, "eat what I have brought for you and get out." He ate and departed. When her son, Augustus, appeared, the old lady, again taking the revolver from the bureau, said to him, "Augustus, how do you cock this weapon?"

THE sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long; it is only your imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe-handle.

A TALL man applied for a position as overseer. "What do you know?" he was asked. "I don't know anything," he replied; "but I'm tall enough to look over all the men you've got."

DARWIN'S THEORY BACKWARD.

Ever since Eve forced the apple
On her unsuspecting spouse,
Man has had his bread to grapple
By the moisture of his brows;
But the ape was much too clever
To become the serpent's prey,
So he toils not, and he never
Turns a hair the livelong day.

Anthropoids are never sordid,
Never have the thirst for drink;
Home at night 'tis not recorded
That the husband monkeys slink.
When they're tripped by fortune's tickle,
Fastened to a cruel chain,
They, unselfish, seek the neckel
For the organ-grinder's gain.

How they scorn the rascal penny
With their restless, rolling eyes!
Ah, believe me, I've known many
Men who are not half so wise.
Bliss to live without the tailor,
Free from cares and doctor's pills,
Ne'er to tremble or to turn pale o'er
Piles of unreceipted bills.

A FRENCH writer says there was once in the environs of Rouen a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill.

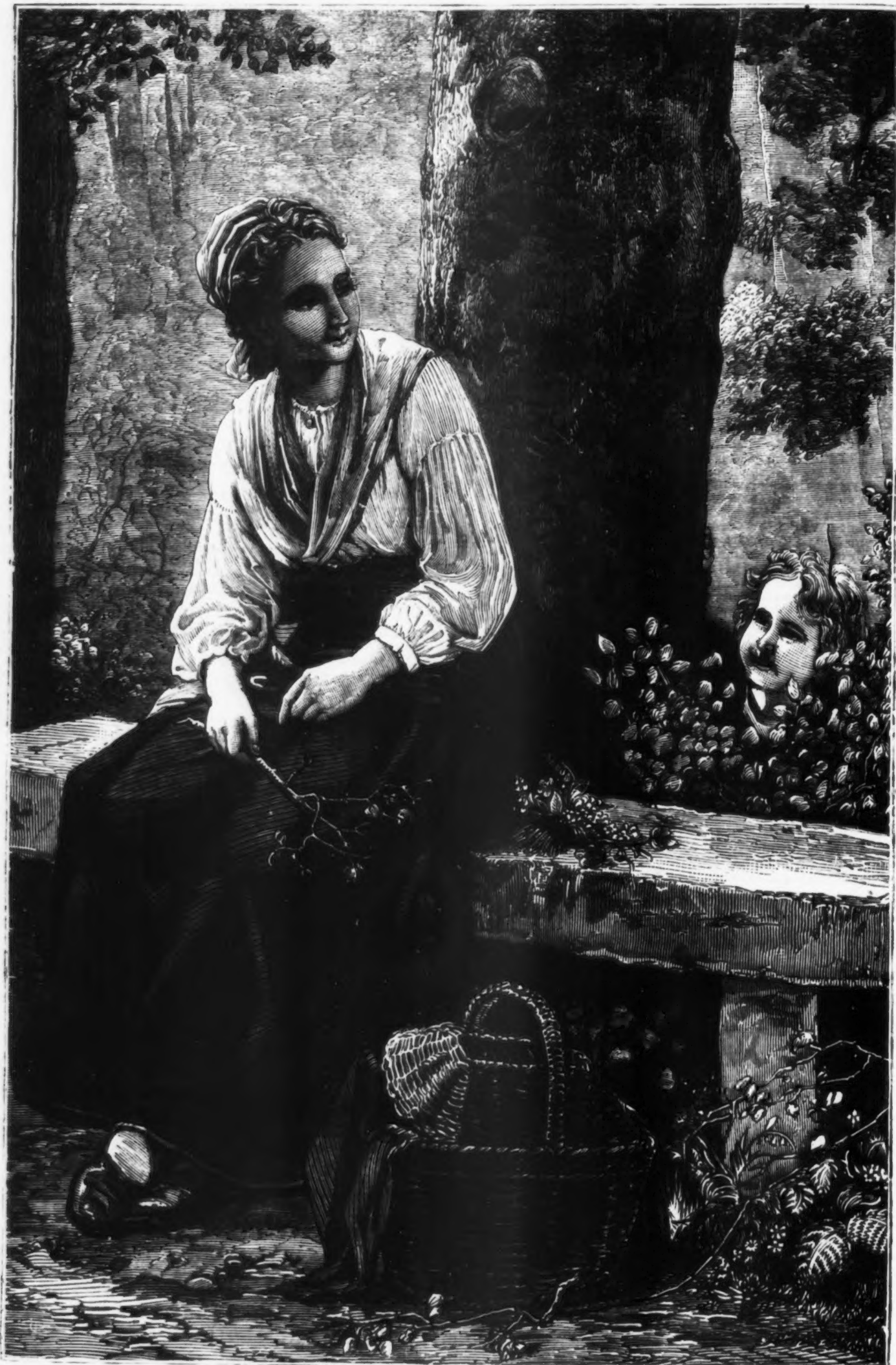
WAS there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied, "Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is, he'd make a first-class stranger."

THE DONKEY.—(A VIGNETTE FROM NATURE, DRAWN WITH THE THUMB.)

"Donkeys are the final flowers of long ages of native evolution, the natural head and crown of one great line of mammalian development. To doubt their intelligence is to impugn the whole conduct of nature. . . . Donkeys cannot help being clever. . . . They do not represent mere stranded and struggling relics of older types, like the very silly Kangaroos and Ant-eaters and Hedgehogs. . . . I feel a genuine respect for every donkey I meet, when I remember that it was the mere accidental possession of an opposable thumb that gave my ancestors a start over his in the race for the inheritance of the earth toward the very close of the tertiary period."—*Vignettes from Nature*. By Grant Allen.

How, flower of nature, could it come to pass
That we should say "as stupid as an ass"?
Why thus the donkey intellect describe,
Or so asperse thy great mammalian tribe?
Injustice such as this to the long-eared
Must wait not, but be instantly repaired!
To doubt thy cleverness were to impugn
An all-wise Providence—to judge too soon!
No, struggling relic of an older type,
Why should you feel the stick's unfeeling swipe?
Or the coarse costermonger's coarser call,
When we must own thee as the crown of all?
No more the butt of wit's sarcastic gibe
Himself, as stupid, must the wit describe!
What clever thoughts go coursing through thy pate,
My dearest donkey, mine own unguate!
Artemus Ward may well be left to bless
And revel in his kangaroo's own "cussedness,"
The silly kangaroo that, from his birth,
Seeks but the holes and corners of the earth
To drag a losing life behind the times,
And die a certain death in distant climes.
I for thy tribe a greater reverence feel,
As o'er my senses thy vast merits steal;
For, had I not possessed this back-bent thumb,
You would have spoken words and I been dumb;
Yours it would have been on earth to pray,
While my vocation would have been to bray.
This accident alone gave me the start
By which I ride while you do draw the cart.
I own thy kinship with a brother's pride,
Came not my "firmness" on the donkey side?
What wisdom, Dogberry, could thy wit surpass,
When thou didst claim to "write me down an ass"?

A FATHER complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said, "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said, "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us!"

*"YOU'VE FOUND ME, HAVE YOU?"*

